OCT 9 '56

The Saturday Evening
POST
October 13, 1956 – 15¢

The Case for The Republicans
By Minority Leader JOE MARTIN

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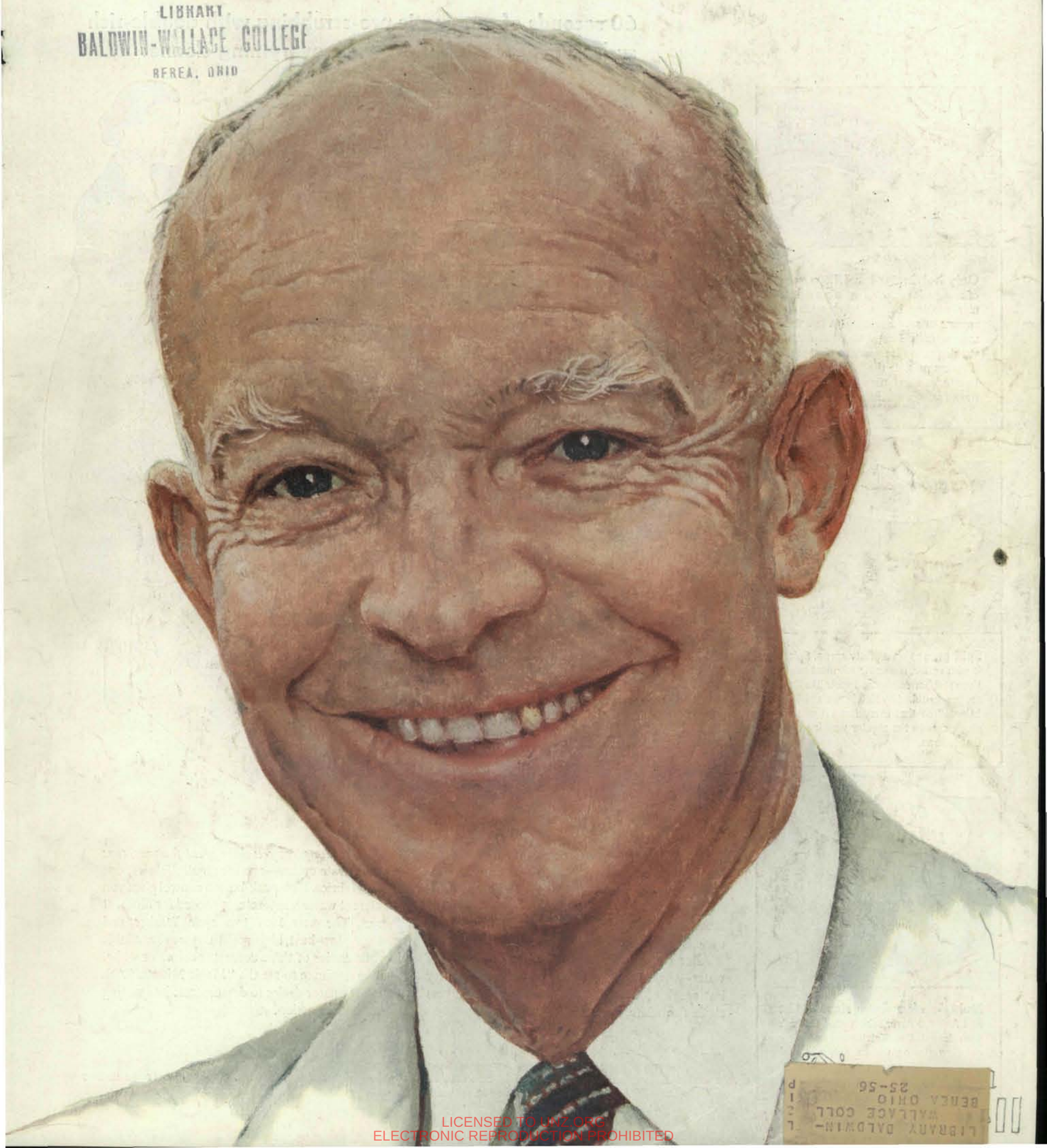

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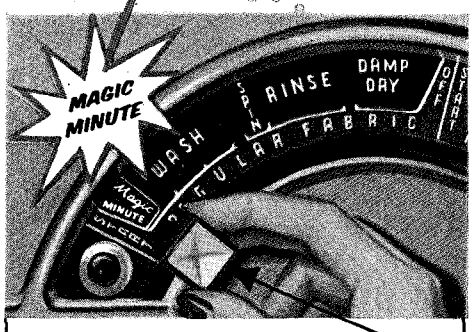
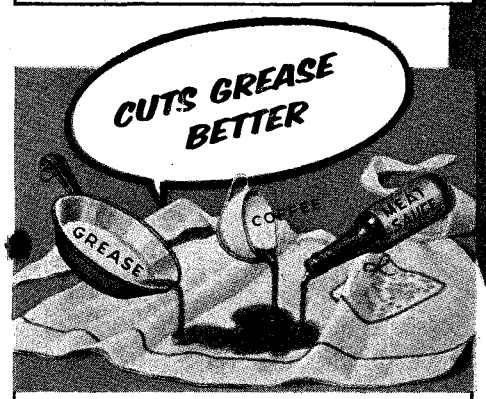
Announcing the new 1957 Kelvinator Washer with the "Magic Minute"

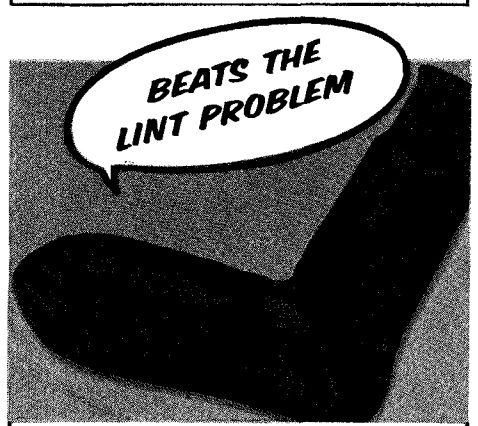
60 seconds of automatic pre-scrubbing with double-rich suds to cut grease better, wash everything cleaner



Only Kelvinator has it! 60 seconds of automatic pre-treating before the regular washing begins. It uses the full amount of soap or detergent in a minimum amount of water. Only Kelvinator's washing action is so easy on clothes that it makes possible the "Magic Minute." In other washers, the agitator cannot be started safely until the tub is full of water.



Spill grease on a pretty apron. Splash it with coffee, smear it with meat sauce. Even stubborn stains and spots like these are pre-scrubbed by Kelvinator's "Magic Minute" so that every last bit of stain disappears in the regular washing cycle that follows.



Multiple *clear-water* rinses! Lint and fuzz are never recirculated through your clean clothes. Kelvinator *clear-water* overflow rinsing whisks lint, dirt and grease up to the top, over the side, and down the drain.

THERE'S NOTHING ELSE LIKE IT—the "Magic Minute" of concentrated pre-washing, *impossible* in any other washer.

This double-rich sudsing cuts grease and grime, loosens dirt and stains *before* the regular washing cycle is even started.

After the "Magic Minute"—with a full tub of water—the "3-way Agitator" washes out every last speck of dirt. No other washing action gets clothes so white, so bright, so clean!

And Kelvinator gives you these great features, too: Two separate cycles—one for regular fabrics, one for fine fabrics. New push-button control gives you 3 different water temperatures needed for different fabrics. The new 1957 two cycle Washer and matching low-heat, high-speed Dryer are available in your choice of three decorator colors or white.

Take a minute to see the "Magic Minute." Ask your Kelvinator dealer to demonstrate its amazing grease-cutting action.

Kelvinator

Division of American Motors Corporation, Detroit 32, Michigan

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SABRE 725 (7-Jewel)—Dependable performer ...waterproof and dustproof,† with metal expansion band. Unbreakable mainspring. Shock resistant. Anti-magnetic. Luminous. **$18.95.**

†Stays waterproof and dustproof provided original seal is replaced if opened for service.

SABRE 750 (7-Jewel)—Waterproof, dustproof,† dress watch! Gold-color case, modern-style dial. Unbreakable mainspring. Shock resistant. Anti-magnetic. Luminous. **$19.95.**

eight new gift ideas from Westclox

PROF—Clean-cut design. Anti-magnetic. Chrome finish front; stainless steel back. Gray leather strap. **$8.95.**

BRENT—Gold-color square case and metal expansion band. Anti-magnetic. Stainless steel back. **$12.95.**

ADRIAN—Chrome finish front and metal expansion band. Anti-magnetic. Stainless steel back. **$9.95.**

SKIPPER—Gold-color case; raised gold-color modern numerals. Anti-magnetic. Stainless steel back. **$9.95.**

JARVIS—Square chrome-finished case. Anti-magnetic. Stainless steel back. Black tapered leather strap. **$8.95**

Take any style...you've never paid so little for so much watch!

BRISK AUTUMN DAYS find people on the go. And a busy life means being places on time. So, what better gift for anyone (including yourself!) than one of these smart new wrist watches? Westclox combines the best in modern styling and features with guaranteed dependability—to give you truly remarkable values. Note that look of luxury...even the lowest-priced models have it. And see what you get at these heart-lifting sensible prices in the Sabre 7-Jewel Series! With a choice like this, it's easy to pick a watch you'll take pride in giving—or wearing. And there's no time like the present!

NOTE TO RETAILERS: Westclox new Sabre Series has a 7 jeweled lever escapement.

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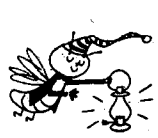
In watches, it's



Remember, you can read a luminous dial in the dark.

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...dependable as the day is long

by the makers of **BIG BEN***

WESTCLOX, LaSalle-Peru, Illinois • *In Canada:* Western Clock Company, Ltd., Peterborough, Ontario. *Prices quoted for U.S.A. only, do not include tax and are subject to change. *Trade Mark Reg. U.S. Patent Office.*

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"The crash happened quickly

—AND LIBERTY'S HELP CAME QUICKLY, TOO!"

"IT'S strange what thoughts flash through your mind in a moment of crisis. When this car started to crowd me, I sensed that a crash was coming. I could almost hear myself thinking 'Look out! Trouble ahead!' For years I'd been a Liberty Mutual policyholder but never had to call them for help. I needed help *that* day! I *did* call Liberty — reached them *easily*, too. A claimsman got right on the job, started some fast action to help me. Now I know how quickly Liberty takes trouble off your shoulders!"

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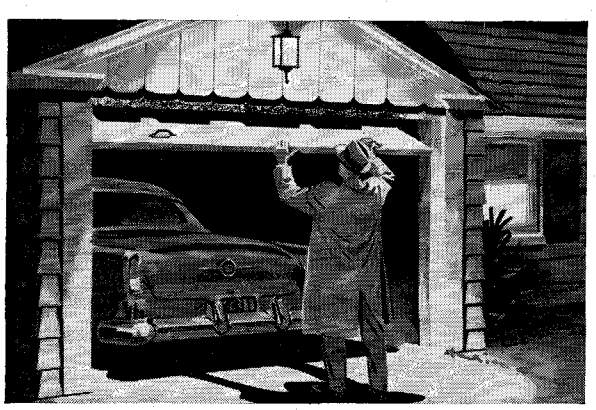

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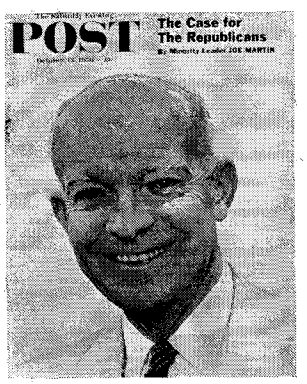

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Do you want a copy of the portrait that adorns this week's cover? We have made reproductions of it on extra-heavy stock specially for framing. If you'd like one, write to THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, Post Office Box 1707, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania. Enclose twenty-five cents for postage and handling costs. Last week's cover, a portrait of Adlai Stevenson, by Norman Rockwell, is also available on the same terms.

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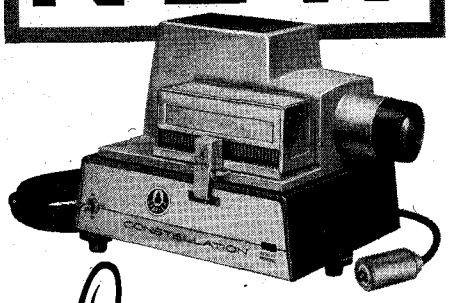

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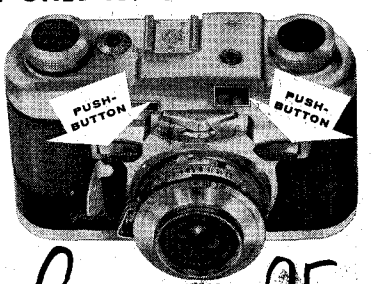

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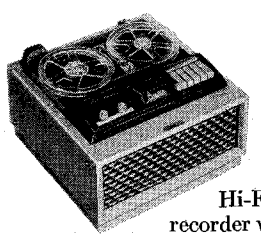
No other camera in the world offers Push-Button Focusing and Spectramatic flash settings. You just squeeze the buttons to bring your picture into sharp focus, and a glance at the Visi-Ready dial gives you the correct lens setting for flash pictures, eliminating bothersome guide number arithmetic. Other features like double exposure prevention, built-in flash synchronization and automatic exposure counter have made the Graphic 35 a favorite of beginners and experienced photographers.

Graphic 35 with f/3.5 lens..... **$77.50**
Graphic 35 with f/2.8 lens..... **87.50**



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Hi-Fi Two Speed tape recorder with *living performance* sound plus provision for dictating and transcribing. Simple piano-key operation, automatic tape transport shut-off, automatic selection locater, amplifier by-pass for hi-fi, beautifully styled acoustical cabinet. Pay as little as $13.50 a month.

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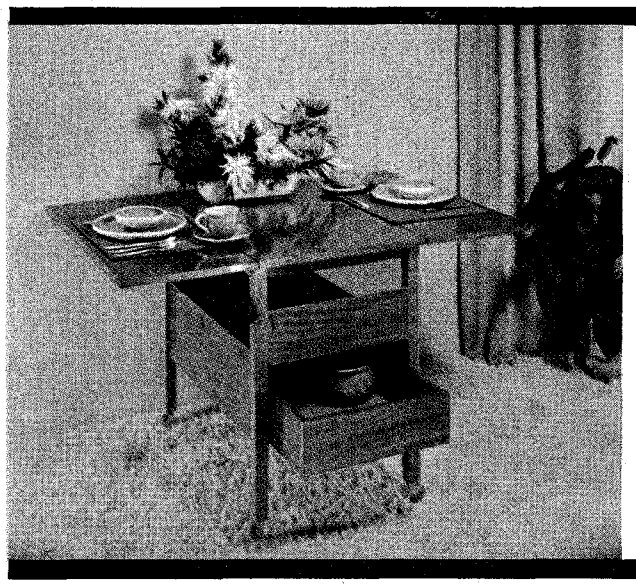

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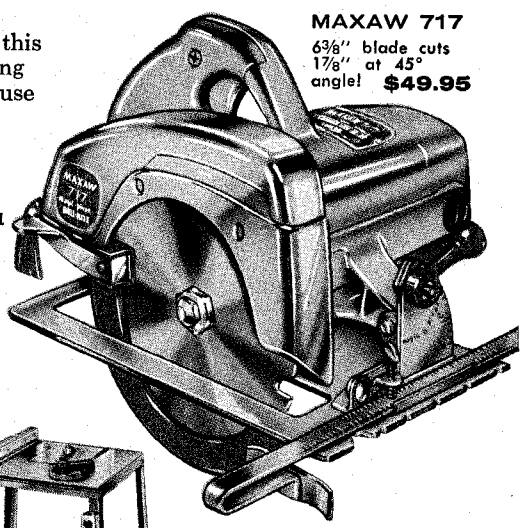
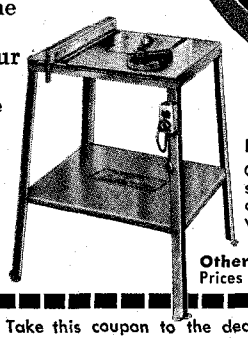
Slip your MAXAW into the sturdy, oversize, all-steel MAXAW 777 Saw Table — make precision bevel, miter, crosscut or rip cuts with ease, and still retain full MAXAW cutting capacity! Get the easy-to-follow Serving Table-Cart plans at your Cummins dealer now — along with the complete story on Cummins MAXAW— or use the handy coupon below!

MAXAW 717
6⅜" blade cuts 1⅞" at 45° angle! $49.95





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Letters

Split Ticket

Dear Sirs:
The proper answer to the farmer's question (in Stan Hunt's cartoon on page 55 of the September 8th Post) is:

"I am a Republican and
my wife is a Democrat."

The road to Watrusville is paved with good responses.

S. G. MANTEL
Montclair, N.J.

"Maybe I know the way to Watrusville and maybe I don't. You people Republicans or Democrats?"

"Why We Live"

Dear Sirs:
With all due praise for the many admirable qualities displayed by the Israelis, I flatly reject and deeply resent Joseph Alsop's many open and implied criticisms of the United States in his WHY ISRAEL WILL SURVIVE [Sept. 8]. . . .

Are we truly soulless, materialistic robots who have lost all idealism and "purposefulness," and who don't know "why we live"? Is Mr. Alsop's appreciation of our sacrifices and our history really so limited? . . .

Any nation which can, within the brief span of less than 200 years, establish itself as one of the world's leaders in every field of humane and useful endeavor need have no fears concerning its philosophical and moral foundations. America's people are her greatest strength.

STEPHEN MCK. MITCHELL
Los Angeles, Cal.

Dear Sirs:
Joseph Alsop could have written a much better article entitled "Why Israel Will Not Survive," listing her many crimes as reasons for her eventual demise.

American Zionists have been successful in preventing the publication of the facts in the Palestine controversy, otherwise there would be no Israel in existence today.

LOUIS A. LUBUS
Torrington, Conn.

Dear Sirs:
Joseph Alsop condemns the Israelis for the plight of the poor Arab DP's on their borders. He fails to realize the remarkable job the Israelis have done and are doing of absorbing *all* Jews who need a home into their tiny land. This year alone, even with the threat of its powerful and hostile neighbors, Israel is planning to resettle 45,000 North African Jews who now live in squalid ghettoes, mistreated and impoverished. If the Arab leaders were sincerely interested in the peasants ousted from Israel, why haven't they absorbed them into their own plentiful areas? The truth is that these DP's are a wonderful propaganda organ for Nasser, *et al.*

ELAINE HILL
Providence, R.I.

Dear Sirs:
Joseph Alsop's . . . fresh and sensitive approach to the motivations behind the activities of the Israelis was both moving and informative. The personal interviews gave us a real insight into their thinking and ways of living. You can almost feel their desperate urge for a free democratic way of life—their desire to supplant hate and fear with hope and dignity.

MRS. ISADORE E. BINSTOCK
Pittsburgh, Pa.

Dear Sirs:
If Alsop is concerned because his story was "essentially a matter of personal reaction," he shouldn't be. The warmth and intensity of the piece will bring home to your host of readers Alsop's conclusion "the West perhaps (will) learn a little from Israel's living purposefulness."

A. R. SURITZ
Rock Hill, S.C.

Dear Sirs:
I came away from a short visit to Israel this past year with thoughts amazingly akin to those expressed in your excellent article.

Unlike your objective "goy" writer, I visited Israel eager to see "the miracle performed before your very eyes." Having "seen" the miracle, I just still can't believe it.

B. M. COHN
Scarsdale, N.Y.

Callaway's Wonderful Park

Dear Sirs:
To hear of such a man as Mr. Cason Callaway renews my faith in my fellow man [HIS OWN GARDEN OF EDEN, by Harold H. Martin, Sept. 8]. If the world consisted of men as unselfish as Mr. Callaway, I'm sure we would never hear of wars, starvation or any other strifes which fall on the human race.

LEO KLIMCHOCK, JR.
Hillside, N.J.

Dear Sirs:
Mr. Callaway need not have any worries on the question of what the soul is. . . .

When the good Lord calls him, Mr. Callaway will find that his soul will be given an honored place in heaven, for he has earned it.

GEORGE A. BROWNE
Brooklyn, N.Y.

Dear Sirs:
In witnessing the struggle today between management and labor, and Government and the governed, it seems that the common good is snowed under by grasping selfish interests that leave the ordinary citizen in the bleak, drab desert of just living. Mr. Callaway's conversion of his millionaire's hideaway into a public Garden (Continued on Page 6)

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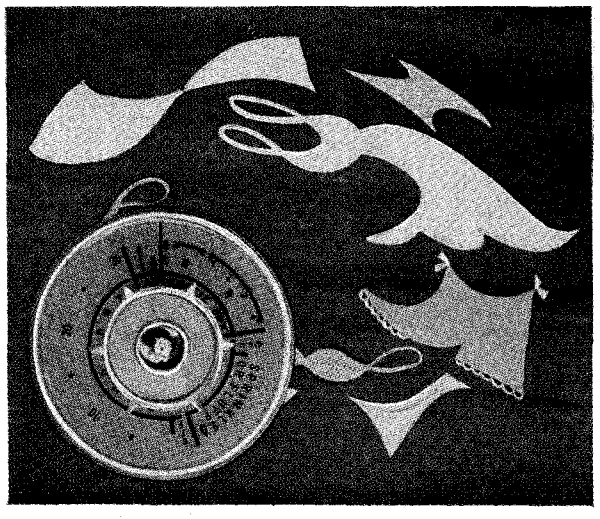
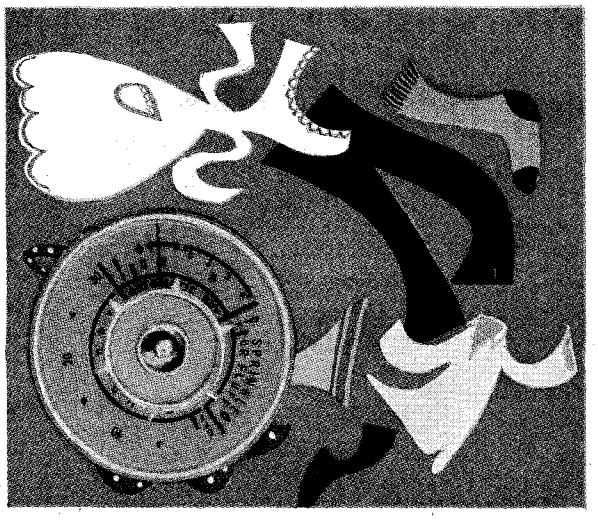
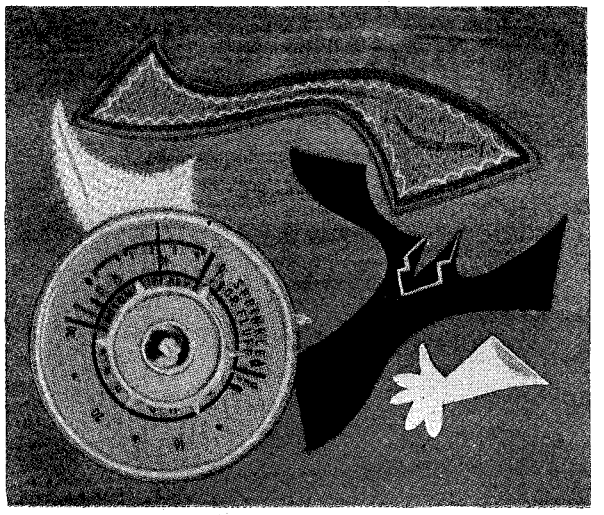


D is the setting for delicate silks and synthetics. There's never a worry about overdrying these dainty garments. They're tumbled gently in the smooth porcelain basket until the warm, delicately freshened air dries each piece just right.



N is for the cottons and linens that are the biggest part of your family wash. The new high-speed air flow system will have an average-size load ready for use in less than 35 minutes. And you'll save hours of ironing time . . . clothes dry so wrinkle-free.



H is for usually hard-to-dry loads . . . bedspreads, rugs or heavy denim jeans. Even the double-seam thicknesses on blue jeans are perfectly dried. And corduroys . . . chenilles . . . heavy terry towels all come out looking as soft, as fluffy, as when new.

Now! Automatic Drying for All Washables with the 1957 General Electric Dryer!

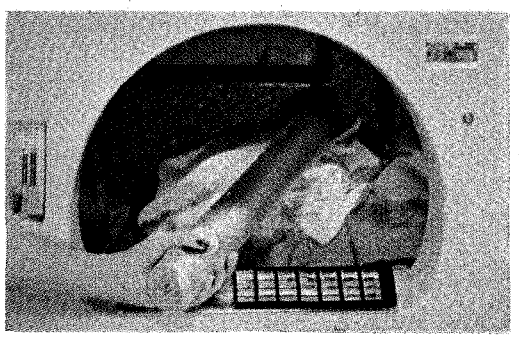
Dries a typical-sized family wash in less than 35 minutes

No more running out into the rain to snatch dripping clothes off the line! Just a touch of your toe to the foot pedal of your new General Electric Dryer and the full-width magnetic door opens on a wonderful new way to dry clothes! Ask your dealer for a demonstration. General Electric Company, Louisville 1, Kentucky.

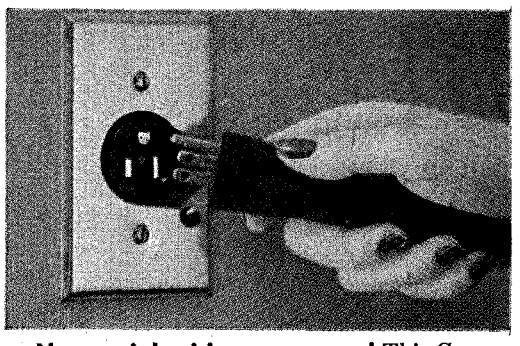
General Electric Dryer with Automatic Control as low as $2.70 a week after small down payment. Other models as low as $149.95. (Prices subject to local variation.)

Progress Is Our Most Important Product

GENERAL ELECTRIC



Dampen clothes for easy ironing right in the General Electric Dryer! Fill Automatic Sprinkler with water—slip into dryer basket—turn control to SPRINKLE.



No special wiring necessary! This General Electric Dryer is completely automatic when operated on 115-volt appliance circuit as well as on 230 volts.

Gentle fragrance from Air Freshener is released into the air stream and fills clothes with a fresh, breezy-day smell.

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Keep precious possessions safe with a

"WIFE-APPROVED"®

HOUSEHOLD MOVE!

"No wonder wives approve of North American Van Lines service. Our move from Dearborn, Michigan, to Warren, Ohio, was 100% satisfactory!"

—writes Mrs. D. A. Sherrick, whose move was handled through the J. M. Barbe Co., North American Van Lines agent in Warren, Ohio.

CROSS-COUNTRY MOVING is as simple and safe as packing an overnight bag, when you call in your nearby North American Van Lines agent. He arranges all details to give you a safe, prompt "*Wife-Approved*" move.

- Service everywhere—many more agents than any other van line.
- Expert packing—special containers for all types of articles.
- Custom covers for your appliances and fine furniture.
- 1500 clean, modern vans; courteous, company-trained drivers.
- Nationwide dispatching network—prompt pickup and delivery.
- Clean, well-tended storage warehouses all across the nation.
- World's safest movers: winners of state and national awards.

FREE—Giant Road Atlas when your local North American agent (in phone book under "Movers") gives you an estimate on your next long-distance move. NORTH AMERICAN VAN LINES, INC., Dept. SP10, Fort Wayne, Indiana. In Canada, North American Van Lines Canada, Ltd., Toronto, Ontario.

WORLD-WIDE MOVING
LAND, SEA, AIR

Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping
REPLACEMENT OR REFUND OF MONEY IF NOT AS ADVERTISED THEREIN

WIFE-APPROVED MOVES
North American
VAN LINES, INC.
WORLD-WIDE MOVING

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Letters

(Continued from Page 4)

of Eden does renew one's faith in mankind and brightens the prospect that the common good does have a sponsor.

HARRY A. WALES
Worcester, Mass.

Too Idyllic?

Dear Sirs:

Would like to say that your very peaceful-looking picture FIRST DAY OF SCHOOL [photograph by Frank Ross, Sept. 8] of your Face of America series is somewhat ill-timed. No such peaceful scene can be found in a lot of "first days of school," in our country. You should not have picked Elwood, Indiana, for this scene at this time. Time was when no colored people were allowed in that town. . . .

Not far to the south of Indiana, children went to the "first day of school" to the tune of raucous-voiced white crowds and sharp commands of police and National Guardsmen. In America, the land of the free and equal rights for everybody!

MRS. HAZEL ARRASMITH
W. Lafayette, Ind.

Throat Cancer

Dear Sirs:

Readers who wish to read articles like I LOST MY VOICE TO CANCER, by Herbert King, September 1st, should buy a medical journal of some sort. . . .

Articles like I'm writing about are not ones that our youth should dwell on. Readers do find these articles interesting, I'm sure, but let them buy that type of a magazine.

MRS. D. D. HILGENDORF
Vestal, N.Y.

Dear Sirs:

I must congratulate you on publishing Herbert King's accurate and absorbing article on throat cancer. Since I am a laryngectomee myself, I'm able to testify to its truth and interest. You're doing laryngectomees and all those who come in contact with them a great service by making known the facts and results of throat cancer. That line about being taken for half-wits because of our halting speech is all too true!

MRS. ROMAN WALILKO
Detroit, Mich.

Champion Cowboy

Dear Sirs.

This morning I read an article about Casey Tibbs in the Town Journal of July, 1956, which said: "Casey Tibbs makes $45,000 a year."

This afternoon the August 25th Post was delivered and I read HOW TO GET RICH ON A HORSE [by Colin Lofting]. The article states that Tibbs' earnings for 1955 were $80,000.

R. T. ROBERTS
Hamden, Conn.

● *The additional money came from Casey Tibbs' horse act, movie and television work and endorsements.*
—ED.

Top Cop

Dear Sirs:

If ever a man entered a terrific contest and has come out with colors flying, that man is Police Commissioner Stephen P. Kennedy [NEW YORK'S TOUGHEST COP by Don Murray, Sept. 8]. . . .

My business is in New York City and I would indeed be blind if I had not noticed the unbelievable improvement in the morale of New York's efficient police force; even their appearance has changed to a higher plane and it must be an inspiration to Mr. Kennedy to see how his example and unbounded courage is being so well rewarded.

JAMES B. IRWIN
Elizabeth, N.J.

Dear Sirs:

I cannot see why such a wonderful man as Mr. Kennedy should be addressed as "cop." There is no such word in the English language. Mr. Murray used the word "cop" some ten times throughout the story. . . .

Like all "peace officers," Mr. Kennedy is a "protective public servant," not a

"cop." Without these servants our nation and all nations would be completely helpless. Why not honor the "peace officer" profession with a true and dignified title?

MRS. ESTELLE LLOYD
Knoxville, Tenn.

● *It may not be dignified, but at this stage it's going to be awfully hard to get people to stop calling policemen "cops."* *—ED.*

Post Picture Credits

Reading across pages, then down:

6–Frank Ross. • 25–Sid Avery. • 26–Lear Inc., anonymous, two from Wide World. 27–Anonymous, Wide World, Sid Avery, Wide World. • 28, 29–James R. Bingham. 30–Eric Schaal. • 31–Two by Eric Schaal, H. Landshoff. • 32–Lynn Buckham. • 33–Bill Shrout, James Laughead • 34, 35–Ollie Atkins. • 36–United Press. • 37–Harold Von Schmidt. • 38, 39–Herman Appel. • 40, 41–Joe De Mers. • 42, 43–Larry Keighley. 44, 45–Arthur Lidov. • 46–Three from NBC. • 47–NBC, two by Hans Knopf. 48, 49–Ted Key. • 50, 51–Al Muenchen. • 54–Ollie Atkins, anonymous. • 55–Two anonymous; two by Keith Mease. • 57–James R. Bingham. • 85–Larry Keighley. 164–Ollie Atkins, two anonymous; Gamma.

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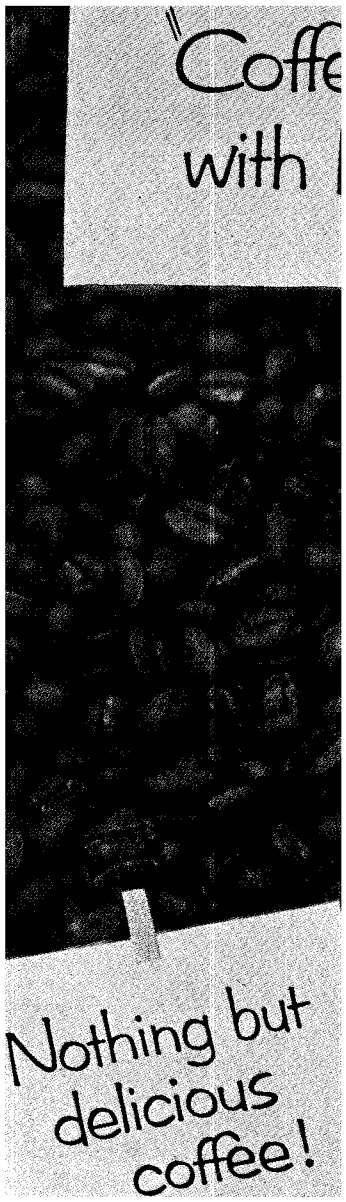

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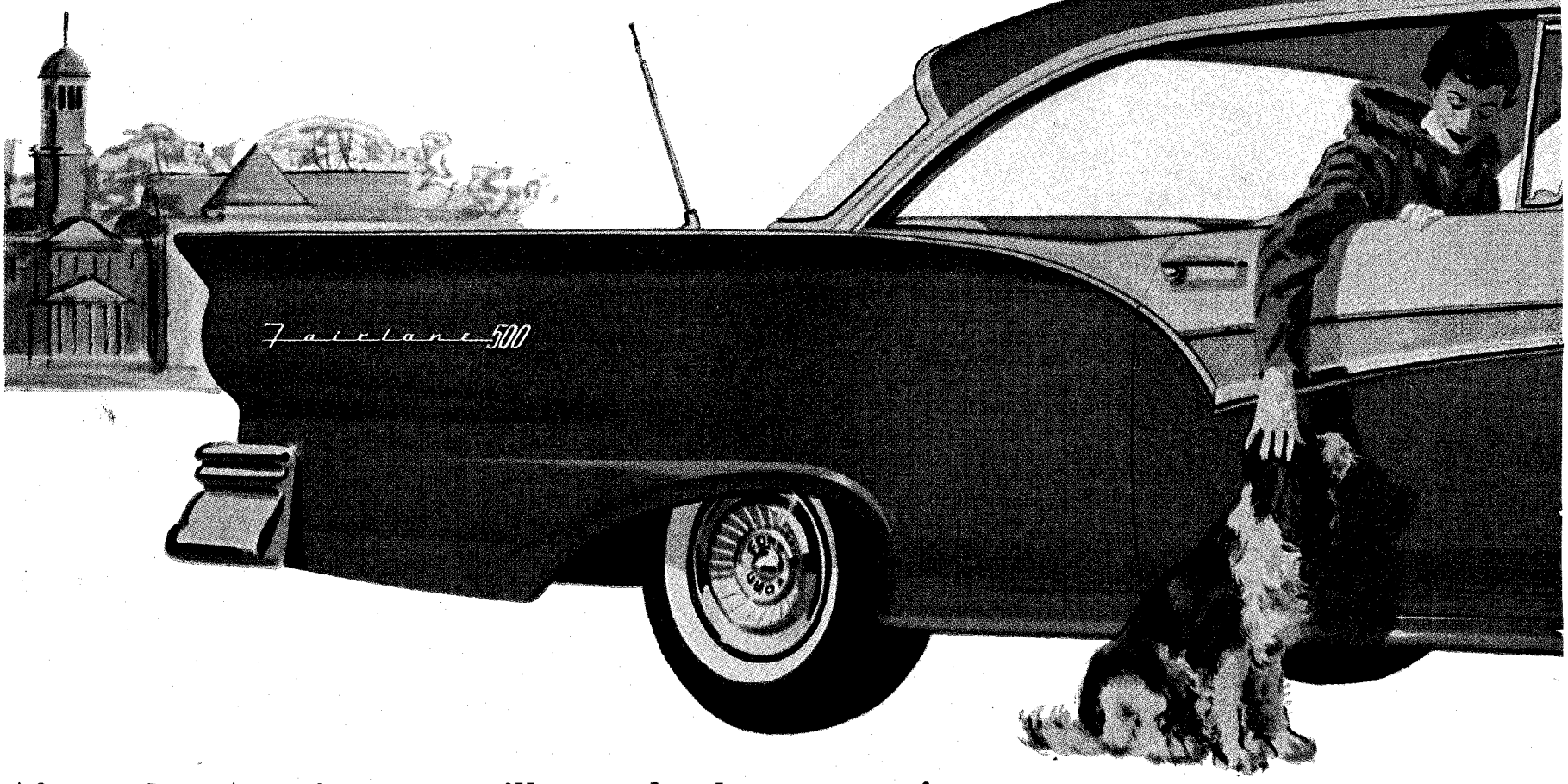
a new kind

...with the touch of tomorrow

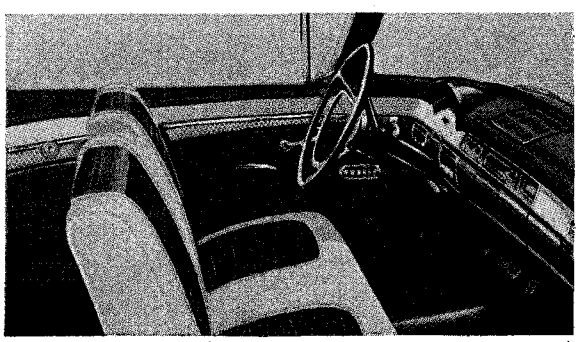


After today, American cars will never be the same again... for the Big New Kind of Ford is a brilliant new automotive package—the only fine car in the low-price field!

■ You're looking at a new adventure named Ford! Ever see a car so low? It's just shoulder high, yet it's easier to enter and roomier than ever. And ever see such a long car in Ford's field? It looks as long as a yacht and twice as lovely.

But your real thrill comes when this Ford shows its stuff! The new Silver Anniversary V-8's, up to 245 hp strong, make driving easier than ever. And for super economy, try a new Mileage Maker Six.

It handles as if it reads your mind. It corners on the level. It takes the bounce out of bumps with its deep-cradle ride. It laughs off the miles. It's quiet as a mouse in sneakers. And, the completely new Inner Ford has the built-in extra quality to *keep* that wonderful new-car feel. Best of all, you get all this at low Ford prices. *See the new kind of Ford today!*



You'll sit sweet, low and pretty, inside the new built-for-keeps body

For Ford brings you the most comfortable, most luxurious, most completely insulated body ever in the low-price field. How do you like those new fabrics and that new panel—with all controls recessed?

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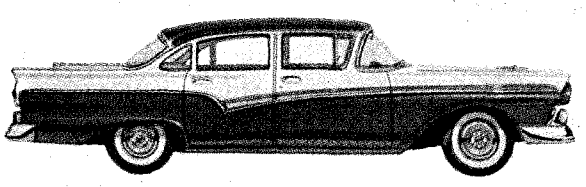
# of FORD

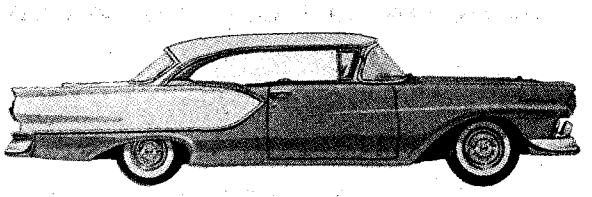
FORD

The only low-priced car that comes in two sizes



The Custom and Custom 300 are over 16 feet long

All 5 models in the Custom and Custom 300 series ride on a big new 116-inch wheelbase—longest in the low-price field. And Ford's five beautiful new station wagons all ride on their own special chassis, too. They are longer, lower, heavier, with more room, more look-out area, the smoothest, quietest station wagon ride ever.



The Fairlane and Fairlane 500 are over 17 feet long

Meet the '57 cars that make *big* a low-priced word! Whether you choose a new Fairlane (4 models) or Fairlane 500 (5 models), you get a car over 9 inches longer, as much as 4 inches lower. They ride on a big 118-inch wheelbase. And, thanks to the new slim chrome body pillars, even *sedans* have that "hardtop" look!

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Editorials

Stevenson Still Doesn't Look Like the One!

Amid the deafening melee of speeches and harangues, "issues," charges and countercharges during an election campaign, it is important not to forget that the contest also involves the character and temperament of two individual Americans, this time President Eisenhower and former Gov. Adlai Stevenson. The performance and accomplishment of the winning party will depend to an enormous extent on what the successful candidate, his party's leader, thinks ought to be done. President Eisenhower's generally "middle of the road" attitude on public matters is pretty well understood. The question before the country is: What reason is there to believe that Mr. Stevenson's slant on things is likely to produce improvement in the administration of the nation's affairs?

It hardly seems reasonable to expect great improvement under a President who has accused the Eisenhower Administration of bringing the country to the edge of war, but also hints slyly to a nation weary of crisis that we might get rid of military conscription.

Nor is our world prestige likely to rise if it depends upon a man who appears to think this country has shown too little "sympathy" with the "revolution which is sweeping the world." To many Americans it would appear that we have gone about as far as we can go in expressions of sympathy, even toward some leaders of the "revolution" who reciprocate by kicking us in the teeth. It is tough enough living along with Khrushchev, Chou En-lai, Colonel Nasser, Tito and Sukarno. Must we also send orchids?

Candidate Stevenson also reproaches the Republican Administration for permitting "the shortage of schoolrooms and teachers to grow worse." The truth is, of course, that President Eisenhower pressed for a plan to aid state and local school-building programs with Federal loans, but the bill, after some crippling amendments, lost in a Congress controlled by Democrats. But are we to understand that Mr. Stevenson regards the shortage of school buildings and schoolteachers as primarily a Federal responsibility? He says that "America wants to be called on to build schoolrooms and train teachers." Up to now, there have been few indications that America feels called on to surrender local education to a new Federal bureaucracy.

Perhaps it is par for the course in an election campaign to blame the party in power for low farm prices and high consumer prices, as if there were no relationship between them. But Mr. Stevenson manages to accomplish this feat without mentioning one primary factor in the rise in retail prices—namely, the rise in wages. According to figures compiled by the Bureau of Labor Statistics, living costs rose 2.5 per cent between July 31, 1953, and July 31, 1956. For the same three-year period the weekly wage rate advanced 19.4 per cent! Even during the past year, the cost of living rose about 2 per cent as against 2.9 per cent for the weekly wage rate.

Is it realistic, or even honest, to paint a black picture of the American workingman being squeezed by rising prices, brutally decreed by Republicans, without even hinting that his wages have thus far outstripped his living costs?

Since his nomination in August, Mr. Stevenson has given numerous hints that his views haven't changed much from his Americans-for-Democratic-Action-engendered opinions of 1952, when the ever-present menace of communism concerned him less than "the climate of fear in which we live" and which, "under the patriotic cloak of anticommunism," threatens the Bill of Rights and the "freedom of the mind." Last month the Democratic candidate was back at the same old stand, declaring at Walnut Hill, Virginia, that the Republican Administration had buried the "lives of decent and devoted Government servants" under the wreckage of a plot to hound innocent people, spuriously labeled "security risks," out of the Federal service. He opposes legislation to make loyalty standards applicable to "nonsensitive" as well as "sensitive" jobs—seemingly unaware of the mobility of a communist agent, once he lands on the Federal payroll. In the 1930's a particularly active Red cell was buried in the Department of Agriculture—"nonsensitive."

How long, oh how long, America, if we may coin a phrase, must people who know they are free as air to act as crazily as they please tolerate such nonsense from a man who aspires to become President of the United States? If there is a "climate of fear," it might well chill the patient and loyal officials who have the thankless job of protecting the integrity of our public service, at the thought that a man retailing these anti-anticommunist fantasies might actually become President of the United States.

In an election year, citizens make allowance for the excesses of campaign oratory and the normal quota of rhetorical wild pitches and low blows. A sort of witty evasiveness has come to be expected of Mr. Stevenson, and efforts to present him this year as somehow new and different from the 1952 model have not altered that impression of him. He may be more aggressive and outspoken than formerly, but his political "philosophy" remains about the same. It points to an increase of "statism," more and more tasks for the already overburdened Federal Government, and a discouraging indifference to the perils of inflation and communism—except as the latter exists outside the U.S.A.

We find it impossible to believe that the people of this country will sacrifice their present moderate and progressively conservative administration for no better prospect than the mirage of a "new America"—new mainly in its even higher costs and expanded Federal power—painted by Mr. Stevenson and his left-of-center associates and advisers.

School Buildings Could be Designed to Serve as Hospitals When Needed

By WALTER REIN

Outstanding among civil-defense problems is the lack of sufficient empty hospitals, ready for immediate use in the event of enemy attack. We have too few hospitals for peacetime use, and it would be difficult to provide for every community all the hospital space that would be needed in such an emergency. However, there is a solution in the remarkable adaptability of most modern school buildings to hospital use. Outside the probable target areas, where we find few hospitals, there are hundreds of new schools, with more to come.

As these new schools are designed and built, their adaptability to emergency use as hospitals should be given practical recognition. Plans for future school buildings might include such necessities as a standby power plant, a well, and storage space for items needed for emergency care of displaced persons, the ill, the injured and the dead.

Classrooms could make comfortable wards, and the school health center an operating suite. Small offices invite conversion into nurses' stations. In many modern schools there are laboratories, laundry and sewing equipment, cafeterias, warehouses, incinerators, administrative offices, auto and radio shops. All this equipment could be easily adapted to use in a blitz—unless, of course, the building containing it was in the target area, the exact location of which none can predict.

Actual planning for converting of schools into emergency centers must be at the local level, but Federal responsibility for civil defense in emergencies would certainly justify the allocation of Federal funds to meet the extra costs incidental to such a plan.

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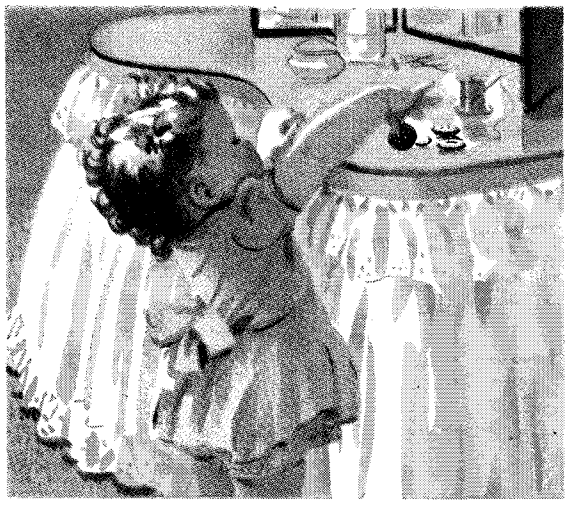
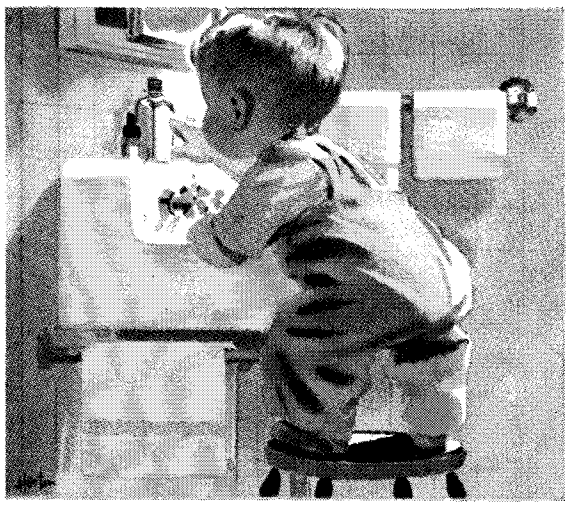
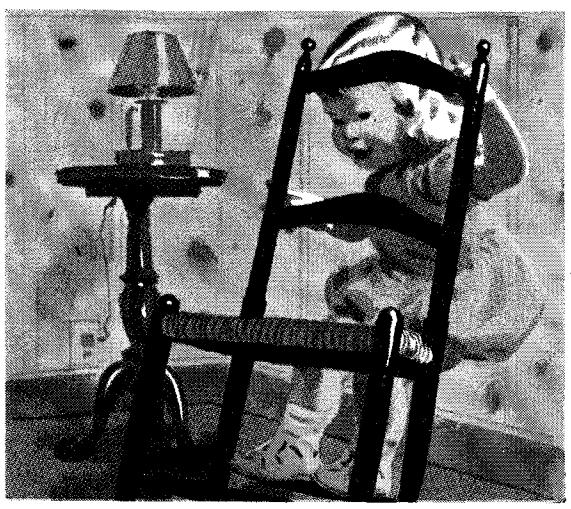


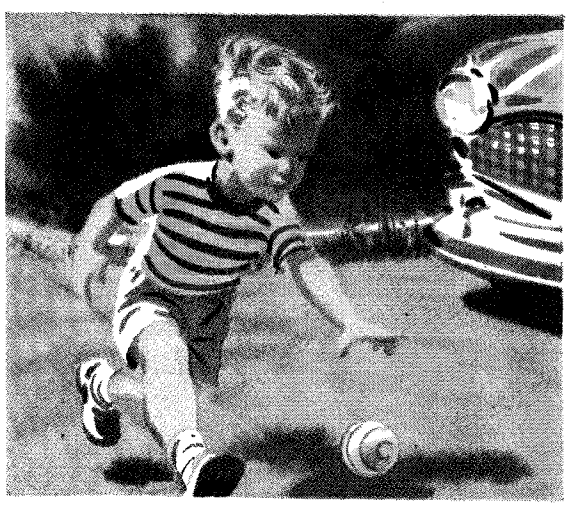
around one year . . .



around two years . . .



around three years . . .



around four years . . .

What are the greatest hazards at these ages?

THE LIVES of young children are no longer threatened by disease as much as they once were. *Today, accidents are the greatest single hazard of early childhood.*

In fact, accidents in and about the home take the lives of about 3,000 children yearly in the age group from one to four. Thousands more of our children are injured . . . and many are permanently crippled . . . *by accidents which might have been prevented.*

Medical and safety authorities believe that accidents can be controlled almost as successfully as the once-dreaded infections of childhood. *But parents must accept most of the responsibility for reducing the accident toll among toddlers and youngsters of the "runabout age."*

One way to help safeguard young children is to know something about what a child does at various stages of growth. Around age one, for example, they put practically everything in their mouths. This is why household cleansers and small objects such as pins and buttons should be put away.

Age two is the time when the child explores and investigates everything around him. So, potentially dangerous things—such as medicines, knives, matches and electrical equipment—should be kept where a child cannot reach them.

The child of three may have a serious fall, especially when he climbs near windows, on furniture or goes up and down stairs. Windows should have guards on them. Screens need to be firm and securely fastened. Stairs should always be free of objects on which a child can trip.

Four-year-old children are "runabouts." They should be taught to watch for cars in driveways and to ride their tricycles on the sidewalk.

Remember also that children imitate their parents. This normal instinct to copy adults shows why mothers and fathers should set good examples in safety at home, in the streets and elsewhere.

In addition, children need regular health examinations for correcting defects of vision or hearing that could lead to mishaps. If *repeated* accidents occur, a special effort should be made to discover the cause.

The more parents know about a child's normal interests, activities and behavior—and the risks likely to be encountered from ages one to four—the more they can do to help prevent burns, poisoning, falls and other accidents.

Children of school age also have many accidents. So, it would be wise to re-emphasize to them the importance of crossing streets properly, obeying traffic lights and equipping and riding their bicycles for safety.

If you would like more information about childhood growth and development . . . and how your knowledge of both can help you foresee and forestall accidents . . . send for Metropolitan's booklet, *A Formula for Child Safety.* Use the coupon below for your free copy which will be mailed to you promptly.

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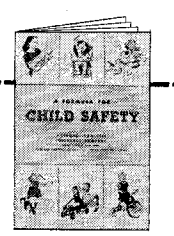
Please mail me a free copy of your booklet *A Formula for Child Safety,* 11-56-E.



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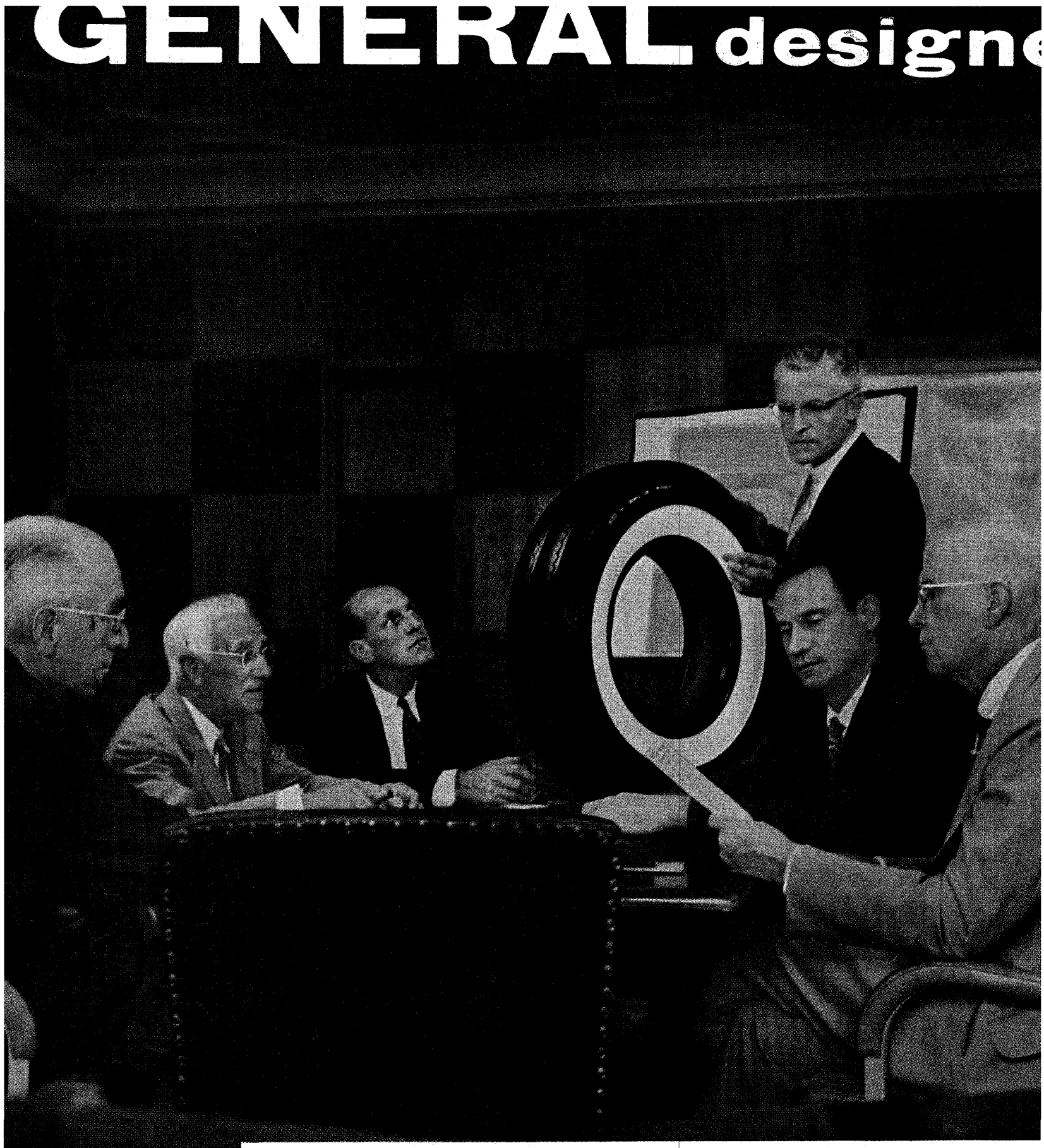

A General Tire Development Engineer presenting the advantages of the remarkable new Dual 90 design and construction features to the Company's Management Board.

HIGHWAY AND TRAFFIC ACCIDENTS are taking far too great a toll in lives and money. Deaths totaled nearly 40,000 last year and the dollar cost of reported accidents was more than 2-billion dollars.

Despite safer cars, better traffic control and huge programs to build more safety into our highways, the toll continues to mount.

That's why General has devoted a program of basic research to the problem of designing and building a truly *accident-prevention* tire.

The new General Dual 90, with two treads, is the result—as superior in performance as it is different in appearance. A tire so strong and safe it will reduce accidents and save lives.

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this tubeless tire with two treads to save lives!

GENERAL DUAL 90

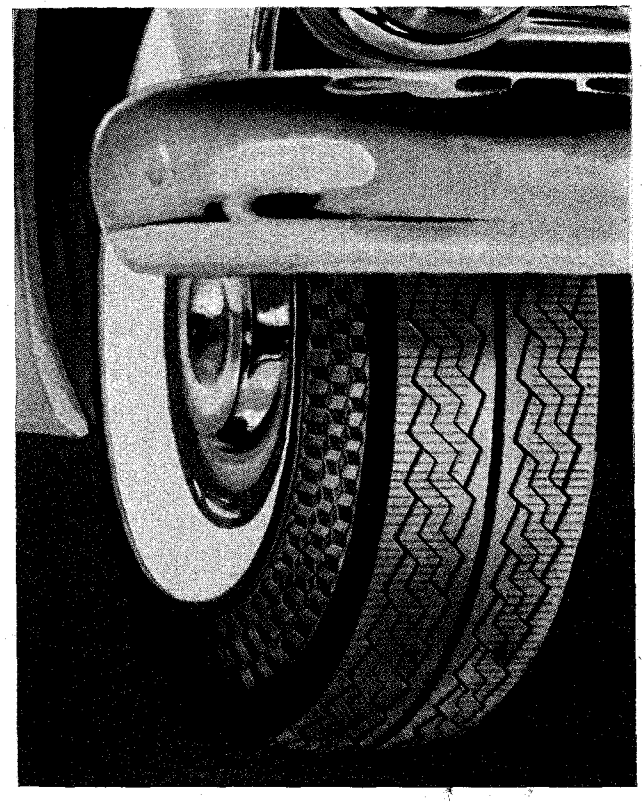
is so strong and safe it will reduce highway accidents

Its two treads permit 28% more rubber on the shoulder ribs. Car stability is greatly increased. Cornering is safer and quiet. This better distribution of more rubber gives a smoother ride and much more mileage.

Tremendous body strength is the result of General's exclusive Nygen cord—the strongest cord material known.

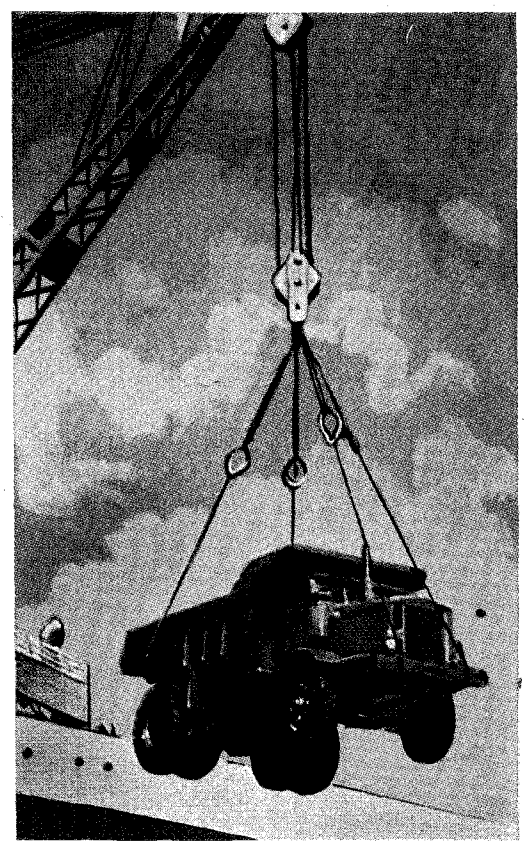
Dual 90 treads are made of General's exclusive Hi-Density Rubber, combining extreme toughness with great elasticity. This permits the Dual 90 treads to apply a "squeegee" type of gripping action on the road when brakes are applied.

To appreciate all the advantages of the Dual 90, see it at your local General Tire Dealer's.

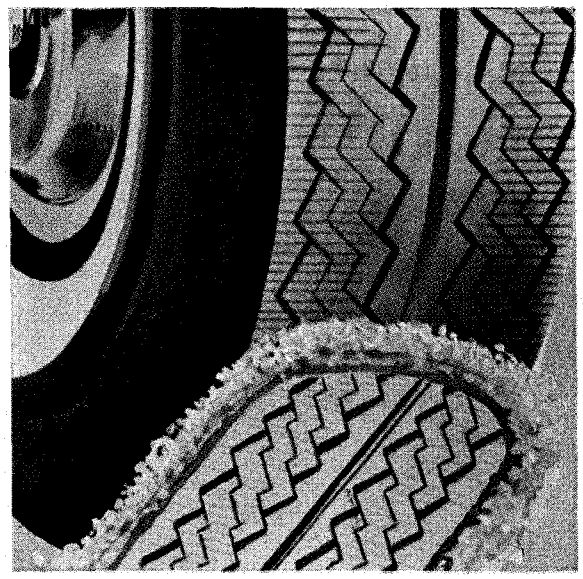


ADDS DISTINCTIVE BEAUTY to new cars. Multi-prism sidewalls, with curb scuff-guards, add permanent beauty to any car.

NO FLATS FROM PUNCTURES. Not merely "puncture-resistant," the Dual 90 permanently seals as it rolls. No repair needed when puncturing object is removed.



NYGEN CORD is the safest tire cord known. Pound for pound, stronger than steel cables. Here, a set of General Nygen Tires lifts a 16-ton truck.



QUICKER STOPS. When brakes are applied, twin-treads grip and "squeegee" instantly. "Windshield wiper" action-traction goes to work across entire width of both treads.

THE GENERAL TIRE

GOES A LONG WAY TO MAKE FRIENDS

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
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Now at your fingertips...

A COMPLETELY AUTOMATIC

BENDIX KEYBOARD CONTROL
Controls washing time (including optional pre-wash soak)
Controls soak and rinse water temperatures (warm, cool or cold)
Controls wash water temperature (hot, medium or warm)
Controls water level for load size (full, medium or low)
Controls starting, stopping at any time during cycle
Controls drying time (may be operated independently of washer)

Just set the fabulous Keyboard Control and in one step, in less than one hour, your clothes can be washed and dryed—gently tumbled so fluffy soft, so wrinkle-free *many need no ironing!*

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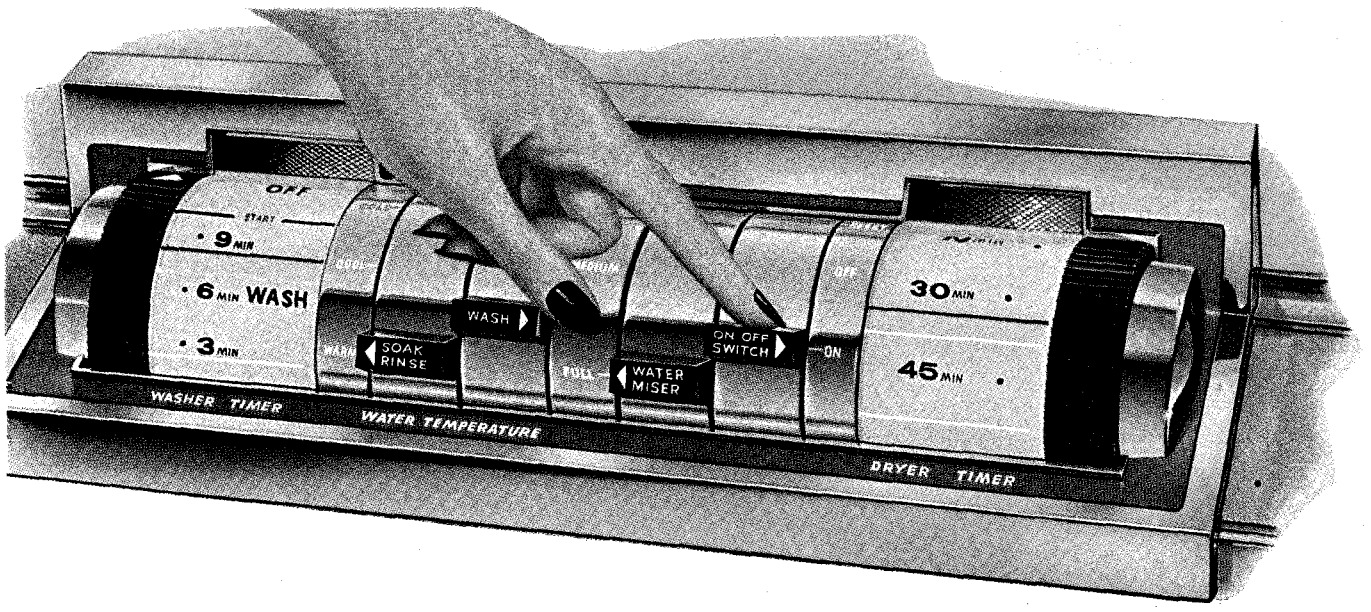


ONE-STEP WASHDAY!

The first and only combination washer-dryer, proved for 4 years in thousands of homes, again makes appliance history—

1957 BENDIX DUOMATIC

WASHES CLEANER...DRYS FASTER...GIVES GREATER SAFETY than any other home laundry appliance!

HERE'S the most remarkable appliance ever developed to take the work out of washday—the new 1957 Bendix Duomatic! It washes as no other washer can, drys as no other dryer can—in *one space-saving unit* in *one step*, in *less than one hour!*

Just a simple setting of its exclusive Keyboard Control Panel and the Duomatic goes to work—automatically washes with the gentle thoroughness of famous Bendix tumble agitation—proved the safest, most effective way to launder clothes.

Then, without being touched, the Duomatic turns itself into a dryer—tumbles clothes dry with the safe low-heat, high-airflow method only Bendix offers. The single controlled heat is safe for even your most delicate washables. The high-airflow gets clothes fluffy dry faster—so fast that the Duomatic finishes the entire wash and dry job *much faster* than any other home laundry appliance! And your clothes are delivered so soft, so wrinkle-free, many need no ironing! The new Duomatic costs less, too—less than many space-consuming side-by-side units and you save on water, save on detergent, save on power.

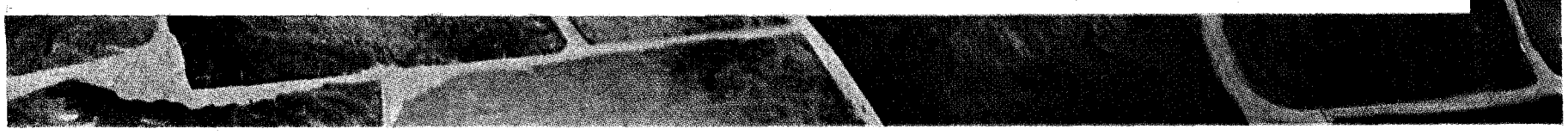
See this great new 1957 Duomatic at your dealer's today—in gas or electric models, in your choice of 3 decorator colors or gleaming white. You'll see why there are more Bendix washer-dryers in use than all other makes put together.

KNOWN FOR THE NEWEST
...RESPECTED FOR THE BEST!

bendix
HOME APPLIANCES

DIVISION OF **AVCO** MANUFACTURING CORP., CINCINNATI 25, OHIO

In Canada, Crosley and Bendix products
are manufactured and distributed by Moffats Limited, Weston, Ontario



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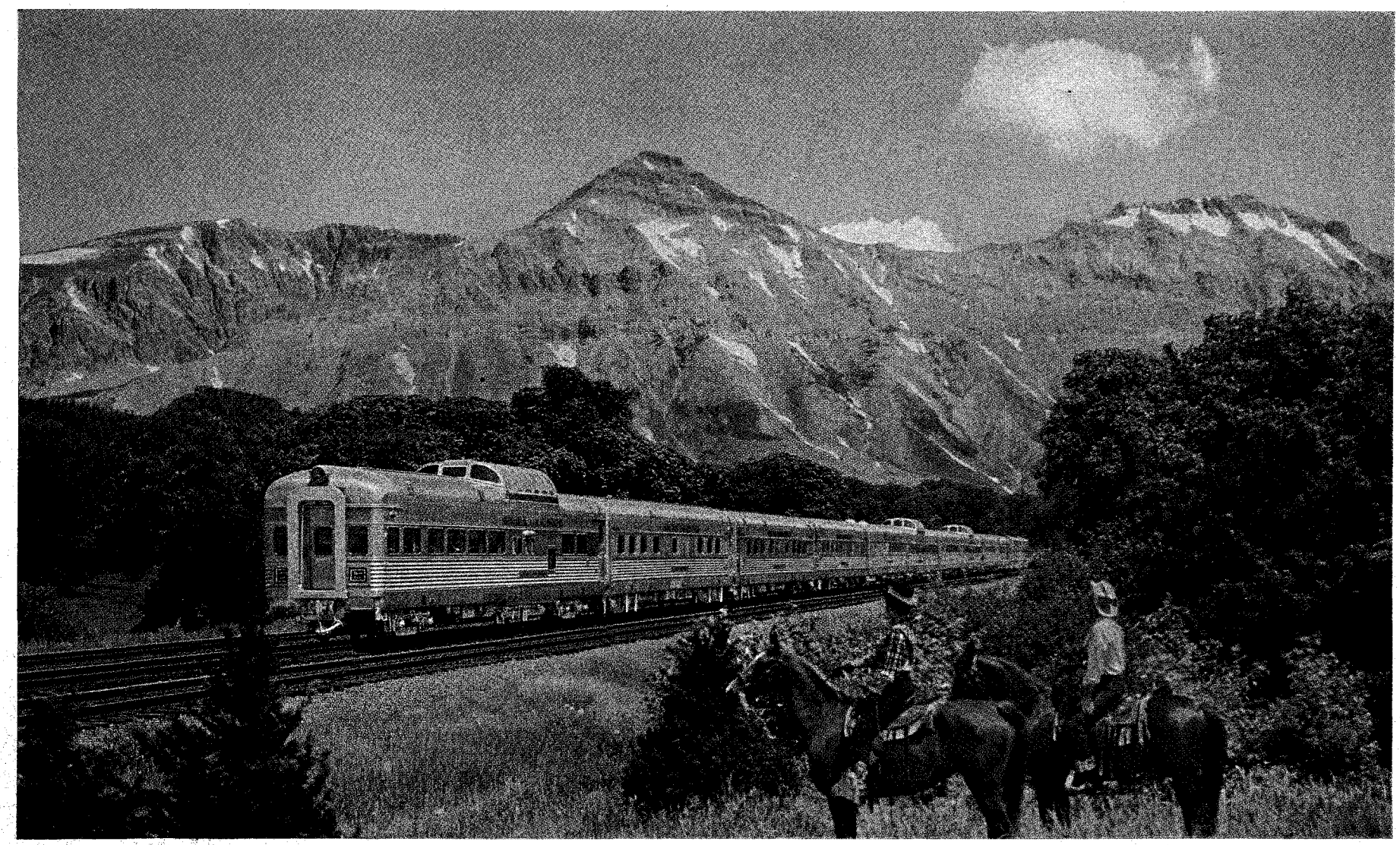


Burlington proudly presents the big new

VISTA-DOME *DENVER ZEPHYR*

BIGGER, BRIGHTER, MORE BEAUTIFUL—that's Burlington's new *Vista-Dome Denver Zephyr*...the most enjoyable train in all the world!

Here you'll find the color and gaiety, the warmth and hospitality of Colorful Colorado, the heart of the American West. You'll enjoy new views of plains and mountains from glass-enclosed roof-top Vista-Domes. You'll revel in the *Denver Zephyr's* smooth speed... complete comfort...varied accommodations...wonderful food...friendly hospitality...and superb service.

Decide right now: next trip between Chicago and Colorado, ride the big new *Vista-Dome Denver Zephyr* ...Burlington's masterpiece of travel enjoyment!

OVERNIGHT—EVERYNIGHT

• WESTBOUND		• EASTBOUND	
Lv Chicago	5:00 pm	Lv Colorado Springs	1:10 pm
Ar Denver	8:30 am	Lv Denver	4:00 pm
Ar Colorado Springs	10:45 am	Ar Chicago	9:00 am

CHICAGO-DENVER

...and adding an exciting new *Zephyr* destination...

COLORADO SPRINGS

(In service Sunday, October 28)

The Chuck Wagon • sips 'n' snacks or corral dishes from the ranch menu in glamorous Western surroundings.

De luxe all-room Pullmans • roomettes, bedrooms, compartments and suites...distinctive decor.

Truly comfortable chair coaches • deep-cushioned reclining seats with stretch-out leg-rests, adjustable head-rests.

For information, reservations, and tickets, see your Burlington representative or your railroad or travel agent...or write

Burlington Route

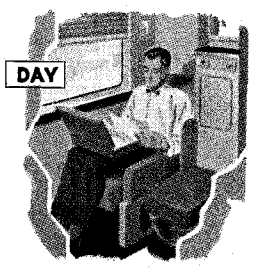
J. J. ALMS
Gen'l Passenger Traffic Manager
Burlington Lines
547 West Jackson Blvd.
Chicago 6, Illinois

INTRODUCING THE THRIFTY

NEW Slumbercoach

...another Burlington First!

Burlington now offers you a specially-designed coach room—comfortable arm-rest window seat by day, bed by night...your own wash basin and toilet—all at regular coach fare plus modest occupancy charge. Accommodations for either individuals or twosomes.



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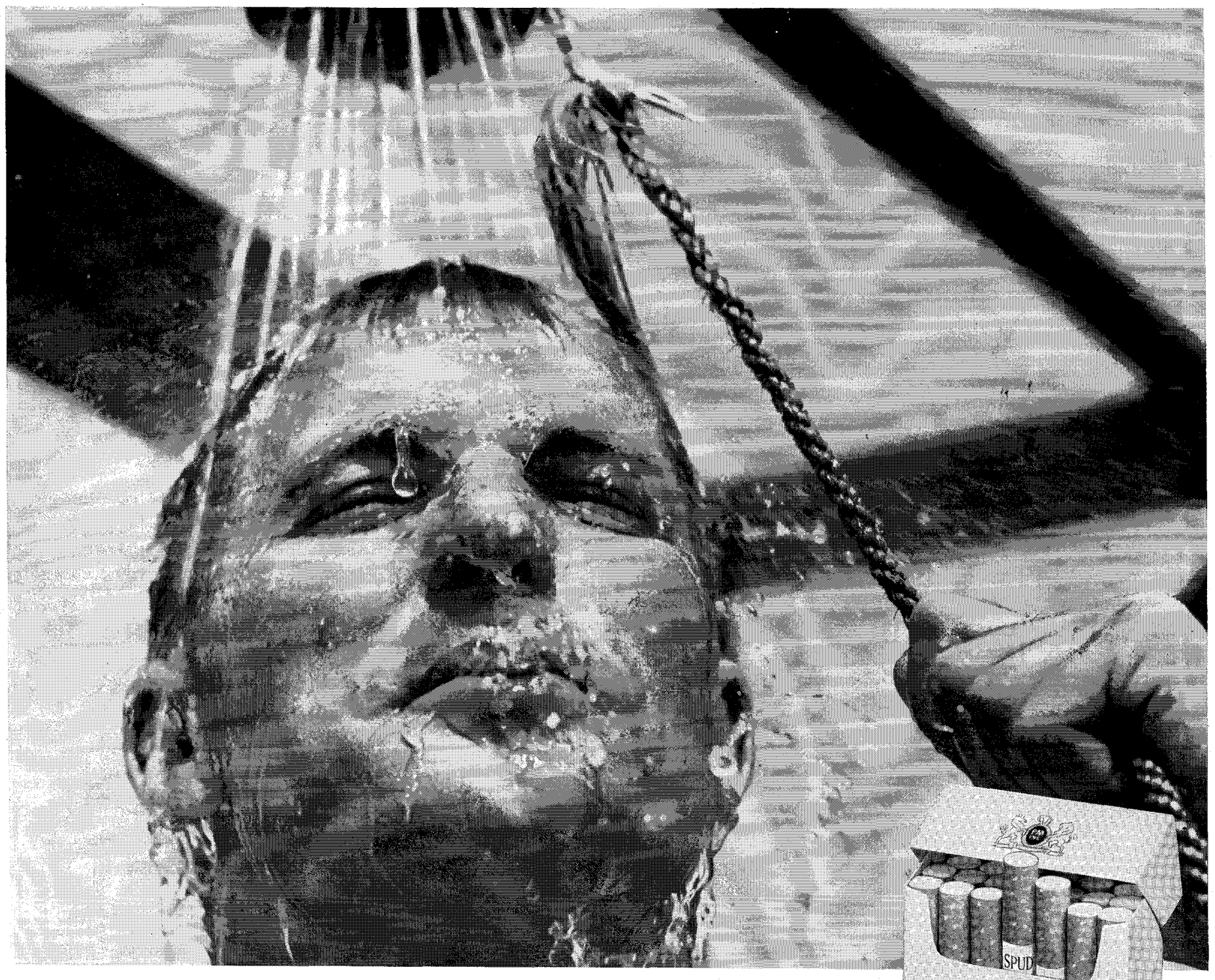
At last: a mentholated cigarette <u>everyone</u> can enjoy

NEW SPUD *WITH A <u>FILTER</u>*



This is how fresh and cool your mouth will taste after smoking NEW SPUDS. These filter cigarettes from Philip Morris have a light touch of menthol that *freshens the smoke—<u>something wonderful</u>!*

© 1956, PHILIP MORRIS INC.

CRUSH PROOF BOX • POPULAR FILTER PRICE

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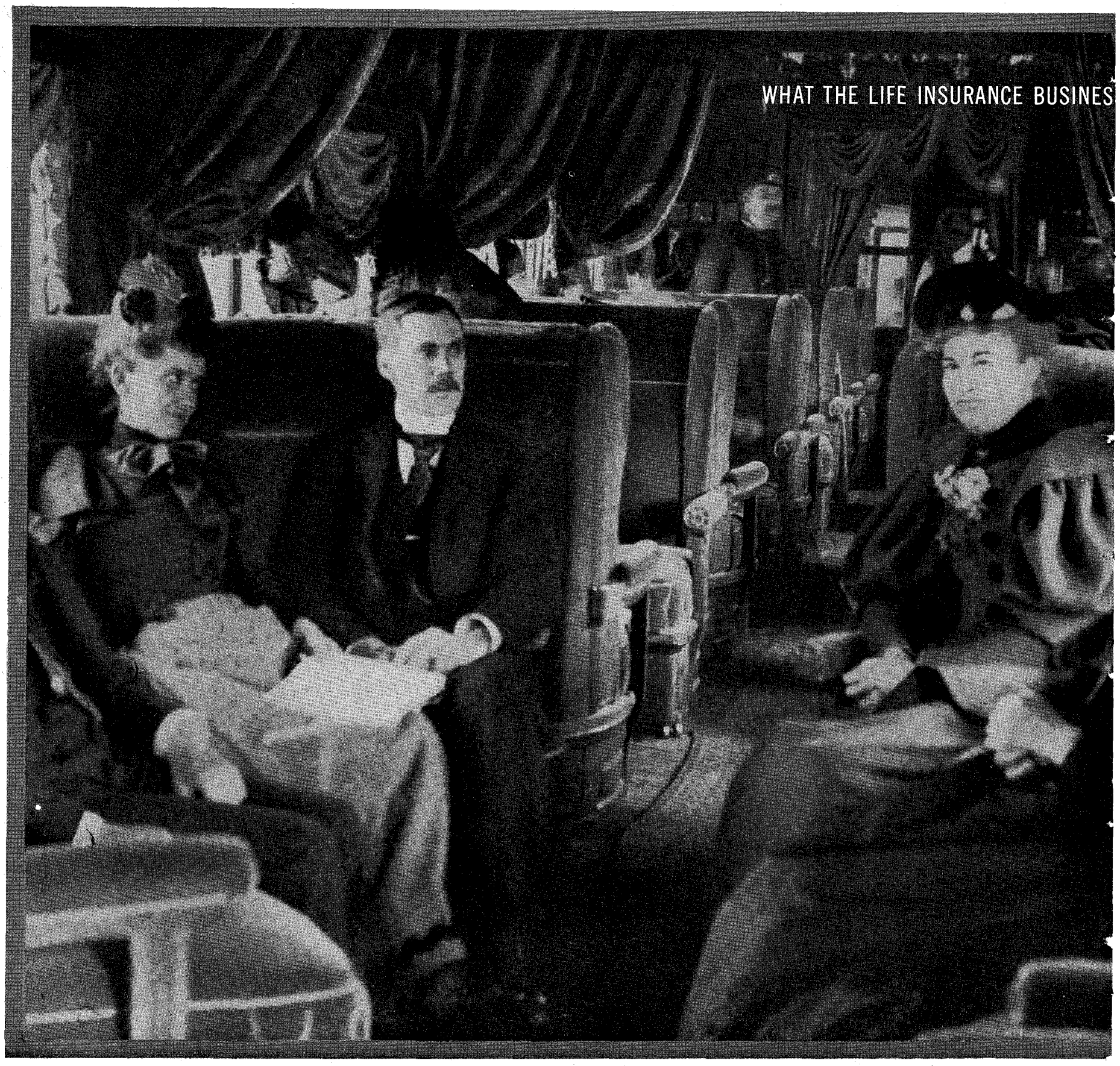

Yesterday's Life Insurance and today's

Poor old Great-grandfather had to stick pretty close to home under the terms of his life insurance policy.

Without written permission, he didn't dare travel west of the Mississippi; Indians might get his scalp. Nor could he venture South in the summer; malaria was rampant. Ocean travel was also banned; too dangerous.

Of course, there was a reason why insurance companies of a hundred years ago imposed so many restrictions. Everyday hazards of that era were much greater than today, and the average life span was 25 years shorter.

Thus insurance was written to stress a single need: protection for the family if the breadwinner died. Usually Great-grandfather didn't know what it was to enjoy insurance benefits during his own lifetime.

REVOLUTION IN INSURANCE. What a difference today! Travel is safer; health has improved; the rate of industrial accidents has fallen sharply. Keeping pace with this progress, American insurance companies have lifted many of the old restrictions. Even more important, they have evolved a modern viewpoint toward the *function* of insurance that has resulted in new, liberalized policies.

This viewpoint, brought about by the needs of today's

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COURTESY OF UNION PACIFIC RAILROAD CO.

Living Insurance are miles apart

families, is summed up in the two words *Living Insurance.*

ADVANTAGES OF LIVING INSURANCE. What does *Living Insurance* mean?

It means benefits for the living. Benefits for the policyholder while he lives. If he dies, benefits for the loved ones who live on after him.

Among other things, it means insurance you can use to strengthen your business—build toward your retirement—or send your children to college.

And never forget, it means insurance that is a source of funds in time of sickness and trouble.

Living Insurance today brings a new kind of financial security to over 103,000,000 Americans. Naturally, The Equitable is proud of its role in making this dynamic concept possible.

Living Insurance by Equitable

The Equitable Life Assurance Society of the U. S.
393 Seventh Avenue, New York 1, N. Y.

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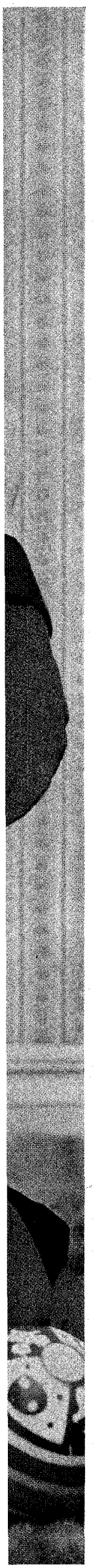
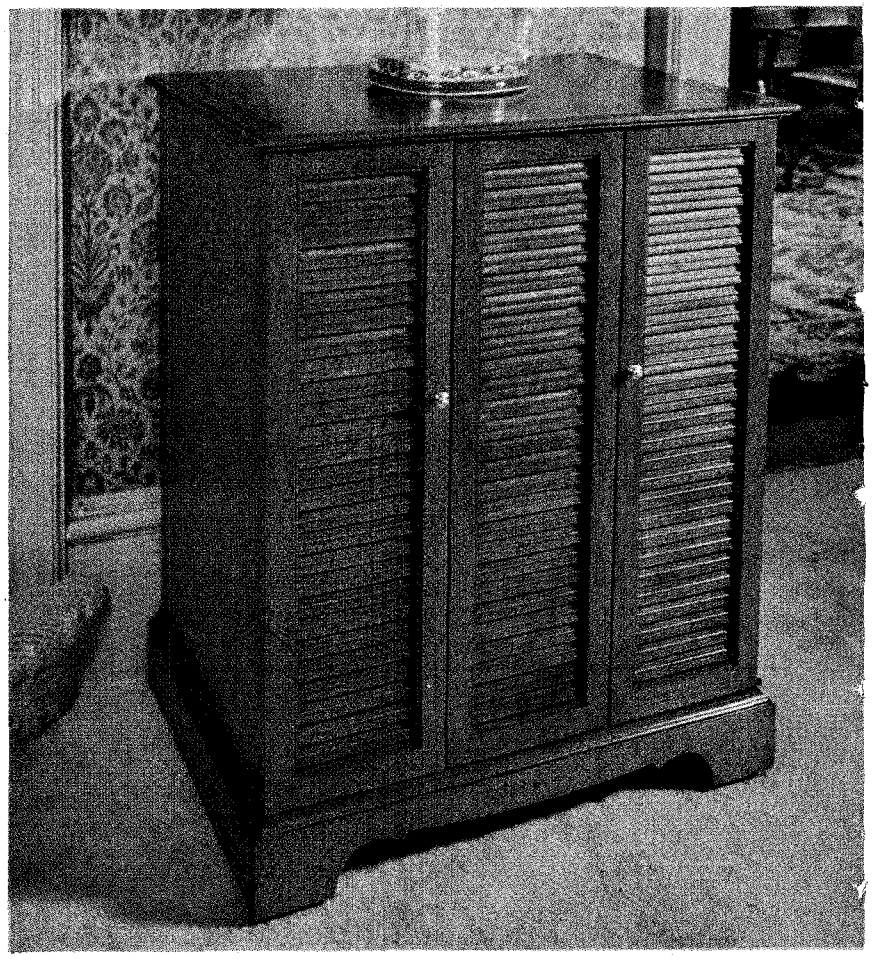


If your TV set is
more than 2 years old
let General Electric
show you what
you're missing

"NEW-IDEA" TELEVISION



Fine furniture styling in a console so lovely it will lend a distinctive style note to any room. Louvered doors, genuine cherry veneers go with every décor, add up to a luxury look far beyond the price. Concealed casters. 261 square inches of viewable area. Model 21C172.

G.E.'s pushbutton Power Tuning is easy, quick, quiet, too!

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Now you tune at the touch of a button. No need to turn knobs and dials. G.E.'s Power Tuning is the quick, quiet, easy way to select a channel!

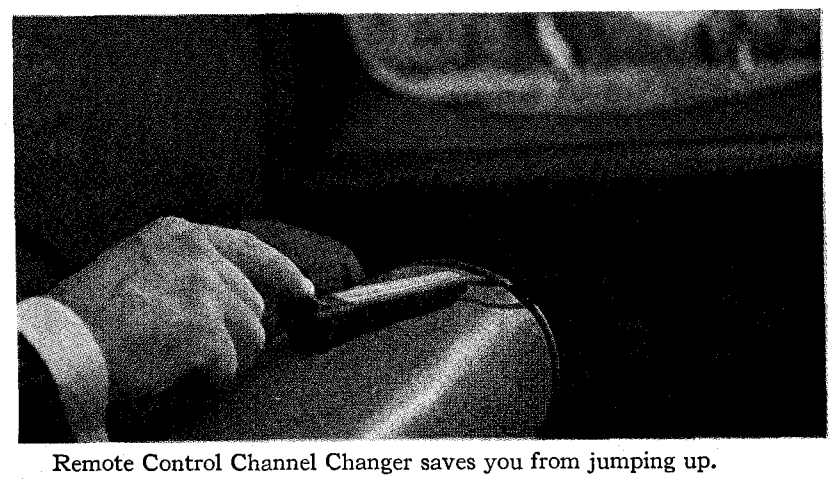
Or even from across the room. G.E.'s Remote Control Channel Changer (optional) lets you change programs without leaving your chair.

You never have to adjust the sound. Volume control separate from the on-off control means there's no blare, no need to reset sound every time you turn the TV on.

And what a picture—sharp as a movie screen! So clear and bright, so sharp in contrast—yet there's no glare. Because General Electric developed the aluminized picture tube and dark-tinted safety glass. Put these in a chassis engineered for higher sensitivity and maximum pull-in power, and you get a television picture as clear as a movie.

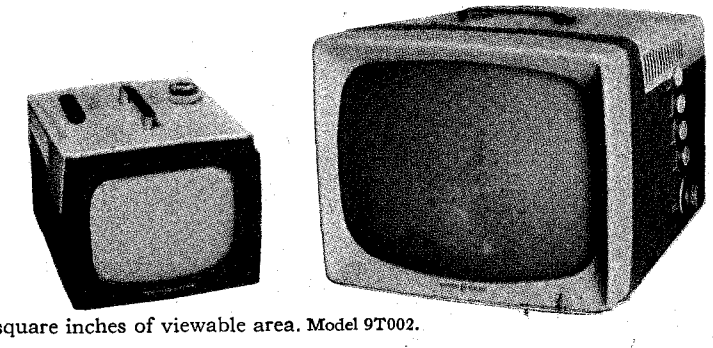
A complete line of portables, too! Take fun with you. These lightweight wonders plug in anywhere, give you a clear, console-like picture.

And low G-E prices make trade-ins more practical than repairs! Just to prove that fine styling need not be expensive, these sets are the lowest priced in G.E.'s history! General Electric Co., Television Receiver Dept., Syracuse 8, N. Y.



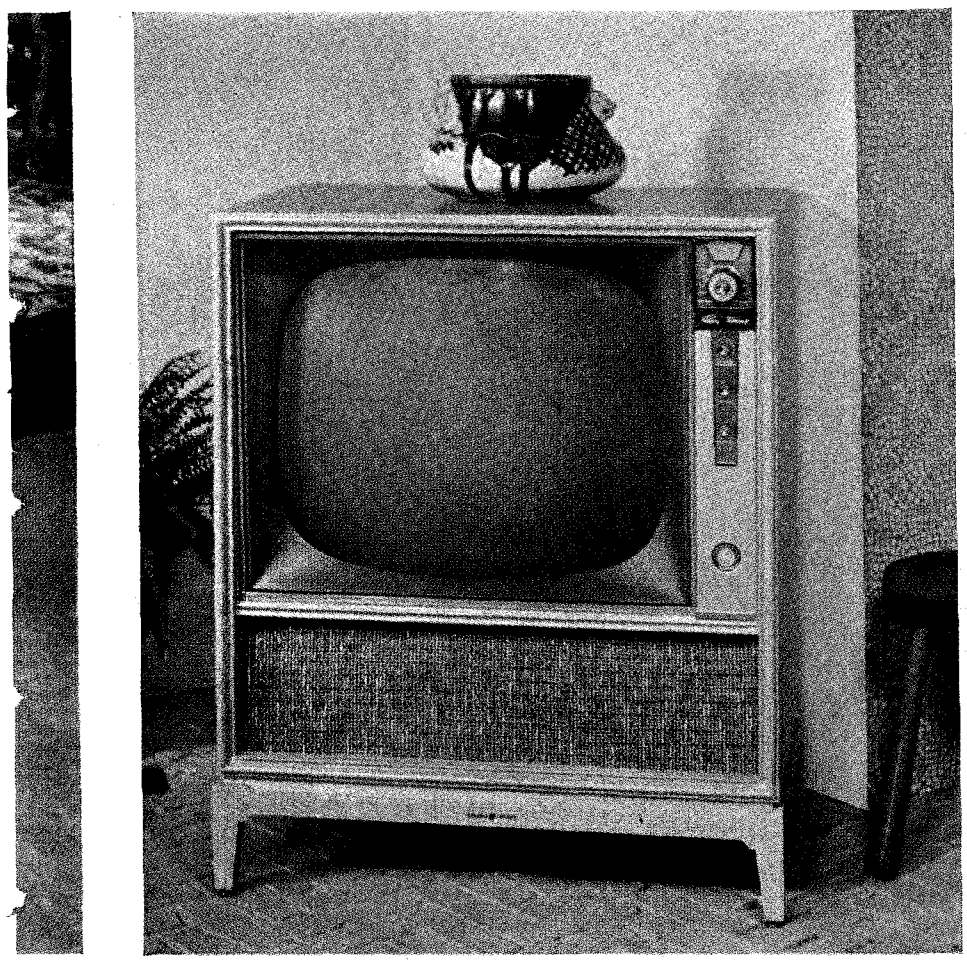
Remote Control Channel Changer saves you from jumping up.

144 square inches of viewable area. Model 17T026.

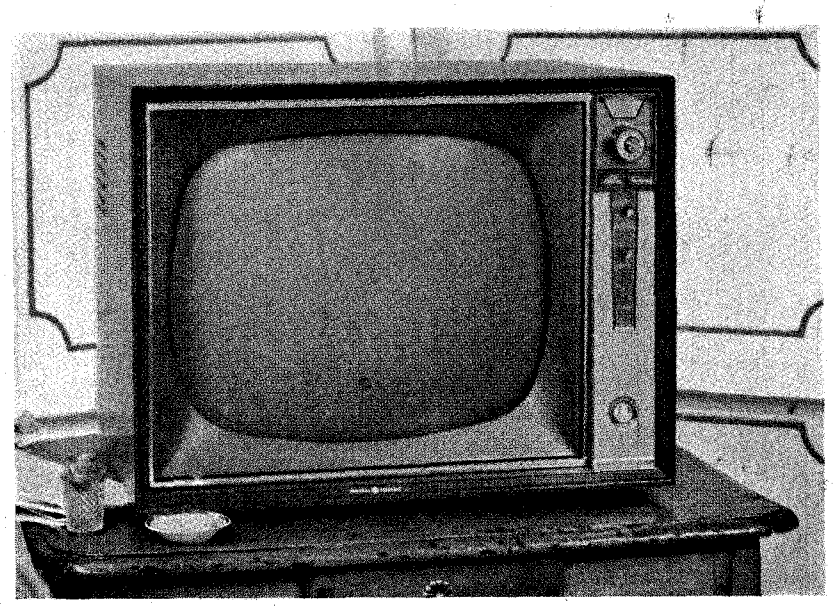


40 square inches of viewable area. Model 9T002.

G-E Portables . . . as low as $99.95.* "Personal" Portable (left) weighs less than 13 pounds. "Big-screen" Portable (right), only 32 pounds, has aluminized picture tube, dark contrast safety window. ("Companion" Portable not shown.) 3 color combinations.



Wide-screen viewing. Here's a giant picture so clear you can watch with the shades up or the lights on. Your choice of modern styling in white oak, traditional in rich mahogany veneers. 324 square inches of viewable area. Model 24C183 shown.



Versatile table models with all the features of our consoles—including silent, speedy Power Tuning and Channel Changer, if desired. Mahogany or white oak finish on pressed wood. 261 square inches of viewable area. Model 21T060 shown.

Progress Is Our Most Important Product

GENERAL ELECTRIC

Manufacturer's suggested retail prices include Federal excise tax, one-year warranty on picture tube, 90 days on parts. UHF at small additional cost. Prices subject to change without notice.

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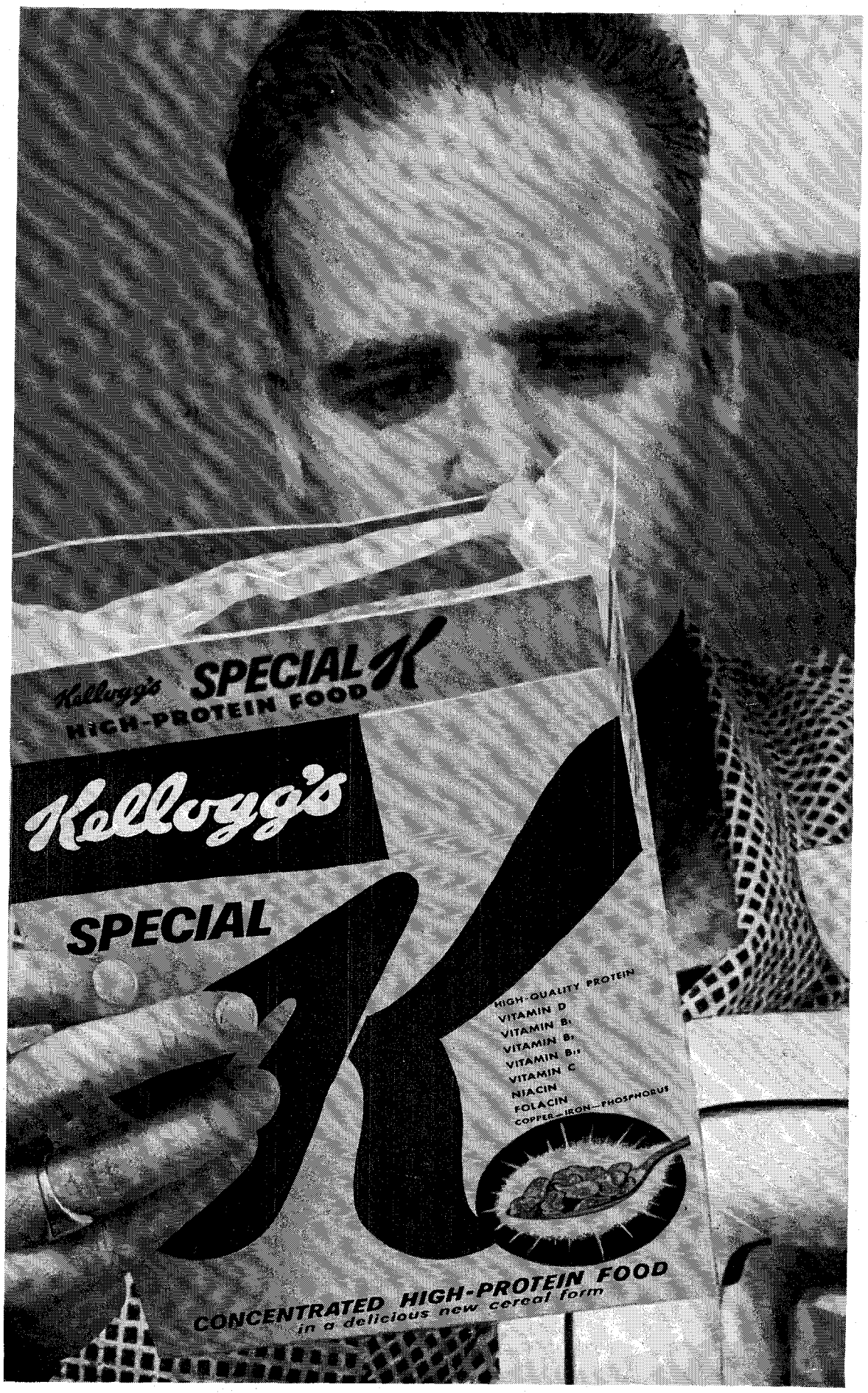
PROTEIN!

Kellogg's new food discovery



Concentrated protein
in a delicious new ready-to-eat cereal form

What is father doing—having breakfast or a good-night snack? Whatever it is, the nutrition story on the back of the Kellogg's Special K package has certainly caught his eye.

Already he's discovered that here is a cereal that delivers twice as much protein as the average of all other cereals combined. (A single serving with milk or cream delivers a healthy chunk of the highest quality protein you can get.)

In a minute he'll know why his family likes Special K, too. It has a very special flavor all its own. More than a puff, more than a flake—it even *feels* good in your mouth.

The rest of the story is on the Special K package at your grocer's now. Just look for the one with the big red K on the front. You'll enjoy it.

Kellogg's *OF BATTLE CREEK*

Waistline watchers find Special K ideal for high-protein, low-calorie, low-fat diets. (Only 105 calories per ounce.)

Keeping in the prime requires plenty of protein. The kind in Kellogg's Special K is ready to eat, easy to digest.

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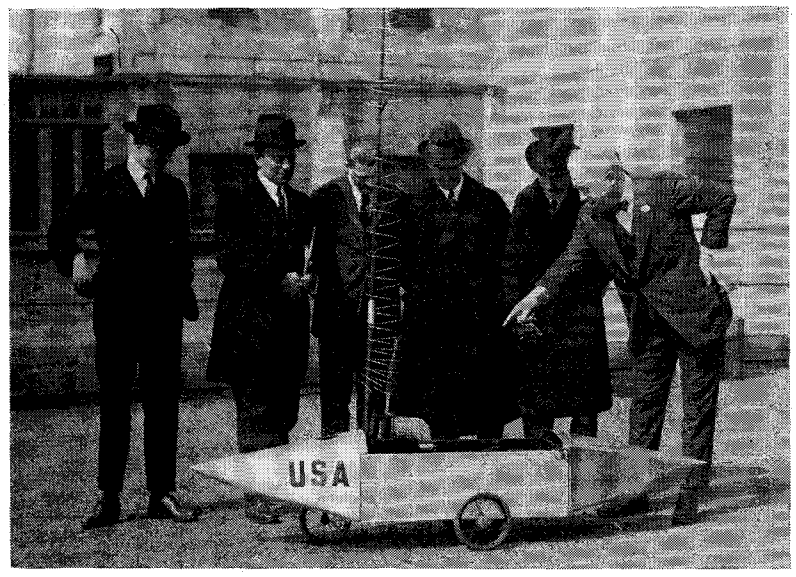
PICTURES WITH A PAST

Remember When?



REMEMBER when guided missiles were regarded as "sheer fantasy"? Here on a New York hotel roof top in 1922 is one of their ancestors, Edwin F. Glavin's radio-controlled "torpedo car." Powered by thirty-nine batteries on twelve circuits, it dashed around as its inventor directed it by 135-meter radio wave. Note the antennas. 3000 spectators jammed the roof top. Some thought it was a hoax, not to be taken seriously. Times have changed. MANN OHMAHN

REMEMBER Joaquin Miller, "Poet of the Sierras"? His daughter, Juanita, here offers hospitality from his old jug at Oakland, California, to another noted West Coast character, Raymond Duncan, brother of famed dancer Isadora Duncan. Raymond, a leading exponent of classic Greek culture, went around town dressed as an ancient Greek. E. A. ROGERS

THIS eye-popping young Englishman, imported by Hollywood a quarter century ago to play opposite Greta Garbo in Queen Christina, was imperiously ditched by the great Greta. She insisted on John Gilbert instead. So, in 1932, Laurence Olivier found himself acting with Zasu Pitts in comedy. Now a knighted Shakespearean actor, he undertook to do a movie, astonishingly, with Marilyn Monroe. —J. D. SEE

American Business Leaders use WARREN'S STANDARD PRINTING PAPERS *to improve profits and human relations*

Where is your business headed?

You, like most foresighted businessmen, are well aware of the continuing growth in U. S. population, now predicted to rise 38% over the next 20 years.

This vital statistic has prompted many executives to plan proportionate expansion of their firms' production capacity.

Such planning is essential if firms are to acquire their share of this spiraling market. But expanded plant capacity does not necessarily mean expanded sales. Sales increases come from winning additional customers, or from stepping up per capita consumption.

PRINT *helps you keep growing*

Your sales story properly presented *in print* can win additional customers for you today, tomorrow and in the distant future. Well-printed, well-circulated booklets, brochures, broadsides, bulletins, folders, reports, manuals, catalogs — these can convey each of your sales points with telling forcefulness.

Good printed pieces help you keep growing in many ways: They sell direct to individual readers. They supplement and support other forms of selling effort. They stay on 24-hour duty as ready-reference files. They engender thoughtful acceptance of your sales arguments. They stimulate favorable conversation so that many other people hear about your virtues. They have pass-on value so that additional prospects may become your regular customers too. They prevent misunderstandings because they tell the truth — and nothing but. And they do all this economically.

Your Ally—A Good Printer

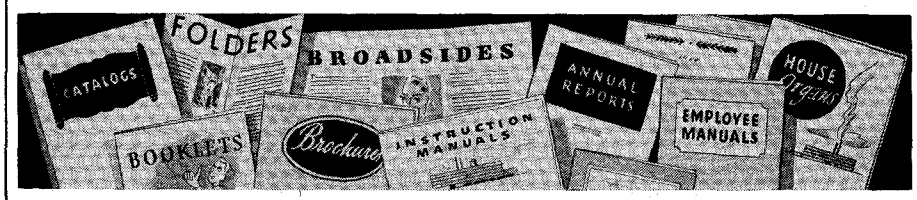
For good printed pieces you need a good printer. He should be considered an ex-officio member of your planning and creative team and as such should be called in *at the very beginning of the discussion,* not later. He can only contribute fully from his skill and experience when you count him in *from the start.*

He will probably specify Warren's Standard Printing Papers because he wants your printed pieces to rank as superior pieces — and he is well aware of the superiority in Warren's comprehensive line of paper grades.

S. D. Warren Company, 89 Broad St., Boston 1, Massachusetts.

BETTER PAPER — BETTER PRINTING

Warren's STANDARD *Printing Papers*



Some of the forms of literature, printed on WARREN'S STANDARD PRINTING PAPERS, *that are aiding Industry*

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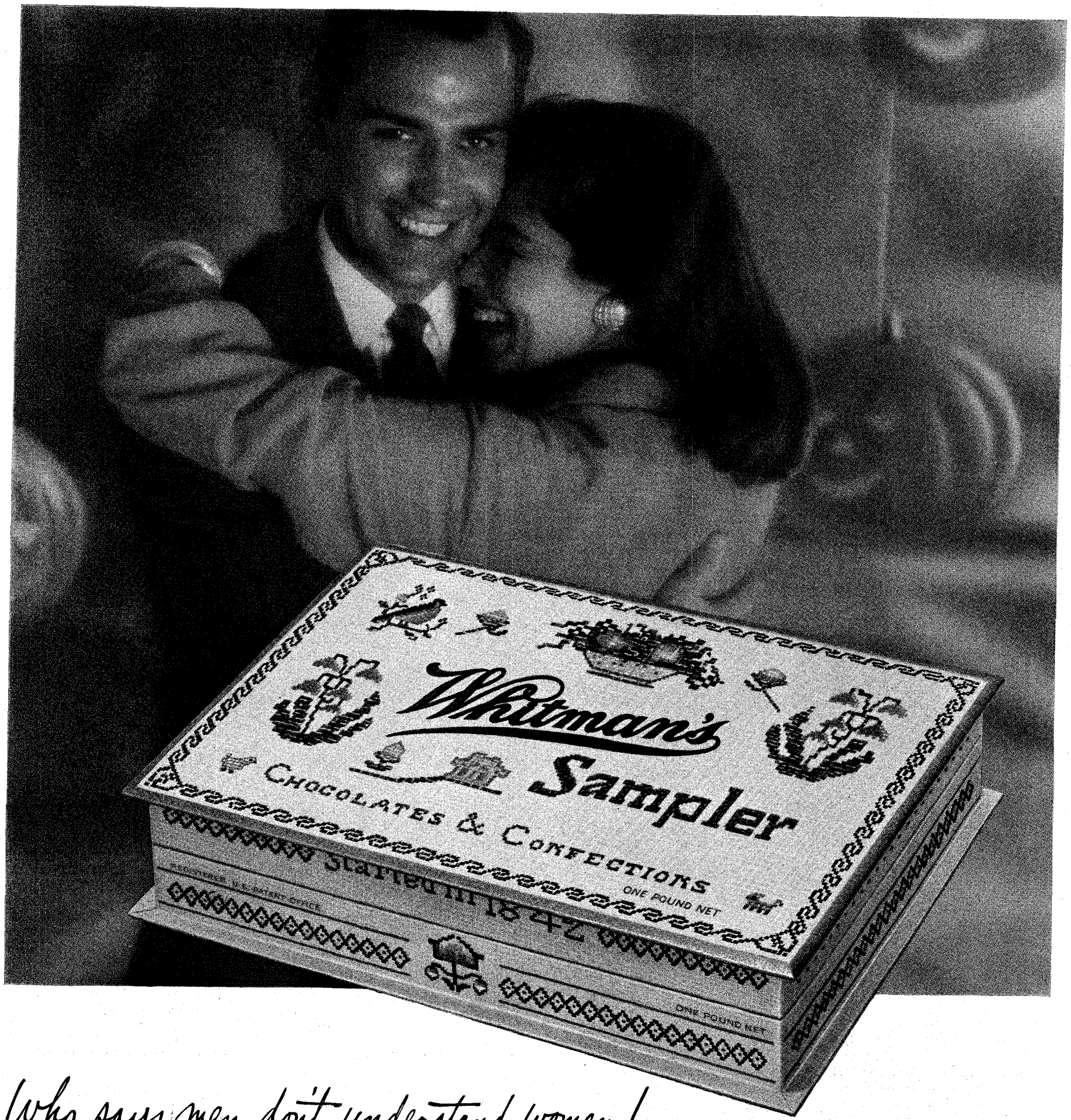


Who says men don't understand women!

Whitman knows better!

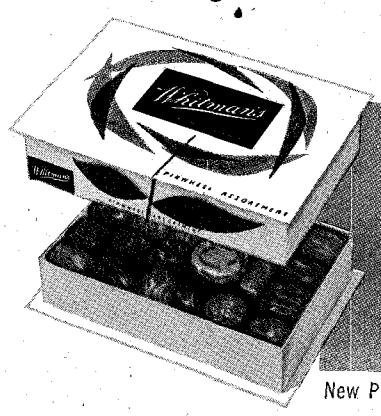
Because it's the men (millions of them!) who buy our famous Sampler package all the time and give it to the ladies.

Seems to have a winning way with the fair sex! (Is that you in this picture?)

Shows that men have good taste to select the box of candy that rates highest with all womankind.

Birthday? Anniversary? Special event? Or *just because* . . . give her a Whitman's Sampler and see what happens! $2, $4, $6 and $10. Stephen F. Whitman & Son, Inc., Philadelphia, Pa.

©S. F. W. & SON, INC.



Whitman's
CHOCOLATES

New Pinwheel Assortment, specially priced at $1.50

a woman never forgets the man who remembers

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Five Hundred & Twenty-Five
POST

AVIATION'S STORMY GENIUS

By SIDNEY SHALETT

A remarkable report on the brilliant and temperamental William P. Lear, Sr., inventor, who makes it possible for airplanes to fly without pilots.

Some years ago, William Powell Lear, Sr., developer of the Lear autopilot, an aircraft instrument so versatile that it does almost everything a human pilot can do except ring the stewardess for coffee, was flying his twin-engine plane near a restricted area in Nevada. Jet interceptors came up for a check. When he detected their approach, Lear put his son, David, then three years old, in the pilot's seat. Then he switched on the autopilot and ducked out of sight.

"When those jet boys came up and got a look at this infant flying a twin-engine transport," Lear says, "I thought they were gonna blow their canopies and eject."

Lear is a flamboyant extrovert who, lacking even a high-school education, has invented and perfected technical developments—principally in automatic flight control and radio—that have had profound effects on jet-age flying. He has a shrewd sense of showmanship, which backfired recently when he impulsively piloted his plane from Germany to Moscow on the first Soviet-sanctioned flight by an American "tourist."

The Lear mission to Moscow cast him in the unhappy role of an innocent abroad. Reverberations were heard all the way back to Washington when reporters quoted the manufacturer—erroneously, he claimed—on the possibility of selling aviation equipment to the Russians.

Lear started his manufacturing business on a few hundred dollars' capital. Today, he is chairman of the board of Lear, Inc., which did $54,660,049 worth of business in 1955. As the largest single stockholder, Lear is a multimillionaire; yet he still does shirt-sleeve work in the laboratories and hangars, and serves as test pilot for new pieces of Lear aviation hardware.

He is a stocky, florid-faced man who looks younger than his fifty-four years. Associates say he has a Vesuvian temper, but quickly controls himself after an eruption. Lear is

William Lear lugs one of his newest brain children, a light, compact gasoline motor used as an airborne, auxiliary power unit.

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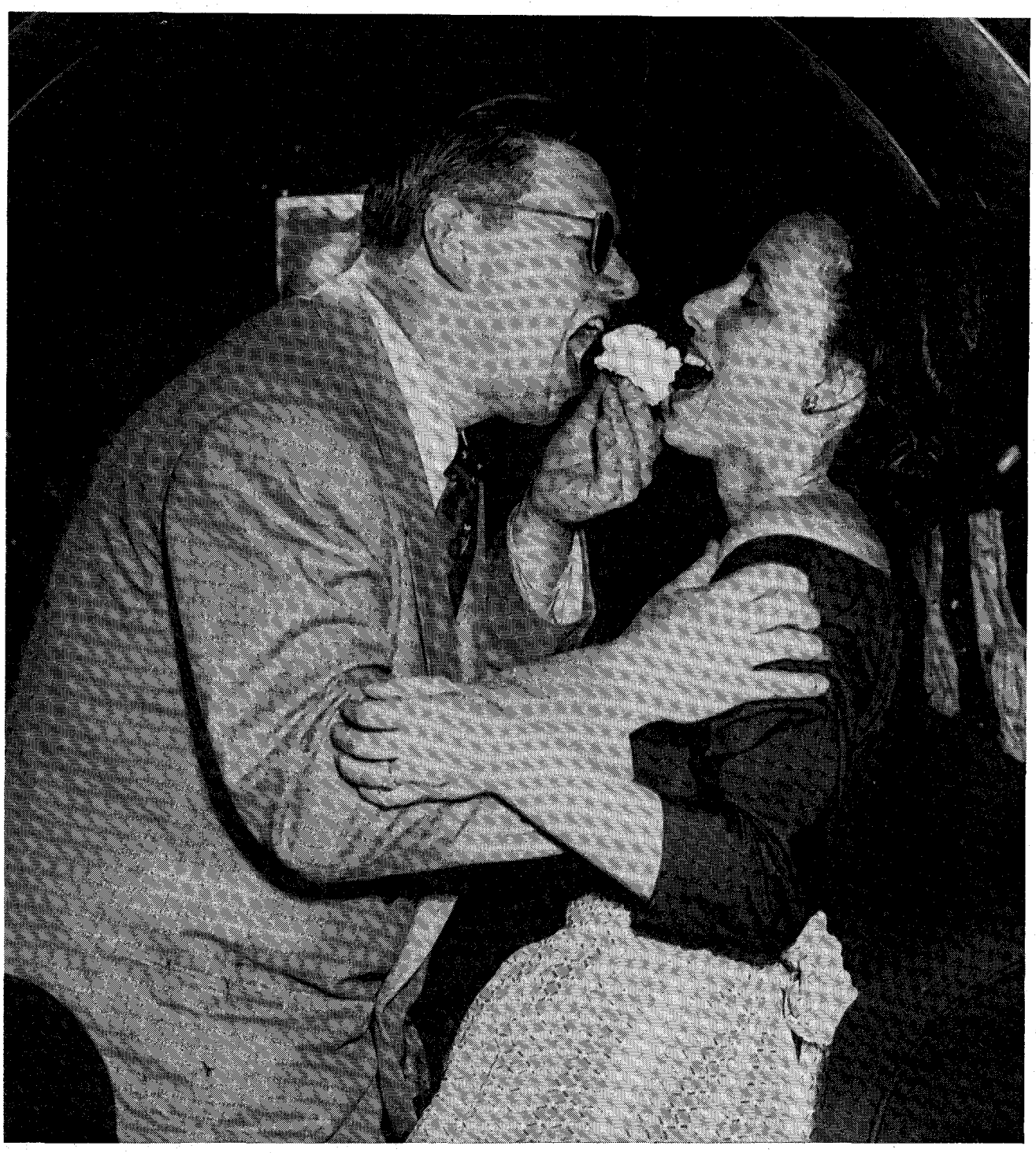
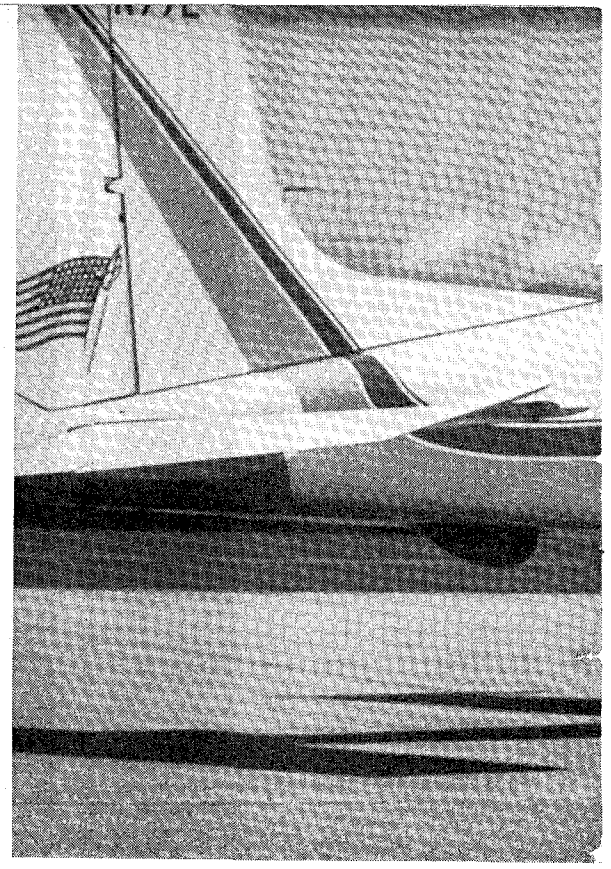




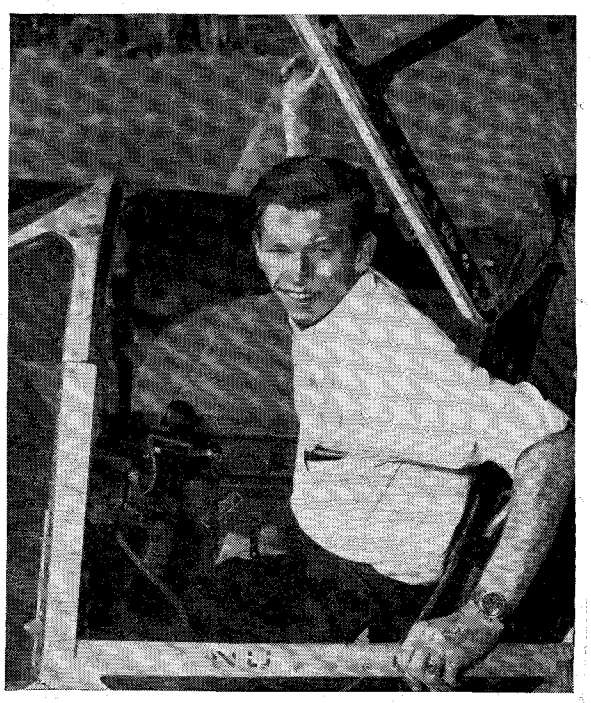
Uninhibited Bill Lear and Moya, his fourth wife, celebrate the completion of the Learstar, a luxurious, custom-designed plane for flying businessmen.

capable of violent hatred, and, as one intimate puts it, "overpowering" friendship. He talks freely of how various "enemies," ranging from military brass to rival manufacturers, are out to get him. He likes to play practical jokes; his idea of fun is to walk away from the controls of his plane, leaving an ignorant and terrified passenger in charge.

Lear has been married four times. His first marriage at eighteen was of brief duration. By his second marriage, he has a daughter, Mary, who has entered church work in Chicago. By his third marriage he has a daughter, Mrs. Patricia Lear Husband, and a son, William P. Lear, Jr., a former Air Force jet pilot, now general manager of Lear's European operations. His present wife is Moya Olsen Lear, daughter of the comedian Ole Olsen, of Hellzapoppin' fame. They were married in 1942 and have four children, the youngest of whom is younger than Lear's four grandchildren.

Mrs. Lear has a sense of humor rather like her father's. She and Lear dreamed up the

Last June, Lear got into hot water with U.S. authorities when, accompanied by Moya, he flew to Moscow in his private plane. But he had the Russians' consent.



Lear's son Bill, Jr., entered the Bendix Trophy Race at 18. He's now an executive, aged 28, in Lear, Inc.

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A planeload of little Lears—
Tina, John, David and Shanda—
and their parents debark at
Geneva, Switzerland.
Lear moved to Geneva recently to
set up a new European division.

1935: Struggling inventor with famed aviatrix
Amelia Earhart who, two years later,
vanished on a flight over the Pacific.

1940: New York's Mayor LaGuardia presents him
with an award for the year's outstanding
contribution in aircraft radio.

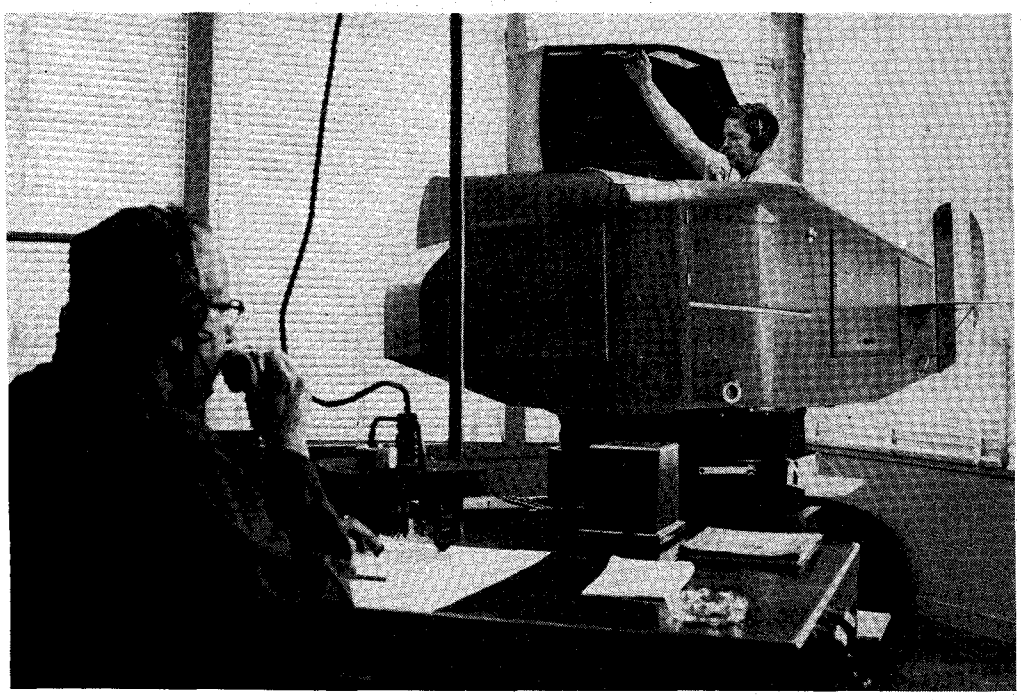
name "Shanda" for their older daughter, and the child, now twelve, dotes on startling new acquaintances by announcing dramatically: "My name is—Shandalear!"

Lear has a tremendous drive to become rich and powerful, stemming, as he sees it, from childhood frustrations. His father, Reuben Lear, was a small-scale builder and teamster who, Lear says, "could work harder and lose more money than any man I ever knew." His mother, Gertrude Stueber Powell Lear, of Bavarian descent, he describes as "a dominating woman with a violent temper." Lear loved her and took care of her until her death in 1935, but he says, "We never could get along together more than twenty minutes at a time."

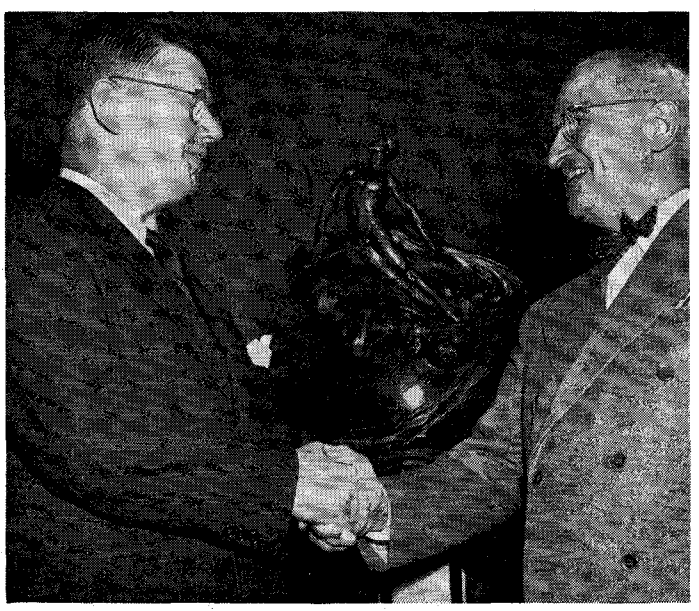
Lear, an only child, was born in Mark Twain's home town, Hannibal, Missouri, in 1902. When he was six years old his parents separated. Bill went with his mother, finally arriving in Chicago, where she married Otto Kirmse, a German, who made a meager living as a plasterer. They settled in South Chicago near the stockyards. "Otto was a great old guy," Lear says. "Often he would step in between me and mother and take the blows she was aiming at me."

Before he reached his teens, Bill displayed inventive talent, but, he says, his mother was always thwarting him. "I would build a phonograph out of scrap materials and would get it to the point where, to finish it, I needed a fifty-cent part which I could not improvise, borrow or steal. First, mother would scold me for wasting time on it. Then she would tear into me for not finishing it. When I would tell her I needed fifty cents for the essential part, she would wallop me and say, 'See, you not only waste time but you want to waste money!'

"I remember working out a blueprint for my future when I was twelve years old. I resolved first to make enough money so I'd never be stopped from finishing anything; second, that to accumulate money in a hurry—and I was in a hurry—I'd have to invent something that people wanted. (Continued on Page 155)



Michael (right), ex-king of Rumania, is now on the Lear payroll. Here he takes
a lesson in instrument flying at the company offices in Santa Monica, Calif.



1950: President Truman congratulates Lear
for winning the Robert J. Collier aviation trophy.

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"Don't take it too tough, Annie," Big Sam said gently. "It'll all work out O.K., maybe."

By Norman Reilly Raine

Tugboat Annie Loses Command

The old she-walrus was through at last.

The Narcissus was sailing with a new skipper.

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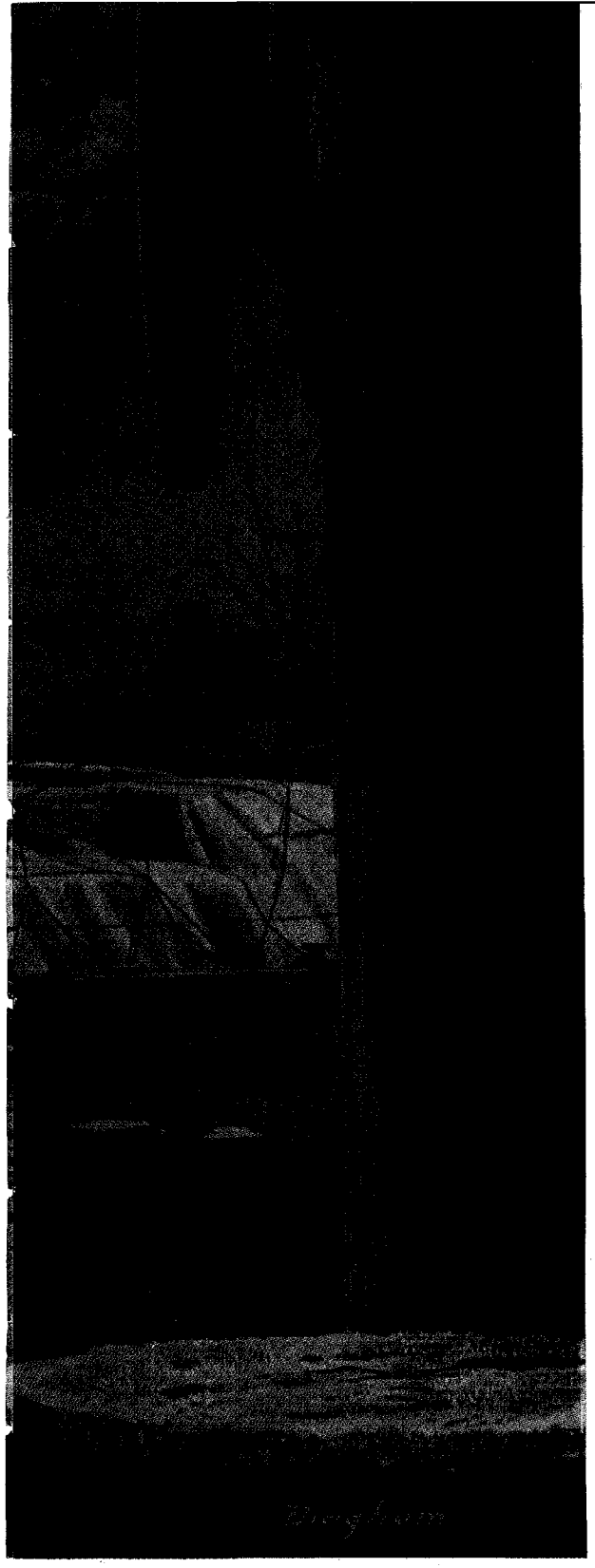


Vicious rain squalls lashed the tumbling waters of Secoma harbor, and outside the rattling windows of the Deep-Sea Towing and Salvage Company offices, Puget Sound was an obscurity of gray swirling mist from the depths of which came the mournful barnyard hoots of moving shipping. But within the big main office, radiators hissed companionably and the aroma of freshly made coffee drifted from the hot plate in the corner.

This inner coziness was not, however, reflected in the rugged and spectacularly contused features of Tugboat Annie Brennan, master of the big tug Narcissus, nor upon the equally battered face of Capt. Horatio Bullwinkle, skipper and owner of the rival tug Salamander, for they eyed each other with the hackle-rising hostility of a couple of angry bulldogs, while planted before a closed inner-office door, which bore the painted legend: A. SEVERN, PRES.

"O.K. Go ahead an' stare, fat-pot," Mr. Bullwinkle muttered as, momentarily, his little black shoe-button eyes met her bright blue ones. "I ain't workin' for Alec Severn. I'm my own boss. So what have I got to worry about? I'm only here outta—outta curiosity."

"Ye're here because Captain Price, o' the Navy Procurement Office, telled ye ye'd better be or else!" Annie growled. She added virtuously, "An' I ain't did nothin', either, 'cept larrup ye around a leetle to l'arn ye some manners."

"Well, ya needn't ha' slugged me wi' that two-by-four," objected Mr. Bullwinkle heatedly, "just because we had a little tiff!"

"No?" replied Annie complacently. "Well, then, next time I flatten ye wid me fist, stay flat!"

"Next time, eh?" roared Mr. Bullwinkle, and as their voices rose, Fred, the dispatcher, moved toward them, and Olive, the boss' secretary, looked alarmed. "There'll be no next time! Because if you ever punch me again 'cept in self-defense, I'll ——"

"Great!" cried Annie, promptly assuming one of the more classic postures of the manly art. "Come on!"

Fred thrust himself between them. "Are you two crazy?" he demanded. "When the judge released you to Captain Price today, he said he'd give you ninety days if you came up before him for fighting again. And ——"

"That fer the judge!" With a swooshing upsweep, her fingers snapped like a pistol shot under Mr. Bullwinkle's swollen proboscis. "All I ax is jest put me in the same cell wid this big ugly hippopotamouse!"

Further action abruptly was suspended, however, by the buzz of the intercom summoning them into Severn's office. Uneasily now, hostilities laid aside, they complied, although Mr. Bullwinkle, with unaccustomed gallantry and after a slight scuffle, made Annie precede him through the doorway.

Behind his desk, Alec Severn, plump and normally placidly good-humored, was pink with irritation. With him, standing at the window, was Captain Price, U.S.N., tall, lean, with shrewd blue eyes in a tanned, intelligent face.

"Hi, ye ol' gafoozler!" Annie greeted her boss with false joviality. "Hi, Cap'n Price. How's beans in the Navy these ——"

"Shut up!" Severn ordered. "And close that door! What was that racket out there just now? You two been at it again?"

"'Twas him," said Annie promptly, jerking her thumb at Mr. Bullwinkle. "Somethin' he et, no doubt."

Quickly taking his cue, Mr. Bullwinkle emitted a genteel eructation behind his ham-like hand.

"It'd better have been only that!" Severn continued grimly, "because if you brawl again you're going straight back to the hoosegow. . . . That right, Captain Price?"

"That's right," said Price, unsmiling. "I intervened at court today only because the Navy needs your two big tugs to move that heavy equipment we want so badly up north. That, and the fact that you're both familiar with navigation in Alaskan waters."

"Navigation?" said Annie, with a disparaging glance at Mr. Bullwinkle. "He l'arned his, ridin' the hurricane deck of a jackass!"

"That's better," yelped Mr. Bullwinkle indignantly, "than learnin' it in a revolvin' door. If," he added with a significant stare, "ya could get that pot in a revolvin' door."

"Take that back!" yelled Annie, eyes blazing, but Captain Price coldly intervened.

"That's enough!" he said curtly. "You two are hopeless! . . . I'm sorry, Severn; I can't jeopardize important sea deliveries by this kind of nonsense. We'll take our towing business elsewhere."

"Aw, cap'n!" Annie instantly was remorseful. "We didn't mean nothin', did we, Horatio? Fack is, we're reely as close as two clams in one shell. Ain't that so?"

"No," said Mr. Bullwinkle. "It ain't. But I'm sorry too. . . . Honest, sir! I'll do a good job if she'll lemme alone! O.K., cap?"

Price eyed them for a long, appraising pause. Then: "All right, then. But to make certain that you stay in line, you're now going to have to post personal bonds."

"Bonds?" Abruptly, Severn straightened. "You didn't mention ——"

"I know. But the season's already late, and since the stuff we're shipping is vital to those new radar stations for use in early spring, I've got to have a guaranty that it'll get there before the winter freeze-up. But this pair ——" He broke off, shrugged.

"How much, then?" Severn asked quickly.

"Fifteen thousand each. To be forfeited for nonperformance."

"That scuppers me," said Mr. Bullwinkle unhappily. "I ain't got it."

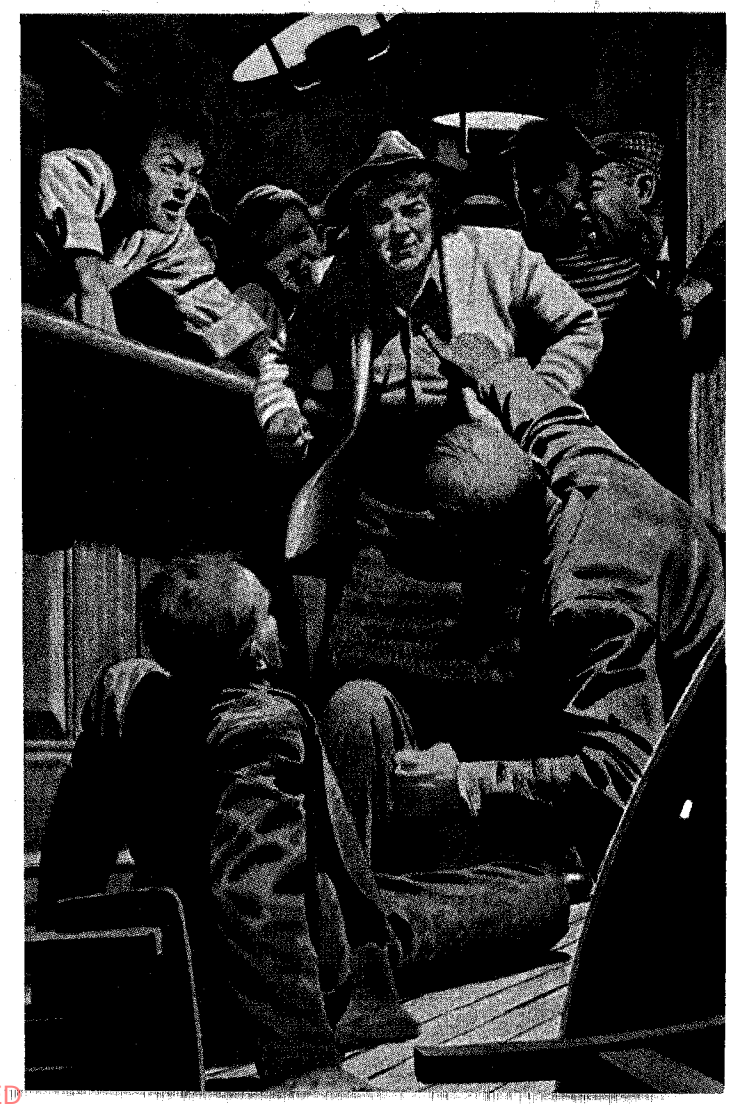
"You own your Salamander, don't you?"

"Yeah. But it takes time to arrange a loan and ——"

"I'll advance it," said Severn, "since one of my own employees"—he shot a hard look at Annie—"is partly responsible. I'll post bond for us and for Bullwinkle. He can give me his note, with the Salamander as security. . . . All right, captain?"

(Continued on Page 90)

"That's done it," yelled Truthful Tomkins. "Yo're fired! Severn said if ya beat up on him again you was through."



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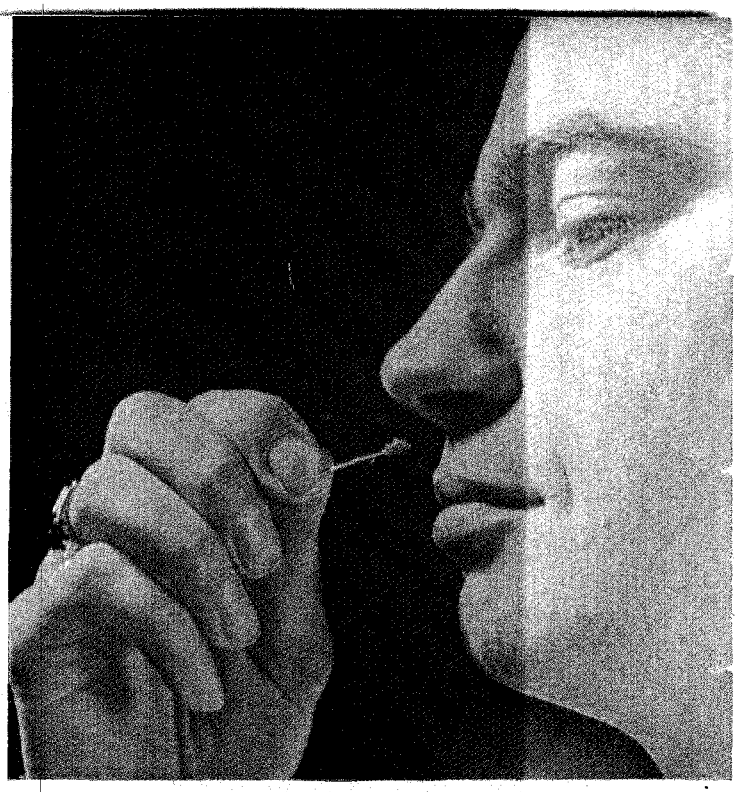
How the Ladies Get Their Glamour

Thanks to the discerning sniffers of certain Frenchmen, women today can entice the male with perfumes more potent than Cleopatra's or Madame Pompadour's.

By James P. O'Donnell



"Monsieur Le Nez" (Mr. Nose) whiffs a pinpoint of civet, a vile-smelling animal product used to give perfume its "pulling power."

Freshly plucked roses are weighed and sorted before being reduced to essence at a perfume distillery in Grasse.

Early on spring and summer mornings, Provençal peasants harvest dew-fresh roses in the valleys of Southern France.

GRASSE, FRANCE.

Many visitors to this terraced French town of Grasse come for the panoramic view alone. Perched a thousand feet above the Riviera, and only a few uphill miles behind Nice and Cannes, Grasse sits in a splendid natural amphitheater overlooking the sparkling Mediterranean. Just behind Grasse tower the Alps of Provence. And it is from a bland mixture of mountain and maritime air, ideal for the growing of such flowers as jasmine, that this provincial town has built its reputation as the world capital of the quality-perfume industry. Expensive perfumes may bear a fancy Paris, London or New York label, but the chances are that the best that is in them was born right here in Grasse.

A hasty traveler, bowling along the Route Napoleon and anxious to arrive on the Côte d'Azur, could roll right through Grasse without realizing that it is an industrial town, and a famous one. But if he pauses long enough to take in the superb view, he will also soon sniff the sweet, cloying fumes arising from more than a score of fragrance factories, wholesale producers of the floral essences that keep the perfume industry in business. Some few firms also make finished, bottled perfumes here in Grasse, and invite the curious in for escorted tours. Here can be seen the various processes—steam distillation, extraction by pomades and the use of volatile solvents—used to separate the fragrance from the flower.

If the visitor arrives during the summertime, he will witness a botanical massacre that is impressive. Although the scene is at first sight idyllic—Provençal peasants arriving each morning with dew-fresh jasmine blooms—the statistics of reduction are awesome. Each summer, to take as example one crop alone, more than 700 tons of jasmine are harvested. There are about 4500 separate blossoms in a single pound. It requires one ton of these blossoms to make two pounds of "concrete," which, in turn, is reduced down to one pound of "absolute" essence, worth about $1300. (A price that may double by Christmas because of last winter's terrible damage to the crop.) This quintessence of 9,000,000 jasmine blooms is destined, in minute quantity, to go into an elegant perfume which, if used properly by some gal in Paris

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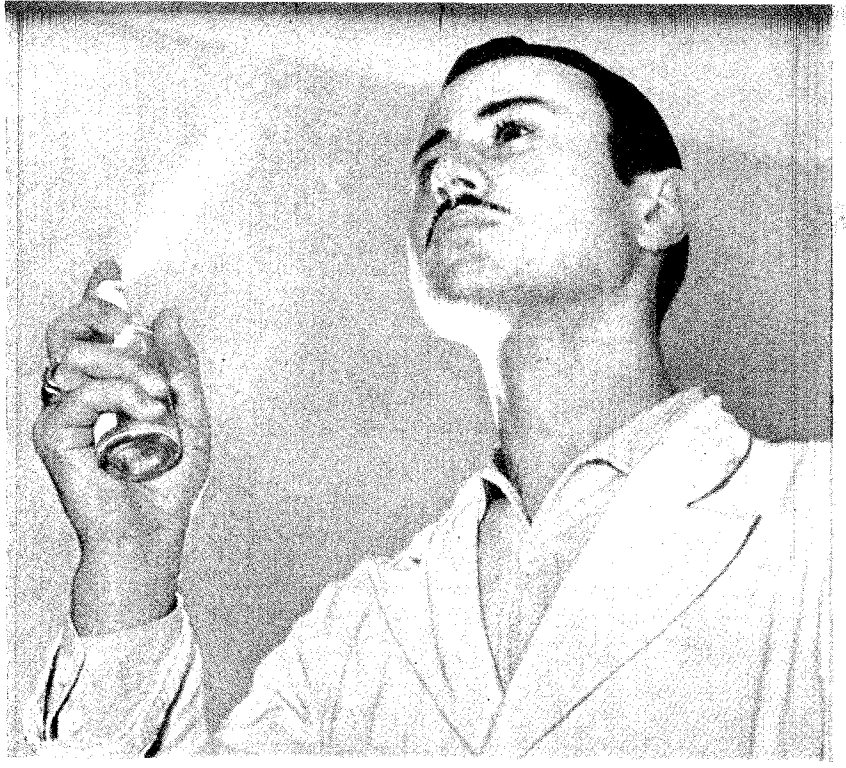
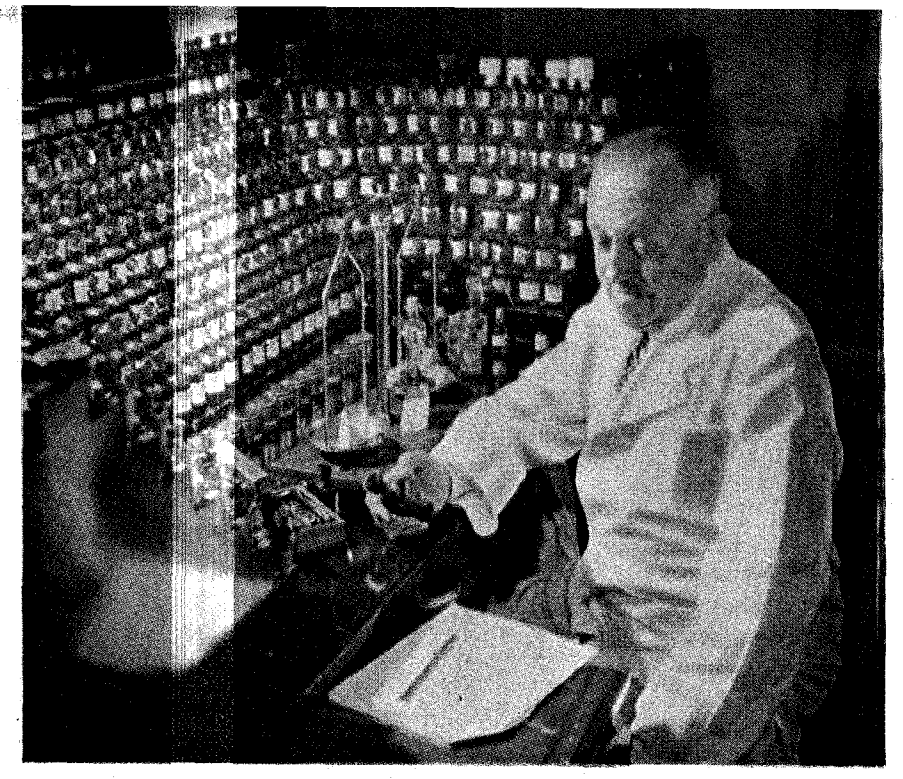


To appraise a new perfume, the company Nose sprays it in an empty room, goes outside for a walk, then returns with his smeller refreshed to pass judgment.



In his private laboratory, the renowned Maurice Coeur composes a new perfume. A well-trained Nose can recognize more than six thousand separate smells.

Alone in her boudoir, milady arms herself for the chase. What she thinks of a perfume is less important than how it affects the man she's with.

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He pulled her a little roughly into his arms and kissed her.

I'LL COME BACK

By VERA HYCZ

She made a promise. So he decided to be a fool and believe her.

He'd dream about her, deep and sweet and sure. But, waking, he couldn't believe she'd come back. He was in and out of the canyon, though, almost every day. He'd lined up some square-shooting guys, got the credit he needed at supply houses and, in September, he'd go on with the deep well.

August came. Heat high in the canyon and a high, hot wind. And driving along the narrow dirt road in the jeep, he'd see the tall yellow grass bending to the wind like flame, wind making mad green fire of pepper trees. He'd dab at the sweat and dust on his face and know this was not the life for her. And he began to feel as though each day of his life had burned into the next one and blown away from him, spent as ashes.

Still, he marked off the days on the calendar in the big, cool kitchen. Swearing at himself as he did so. Right from the beginning, almost as soon as she'd got out of sight, he'd started to call himself a fool. She'd been blue, that was all. And it had given her a lift to talk to him. And to see him fall so fast, so hard. Oh, maybe she'd had a little feeling for him at the time. But come back? Walk out on Lambert Oil for Wade Nelson? Be that reckless, that foolish? She never would.

He'd work night and day. And, *Keep out of my mind*, he'd say to her memory. *What's the use?* And, yet, do even the small things around the place that he thought might please her, his mouth twisted with self-mockery.

He repaired the refrigerator. It wasn't noisy any more. He got a woman in to clean and he was careful to keep things as spotless as he'd insisted she leave them. He put a terra-cotta wash on the adobe-built house, and he liked the look of it, as though it had grown there, up and out of the reddish, rocky soil. He straightened, evened, patterned (Continued on Page 63)

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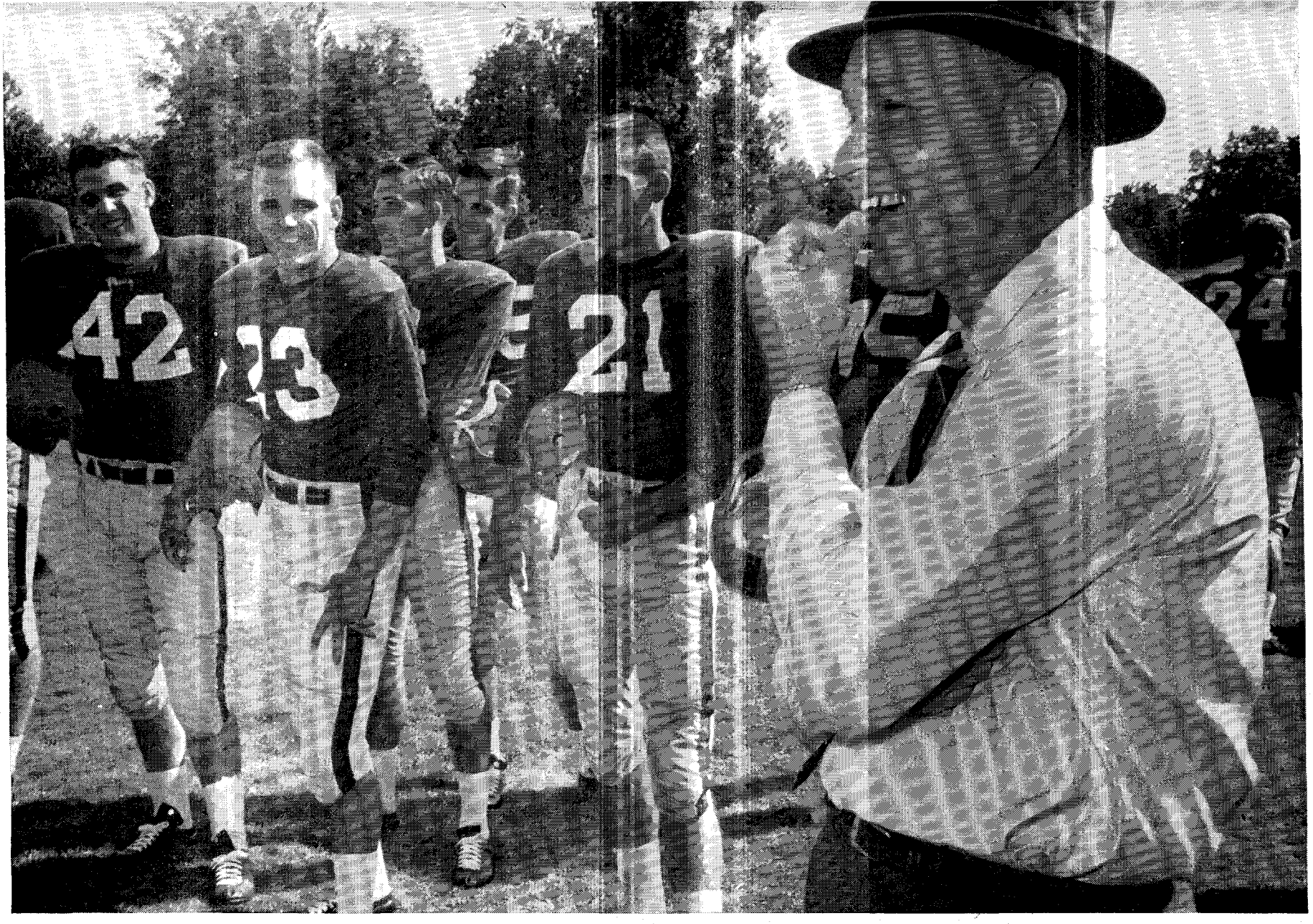
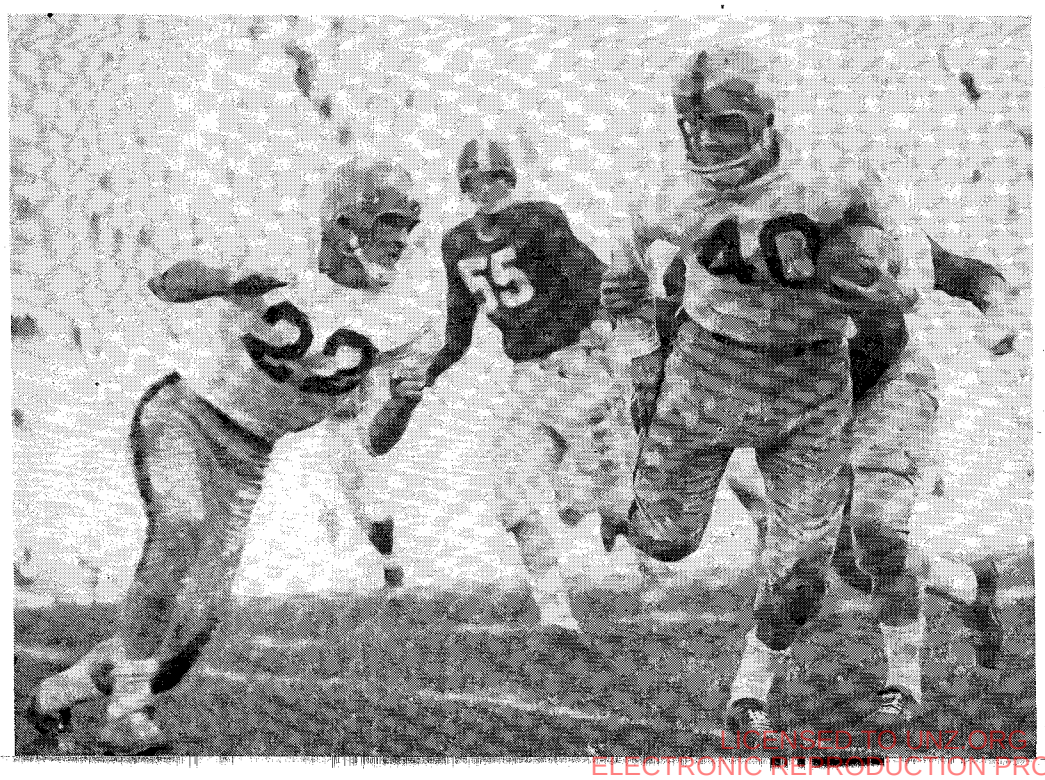


Most of coach Vaught's players are Mississippi boys. "I can't see recruiting from far places," he says. "Takes too much time and money."

He Made Ole Miss a Menace

By TOM SILER

How coach John Vaught turned the Mississippi Rebels, once the patsy of the powerful Southeastern Conference, into a big-time football terror.



Rebel fullback Paige Cothren ripped off this 21-yard run against Texas Christian last New Year's at the Cotton Bowl. Ole Miss won 14–13.

Back in 1841 the Mississippi legislature voted, fifty-eight to fifty-seven, to put the state university in the little town of Oxford, a decision that was to have a profound effect when a game called football began to flourish among colleges half a century later.

Ole Miss—as this smallish institution is generally known—has been handicapped ever since by its location. Tucked away in the sandy slopes of the North Central part of Mississippi, it is eighty miles from the nearest city, Memphis, Tennessee, and even farther away from most rival schools.

One old-time coach, weary of the bus travel he had to undergo to get games, and the endless defeats that ensued, vividly recalls his frustrating stay at Oxford: "I've got an idea what hell is like; I coached at Ole Miss for a few years."

He was one of twenty-six coaches who tried and moved on between 1893 and 1946. As college football evolved into a big-money proposition in the 1920's, the plight of Ole Miss became even more trying. The notion grew that the school was hopelessly isolated in a town too small to handle big football crowds, and in an area with insufficient home-grown playing talent.

It all sounded pretty logical until John Howard Vaught—rhymes with fought—came along in 1947. A rookie head coach of thirty-seven, Vaught crushed the small-time complex in one year. His initial squad brought the Southeastern

(Continued on Page 129)

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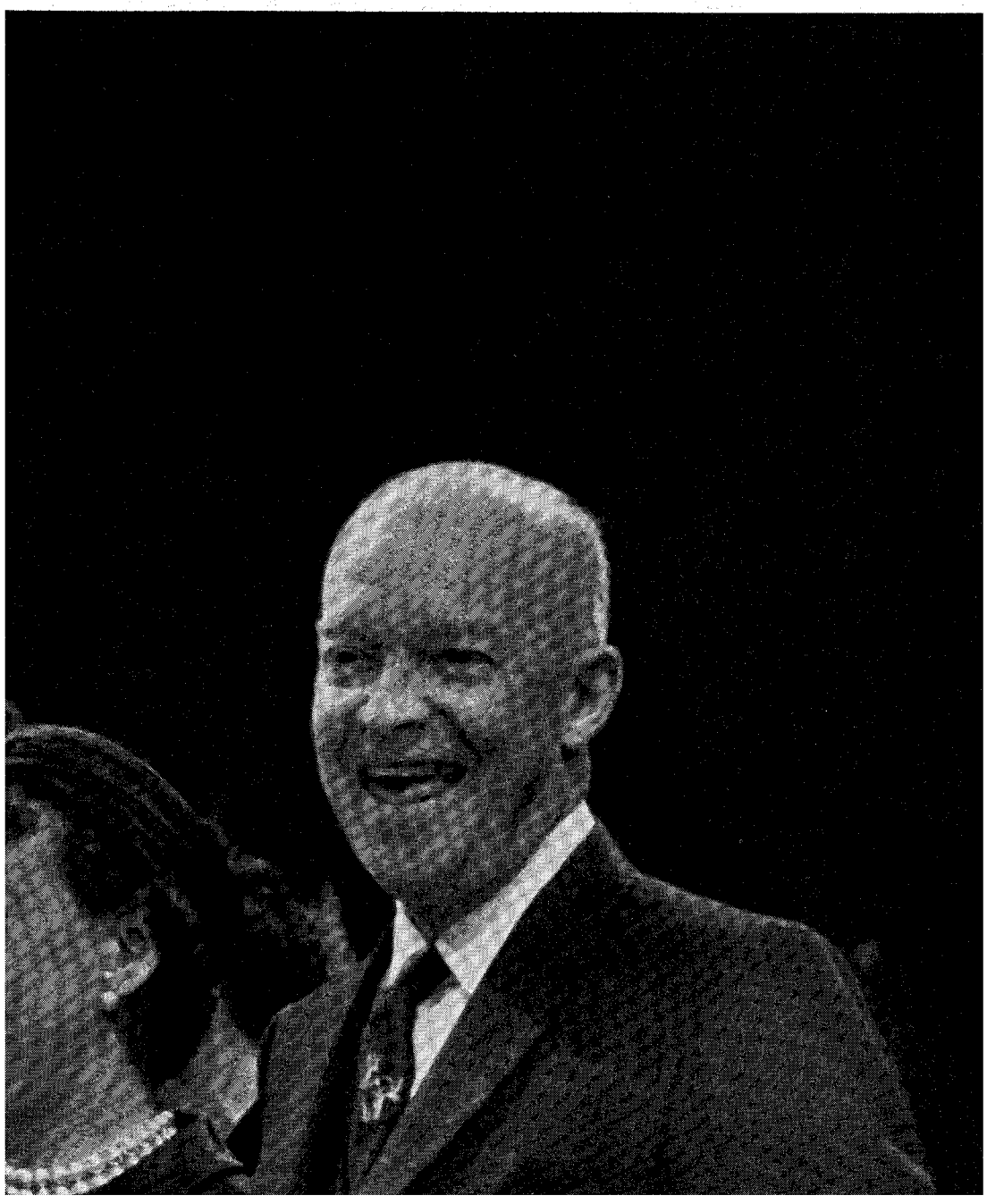
The Case for the REPUBLICANS

By JOSEPH W. MARTIN, JR.
Minority Leader, House of Representatives

A Republican spokesman argues that peace and prosperity are more likely to continue under his party than under the "socialistic dogma" of the Democrats.

Mamie, and running mate, Richard Nixon, after his unanimous renomination.



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I have watched Presidents come and go in the thirty-two years I have been on the national scene, and in all this time I never saw a Chief Executive who had a stronger grip on the affections of the country than Dwight D. Eisenhower.

In undertaking to state the case for the Grand Old Party as the current political campaign approaches its climax, it is inevitable that my thoughts should begin with this truly remarkable Republican. For President Eisenhower is the symbol and master architect of the era of good feeling and good times which this nation is now enjoying. It is a period in the conduct of our affairs characterized by calm and balanced judgment, public morality, even-handed treatment of all segments of our population, and by spectacular progress. Above all, it is a time of peace accompanied by prosperity. In the past, we have had peace without prosperity and prosperity without peace. Under Eisenhower, we have both—and the prosperity is the greatest we have ever known.

It is not too remarkable, therefore, that the magnificent Eisenhower record and the famous Eisenhower personality should result in the unprecedented popularity which our President enjoys. As a lifetime Republican, I rejoice in that popularity, for it is, in all candor, an overwhelming political asset in this campaign. I am a practical politician and proud of it, and practical politicians like to win elections.

But there is a danger, also, to be found in the fact that almost everybody likes Ike—including, in addition to the Republicans, most independent voters and a very large number of Democrats. The danger is that the presidential popularity may blur or obscure the real issues in this campaign. In our enthusiasm for an able and beloved leader, we must not lose sight of the fact that the Republican Party under Eisenhower has become the only modern party on the political scene today, the one school of thought geared to the needs and desires of mid-century Americans instead of the political clichés of an earlier and less happy era, the only party that speaks for the national interest and represents all the people.

President Eisenhower himself has consistently reminded us that there is no such thing as the indispensable man, either as to winning elections or to the continuity of the middle-of-the-road course on which he has set this nation. His record as a team player and a farsighted statesman who looks well beyond his own day of leadership is too well known to require emphasis here. Yet we find the Democrats, tacitly admitting the lack of genuine objections to be raised against the Eisenhower record, dwelling morbidly on the state of the President's health and substituting political ambulance chasing for a national campaign.

There is, of course, no blinking the fact that Mr. Eisenhower has suffered a heart attack and undergone an abdominal operation. The administration's policy of utter honesty on this subject shows an unprecedented frankness. I would venture to say that the average voter today knows just as much about all the details of Mr. Eisenhower's physical condition as the President himself. It is when we come to the interpretation of those details that the cleavage appears. President Eisenhower has fully recovered his health and is fully competent to perform the duties of the presidency for the next four years. He would not be a candidate unless he believed this to be true.

Whose medical opinions do we accept? Those of some of the most eminent physicians in the country, the doctors who have treated Mr. Eisenhower? Or those of Doc Paul Butler, the Democrat chairman? The opinion of Mr. Eisenhower himself, who ought to have a pretty fair idea of how he feels? Or the opinion of the Democrat candidate, who is sure Ike must feel awful?

It is fashionable among the frantic Democrat leaders to paint a picture of Dwight D. Eisenhower, the five-star general who made the lonely and awesome decisions of the Normandy invasion, as a pathetic victim of grasping Republican politicians who are forcing him to run against his better judgment. The plain truth is that President Eisenhower is a man who makes his own decisions, always has and always will. Anyone who knows Ike at all knows that for a certainty, and anyone who has followed his career can at least sense it.

Mr. Eisenhower is nobody's pawn. He made his decision to run (Continued on Page 132)

Photographs by Ollie Atkins

BOTH SIDES

THIS WEEK'S article by Congressman Martin follows last week's presentation of The Case for the Democrats, by House Speaker Sam Rayburn.

THIS WEEK'S COVER portrait of the President, by Norman Rockwell, follows Mr. Rockwell's Adlai Stevenson cover.

REPRINTS: Each picture is available on extra-heavy stock, suitable for framing, by writing to The Saturday Evening Post, Post Office Box 1707, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, and enclosing twenty-five cents for postage and handling costs.

Dick and Pat Nixon. The President has called the often-controversial Nixon "the most useful Vice-President in American history."

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I Fought All the Way Part Five

He Ran My Life

By Rocky Marciano
as told to Al Hirshberg and Milton Gross

Rocky tells the full story of his curious relationship with Manager Al Weill, who controlled everything concerning Rocky—including his marriage.

Maybe you think that when a fellow gets to be the heavyweight champion of the world, that makes him sort of a king. Well, it was a great feeling to know that I was the champ. But I was no more my own boss after I won the title than I was when I was starting out in small club fights. To my manager, Al Weill, I was still just the hired help. He was the king.

One night while I was training to defend my title against Rollie LaStarza in 1953 we were all sitting around my training camp at Grossinger's. My pal, Allie Colombo, was there, and Charley Goldman, my trainer, and a couple other guys. And Al Weill was there. We were just passing the time. I was looking forward to the fight. LaStarza had gone the distance and nearly beat me in a ten-round fight back in 1950, before I won the championship. I wanted to prove I could knock him out.

"I'm glad I got this match," I said.

Weill turned on me. "You're glad *who* got this match?" he yelled. "You think *you* got it? *I* got it. I made this match for you. You ought to pay me for making this match. What are you? You're just the fighter. Without me, you're nothing."

That's the way Al Weill was. He always treated me like I was nothing. When we traveled, he had the suite and I had the single room. He controlled everything I did. The only decision I ever made for myself was when I decided to retire last spring.

He told me when to go to bed, when to get up, what to eat, what to drink, what to read, who to talk to, where to go, who to do favors for. My family was nothing. He decided when I could get married to Barbara, when I could see her, when we could talk to each other on the phone, when we could write each other, when we could raise a family.

I mentioned earlier about how he told me I could have ten days for my honeymoon. We checked in at the Dempsey-Vanderbilt Hotel in Miami Beach. Maybe three days later Weill called me to check on how I was getting along. A day or two later he called me again. "How long you going to stay there?"

"Oh," I says, "I'd like to stay ten days or two weeks."

(Continued on Page 159)

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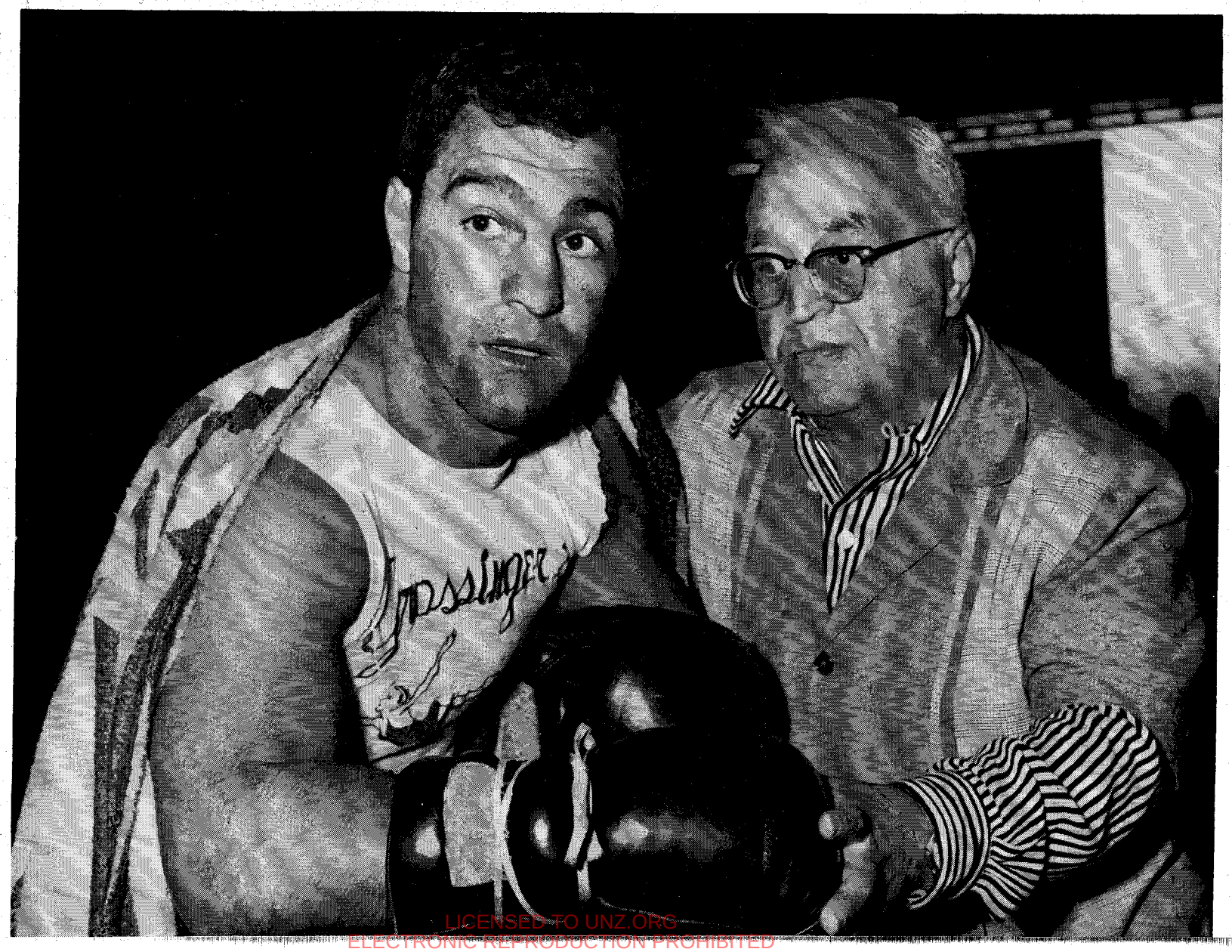
"Weill was everything, nobody else was anything," Rocky says.
"Half the time I didn't even know who I was fighting until I got to the arena."



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With a swing of his leg, Trent upset the table. Heavily it crashed to the plank flooring.

He was a killer beyond the reach of the law.

They called him The Gunslinger

By HOWARD BARRY

Bill Kane's wife, Judith, lifted her head with sudden hope. She saw that Kevin Trent had arrived on time.

Looking through the window of the ranch house, her eyes shifted to the child, sitting under the tall, dark trees, oblivious of the rider approaching from the hills. Monica, smoothing her doll's dress with the solicitous gravity of a ten-year-old, heard the horse's hoofs upon the grass. She looked up as the rider wheeled his mount sideways to a halt. The high western peaks, blue-white with the last snowcaps, were behind him in the sunshine. Steadily he gazed at the child, a slow-breaking gentleness softening his lean features.

Monica rose, her little face upturned. A fey feeling was upon her then. It seemed as though she and this stranger had looked thus at each other long ago. Her eyes held a question. The white blossoms of spring, drifting from the trees, made a delicate tracery about her.

She watched the rider's firmly chiseled lips relax ever so slightly. The clear sharpness of his blue eyes was tempered for a moment. Monica's glance roved over his buckskin jacket, his dark trousers and low-cut boots. His hat was flat-crowned, broad of brim. Its leather thong framed his bronzed cheeks and hung loosely at his throat. The lashed-down holster bearing the Colt .45 Peacemaker moved smoothly with his thigh as the horse shifted. The two, oblivious of all around them, seemed to see each other from far off across time, across the wide spaces of the plains.

Judith walked through the door and down the porch steps. She touched Monica on the shoulder. "Take your doll into the house now, Monica, and set the table."

The girl hesitated, her eyes still on the stranger. Then she turned and walked away.

Slowly the rider swung his right leg over the cantle of his saddle and stepped to the ground. Judith watched Monica until the child had gone into the house. Then she turned and faced the man.

"I don't know much about you, Trent," she said. "I don't know whether you'll help, but I had no one else to turn to." She paused and looked at him steadily; then said, "Somehow I felt you'd answer if I sent for you. You've come a long way." (Continued on Page 150)

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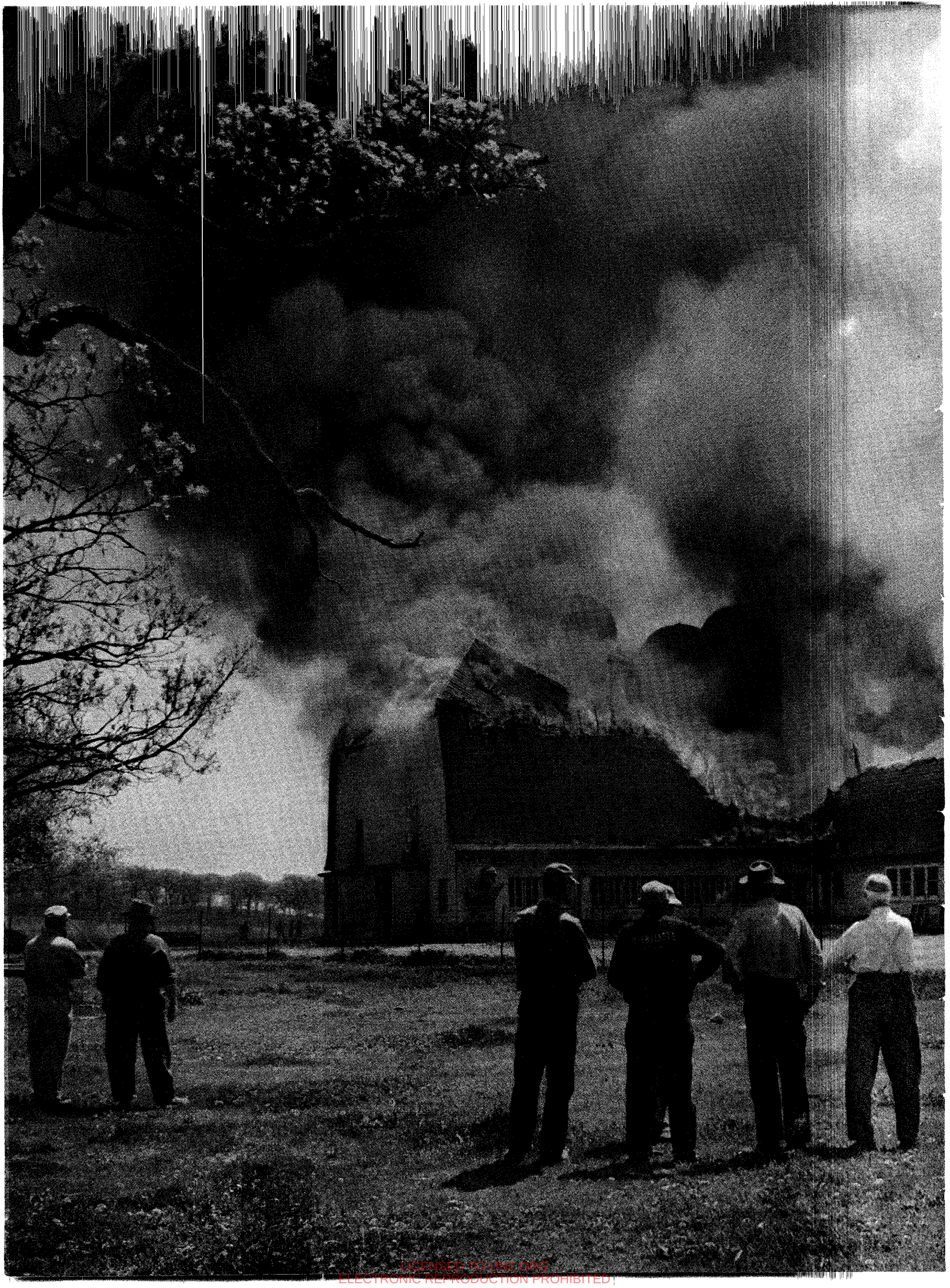

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Up In Flames

The morning of May twenty-first was clear and cool, a perfect day out at Russell Olson's 640-acre Rolling Acres farm, near Bassett, Wisconsin. But at 9:30 A.M. Olson saw smoke pouring out of his huge four-story, ultramodern barn, heard the terrified bellowing of a purebred Hereford bull that was inside. The bull was rescued, but the barn, packed with 160 tons of hay, went up like a torch, spewing flames 150 feet into the sky. Five volunteer fire companies, from the nearby towns of Antioch, Silver Lake, Twin Lakes, Trevor and Wilmot, battled the fire for twenty-four hours and, said farmer Olson gratefully, "did a wonderful job." Although the $192,000 barn was leveled and two of the four silos were badly damaged, the fire laddies had saved his home, a granary, a corncrib, a bull barn and a machinery shed—another example of the fine work done any hour, any day, by the members of the 12,000 volunteer fire companies around the country. Photographs by Herman Appel

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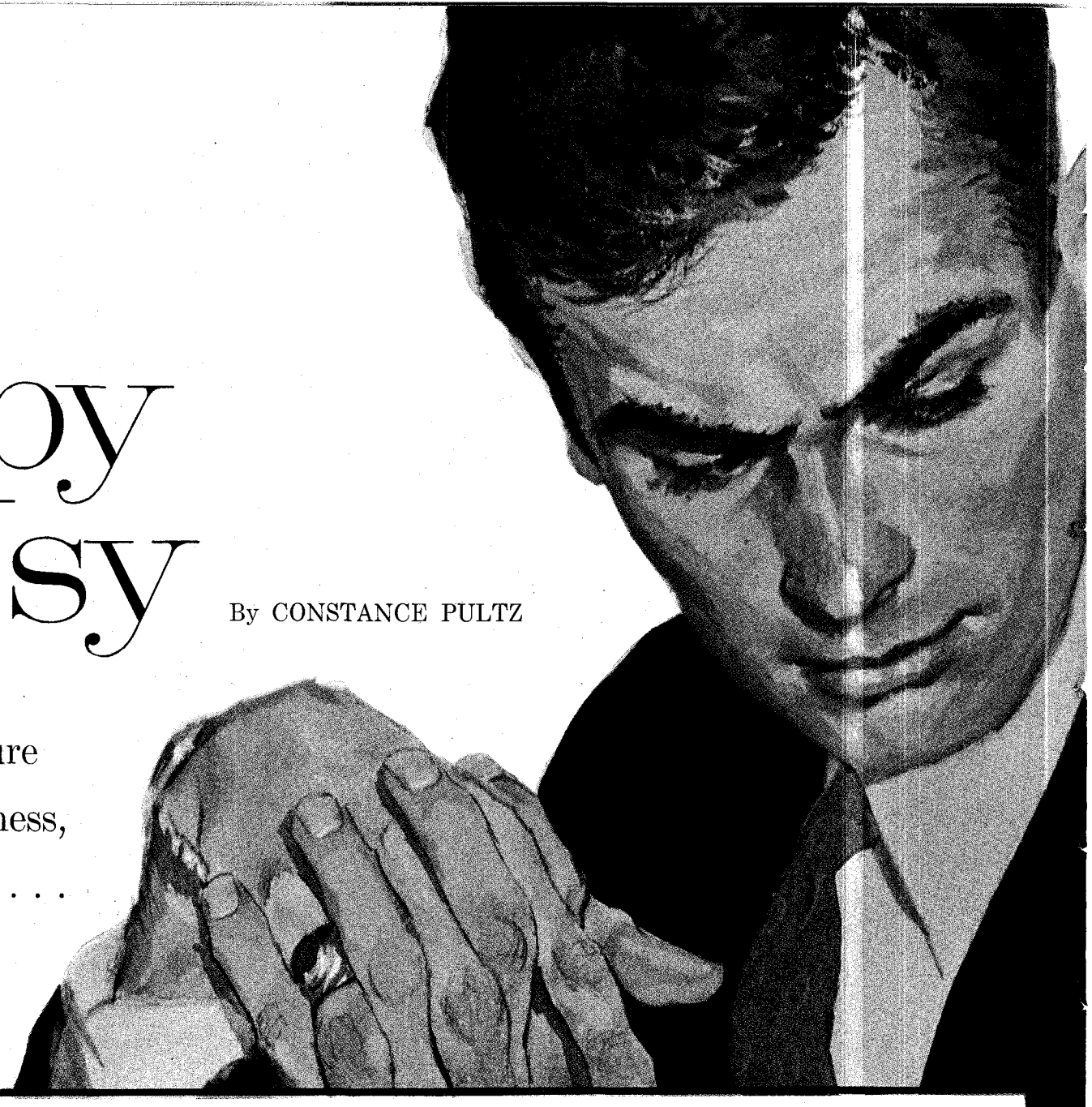
The Happy Hussy

By CONSTANCE PULTZ



He never let pleasure interfere with business, but she always did . . .

People were always coming up to Eddie Lamb and saying, "Eddie, how do you stand it?"

"Stand what?"

"The strain."

"What strain?"

"Shard Darnell."

"It's no strain," he told them. "It's just a question of lifting your mind onto a higher plane."

"Who wants planes when you can have curves?" they said.

They couldn't seem to understand that there was more to life than the temptations of the flesh. They couldn't seem to get it through their heads that it took all an agent's physical and mental energies to figure out a way to slip a girl like Shard Darnell into the theater of Sarah Bernhardt and Helen Hayes.

"What's wrong with television?" they said.

"Nothing's wrong with television. Television's fine."

Television was a mink stole, but Broadway was a sable wrap, and every girl should have a sable wrap. "Especially Shard Darnell," he said.

It was August when he said it—the time of year when producers take to thumbing through their checkbooks and young hopefuls clutter all the casting offices. It was the season for plans and superplans, and Eddie Lamb was whistling brightly as he rang Shard's bell at the Lincoln Arms. Shard's place was pretty nice, with niches in the wall for flowers and a carpet so thick you could lose a dime in it. Additionally, Shard herself was the soul of hospitality.

"Lamb!" she cried when she saw him, and if he hadn't side-stepped her enthusiasm at just the right instant she would have succeeded in flinging her arms around his neck. "Lamb," she cried reproachfully, "don't you want to kiss me?"

"No"—and he put the lamp table between them. "I want to keep a clear head for tonight."

Shard made her mouth into a half-blown rose. "Lamb," she said pathetically, "why are you so cold to me?"

"Let's get this straight," Eddie said. "I didn't come here to buss you and have you buss me back. I came here to have a high-level talk about the future."

Shard showed her dimples. "Lamb," she said, "it's been months and months since we've had one of our good talks."

"This time," Eddie told her, "we're going to have one of my good talks instead of one of yours."

Shard was wearing her hair down, and this was a bad sign. Moreover, she was wearing a pair of those lounging trousers that have something to do with America's interest in Spain, and Eddie had a notion that she looked a lot better in them than the bullfighters did.

"They're almond green," Shard said with simple pleasure. "They're just the color of my hair."

"Your hair isn't green," Eddie said.

"It is. It's green-gold blond. It's the color of a mermaid's hair. Feel it, Lamb. See if it doesn't make you think of a mermaid."

Once more Eddie put the lamp table between them. "Shard," he said, "I want you to sit down for a few minutes. I've got something to tell you."

Eagerly, Shard sat. "Yes, Lamb?" she said expectantly.

Eddie cleared his throat. "Shard," he said, "you're going out of date."

The expectancy died out of Shard's face. "What do you mean, I'm going out of date?"

"Your type's passé. People are getting tired of beautiful dolls."

"They're not getting tired of me," Shard said. "I can win with any stag line."

Eddie shook his head. "The stag line's going to college, Shard. Men are looking for brain." (Continued on Page 140)

Illustrated by Joe De Mers

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"I like to put out my hand"—
she put out her hand—
"and touch a man."

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In the crowded dining room, where trouble can flare up quickly, a watchful attendant dispenses vitamins, anticonvulsants and tranquilizing drugs to Ward 8 patients.

Inside the Asylum Part Two

DISTURBED WARD

A report on the suicidal and violent patients at Columbus State, including the grim details of a terrifying ordeal: electroshock.

By John Bartlow Martin

The Ohio sky is just getting light, but already the day has begun for the patients on Ward 8, deep inside Columbus State Hospital. About five A.M. they were aroused by an attendant. He saw that they were dressed, and supervised the bedmaking. Now at six A.M. four male attendants and the registered nurse, Constance Novak, come on duty. While a great banging and clatter commences in the kitchen, and the nurse prepares medicines in the office, two attendants check the seclusion rooms.

They are all alike—bare, cell-like cubicles with solid doors and barred windows. Only suicidal, dangerously combative or violently destructive patients are secluded. Today six patients are in seclusion. One can be heard pounding on the wall and yelling, "Let me out of here, let me out of here."

Attendant Walter Stratton, with his partner, Foster Cooley, standing by, goes to the door and looks through the peephole warily, keeping his eye back a few inches. Then he opens the door. The room is filthy—the bed sodden, the walls smeared. A thin, gray man with spindly legs is reaching high up on the wall, "reaching for my nerves." He has done this for years. He says, "Can I have some breakfast?"

Stratton says, "Not just yet," and locks the door. Then, to Cooley, "We'll have to change his room." They pass on, checking the other seclusion rooms in Ward 8.

Photographs by Larry Keighley

A tranquil moment in the life of a violent patient. Note the restraining shackles. He carries everything he owns in his pockets.

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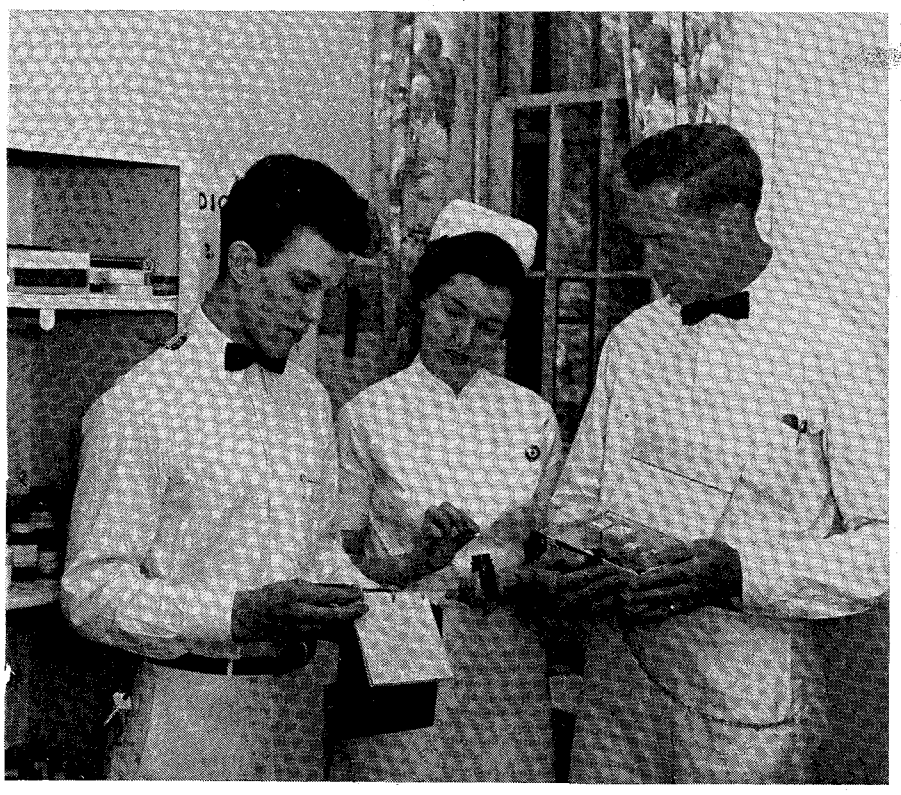
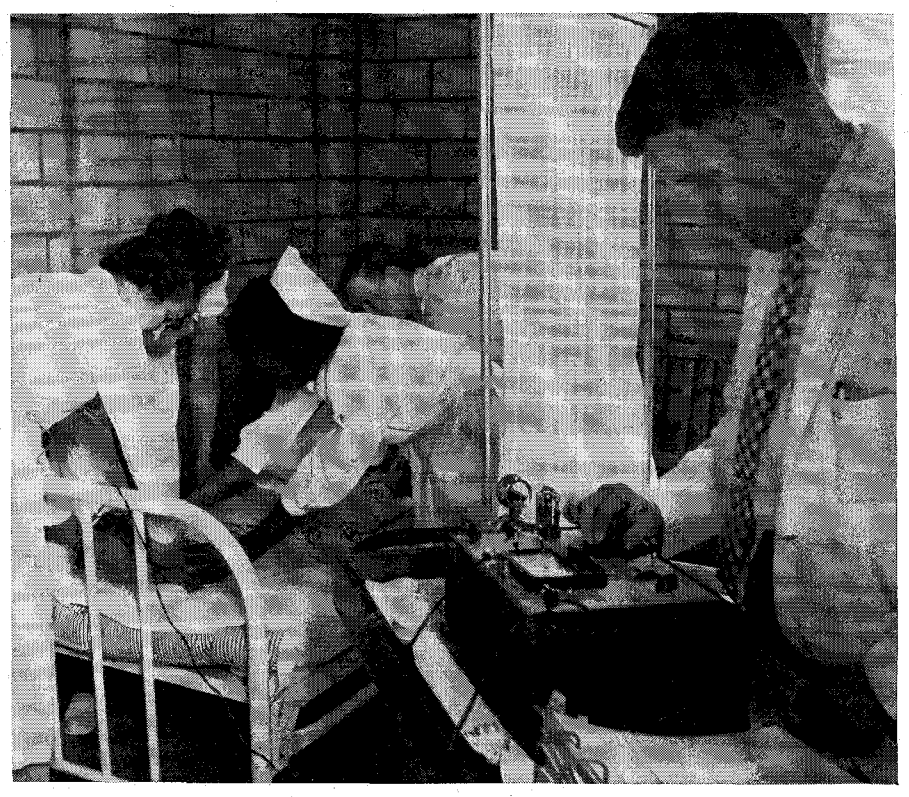


At each change of shifts, Ward 8 nurses must account for all narcotics. Assisting Mrs. Mary Pulsinelli are attendants Robert Rurode and Walter Stratton.



Electroshock: Nurses and attendants restrain a female patient while Dr. Wilson Shortridge operates the shock machine. Some patients break bones during these treatments.

Back in the main hall, Nurse Novak stands with a tray of paper cups containing medicine—the new tranquilizing drugs, anticonvulsants, vitamins, sedatives. The Ward 8 patients come to her, a long line of men, some walking smartly, others shuffling along. She passes out medicines, and they swirl on around her, through the kitchen to the dining room, and sit close-packed at metal-topped tables. Three attendants follow and stand watching, for in the crowded room a sudden blowup can cause turmoil. Flies are everywhere. A faucet drips into the old sink.

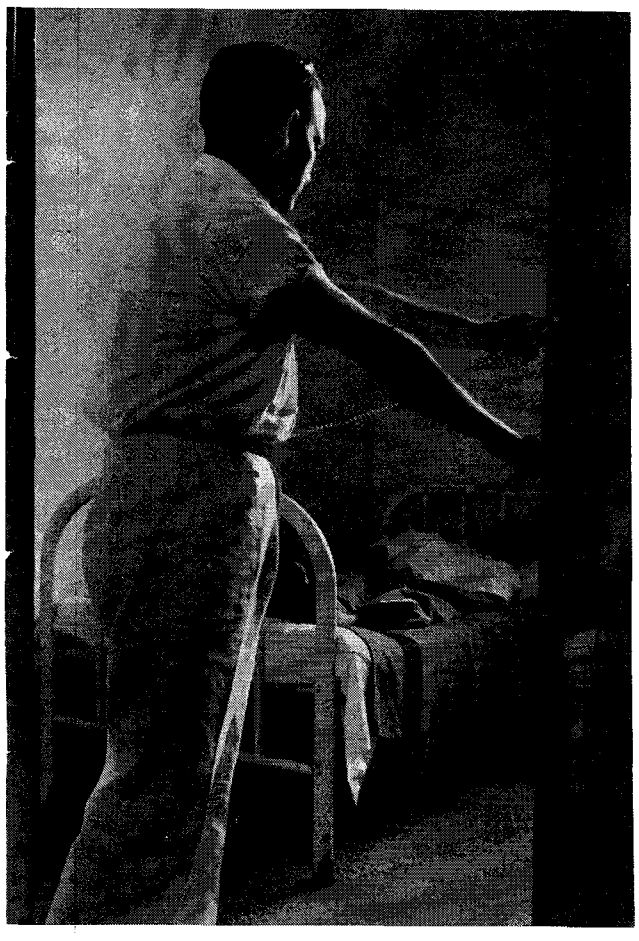
Ward 8 is a complex of corridors and rooms and cubbyholes. Paint is peeling from the walls. The whole place seems massive and old, almost medieval. Every state hospital in America has a ward like Ward 8—an "acute disturbed" ward. Who are the patients here? Who are the attendants? What goes on during an ordinary day?

Although Ward 8 is intended for disturbed patients in an acute stage of their illness, on the day of our visit fewer than half of its patients were acute. Some were chronics sent here because they became disturbed on chronic wards. Some patients were not disturbed at all—they were ward workers. "We couldn't run a ward without patient help," an attendant says. The ward workers get most of the free tobacco, a rare luxury at this hospital. And they are allowed to sleep in private rooms, where they may even have space for a tiny night table in which to keep their things—comb, toothbrush, tobacco, a spare handkerchief. Most patients carry everything they own in their pockets or in a paper bag.

Ward 8 contained on the day of our visit seventy-eight patients. Most were young or middle-aged. But one was fifteen, and seven were past sixty. The records of twenty-seven were marked "homicidal," or "suicidal" or both. Nearly half were schizophrenic. A score were suffering from organic brain disorder.

Dr. Robert H. Felix, director of the National Institute of Mental Health, recently estimated that if you enter an American mental hospital, your (Continued on Page 81)

This barren cubicle is a "seclusion room," reserved for suicidal, dangerous and troublesome patients.



In one of the shabby corridors of Ward 8, a disturbed patient freezes into immobility, "reaching for my nerves." Staff members at Columbus State are not too alarmed at the sight; one patient has been doing this for years.

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My Boy Charlie

The story of a father and son . . . and the trouble that brought them together.

By SUE MARKEY

Charlie made an excuse and left the table. He could feel temper and shame and sadness turning his supper to lead inside him.

Marie Waverley watched him go, wondering if the boy had got too hot in the fields that day, wondering if he was sick. But she knew better than to ask, and turned to smile at her four older sons, chatting loudly, talking to their father. The four little children were playing with the last of their food.

Charlie walked past the pines, without looking to either side, to the tobacco barn on top of the rise. *I might's well be in Jerusalem*, he thought, *for all anybody talks to me or cares what I do*. He poked at the ruddy fires in the two long fireboxes, and sat miserably down in the white sand near the barn. He tried to let the quiet breeze calm him, and tried to concentrate on the first whippoorwill of the evening.

The barn was dark in the late July twilight, set up against the pine-covered hills. In the deep shadow made by the galvanized roof of

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As Luther approached the barn porch, he noticed Charlie stretched out, asleep on the wooden bunk.

the dirt-floored shed porch, the fires glowed fragrantly. Fifteen hundred pounds of tobacco were in the barn there—leaves curing in the dark heat and turning from green to thin, brownish gold. It smelled like the inside of a burning jack-o'-lantern.

Charlie thought about splitting some wood for the fires, but sat up suddenly instead. *There they are,* he thought. The four older boys banged out of the house and swaggered toward the car.

It was the car that hurt. It seemed so much more important to everybody than it did to Charlie. The car was big and brand-new, and its blue-green-and-white finish was matched perfectly by fancy upholstery. It was a four-door sedan, earned by the boys, who worked in a ribbon mill in town, while Charlie stayed home and worked in the fields. Each Friday night the four would show off pay checks and new clothes.

Charlie watched one brother open the hood, and point out something to another. Then Luther Waverley came out, tall, slim, walking slowly, to join his sons. He was smiling and nodding and looking at the interior of the car. For a long time Charlie listened to the talk down the hill.

He could hardly remember when his brothers had been his comrades in everything. It seemed forever that they had had jobs in the mill, that he had stayed home, hoping for a good market in the fall, hoping for good Virginia tobacco to sell there. Then he'd show them.

"She'll do a hundred and ten, pa," came a loud voice from down the hill.

No, Charlie mused. *They're the ones always showing off. I don't want to show them. I just want to show daddy I can farm. Farming's better than the mill. It makes a better man out of you. Now watch. Directly, they'll all get in the car and go to town to see some girls. Town girls. You can do that if you work in a mill. But here you're never off. Reckon I better sleep out here tonight to watch the fires.*

Charlie wished his father would come up to the barn and look at the fires and the thermometer hanging inside with the leaves. He thought he knew the right heat for the second night. But this was his first crop, the first of his own, and he wanted to make sure. His three rented acres had to turn out nearly as well as Mr. Waverley's ten. He knew he could never make a crop as good as his father's. Not for a long time, anyway.

"Reckon I better split me some pine," Charlie said aloud. He got up from the ground. He was lean and wiry, with brown eyes, gay as a rule, and a crew cut. He was seventeen.

Reaching for the ax, he paused. There they went, spinning the wheels in the driveway as they turned to the main road. Mr. Waverley looked after them, but in the dusk Charlie could not read his face.

Now come up here, daddy, he prayed silently. *Help me just a little, so's I can do it right. You been listening to them all the evening. Please come see how I'm doing.*

Luther Waverley seemed to hear, for he nodded briefly to Charlie. Then he went back into the house. (Continued on Page 112)

Illustrated by Arthur Lidov

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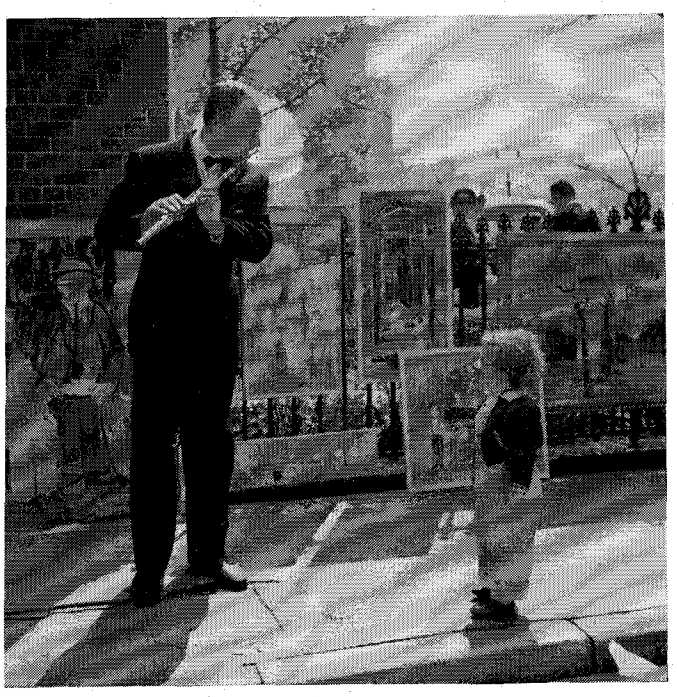
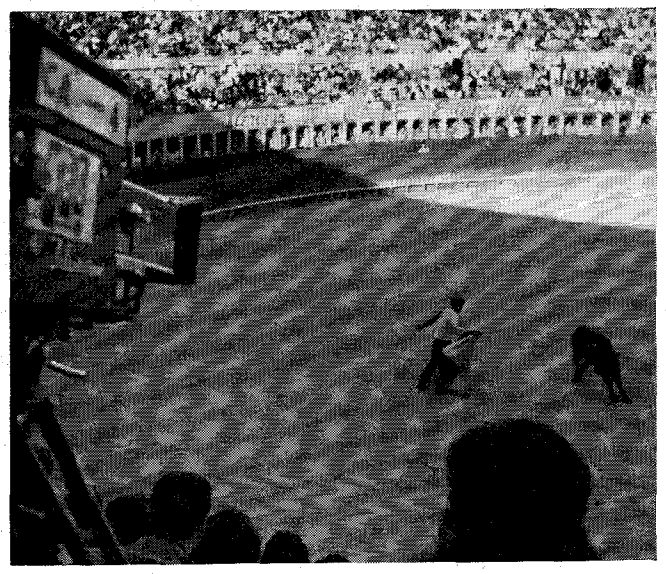
Super-Blooper TV Show

Producing the stunning, spontaneous sequences on Wide Wide World is a nerve-racking business. "There are so many goofs," says the star, Dave Garroway, "it's a wonder the show ever gets on the air."

By Stanley Frank



New York: In Greenwich Village, a flutist tunes up for Wide Wide World's "Symphony of New York."



Mexico City: Cantinflas, Latin-American comic, stages his bull-ring act before 30,000,000 TV spectators.

Alta, Utah: A camera crew climbed to 11,000 feet to catch this soaring skier. Another crew once descended to the bottom of the Grand Canyon to telecast a sequence from there.

Wide Wide World—the first program to explore television's far-flung potential—regularly goes out on a 3000-mile electronic limb to catch on the wing live pictures never seen before by armchair adventurers. In this age of technical wonders, it is refreshing to learn that transmitting scenes from the depths of the Carlsbad Caverns across the continent is a snap compared to getting a close-up of a newborn baby around the corner. Specifically, the baby born at 4:48 P.M., E.S.T. on March 4, 1956, and shown three minutes later to Wide Wide World's audience of 30,000,000.

The continuity and dramatic impact of a production costing $270,600 were built around the arrival of a baby during the ninety-minute period the program was on the air that Sunday afternoon. Three months earlier, the expectant parents had given permission to set up cameras outside the delivery room and nursery in New York Hospital, but no other arrangements were made in advance. It was understood, of course, that absolutely nothing would be done to infringe on nature and hasten or retard the appearance of the star of the show. Two colossi of American industry—the National Broadcasting Company and General Motors, the sponsor—had to take their chances on an event that seldom conforms to a precise timetable.

Medical statistics support parents' convictions that babies are notoriously unco-operative in being born at such a thoroughly convenient time as a Sunday afternoon, but the gamble paid off spectacularly. A fine, photogenic girl came on stage with the aplomb of a prima donna smack in the middle of the program—just before a commercial, to make the incident more improbable. There even was time to show the mother's first glimpse of the baby and a closing shot of the beaming father doing the traditional kitchy-koo bit through the glass partition of the nursery.

On another occasion, a transmitter costing $22,000 was built for one telecast from Bimini, in the Bahamas, although there was no assurance that pictures would be received in Miami Beach and relayed throughout the country. When engineers doubted scenes could be sent from the bottom of the Grand Canyon, the problem was tackled in characteristic fashion. A camera crew loaded equipment on mules, went down into the gorge on a winding, seven-mile trail shunned by mountain goats, and stayed there four days to get a sequence that was on the air one minute. Wide Wide World's coups involve calculated risks which often result in fluffs and goofs, but when a bright idea goes haywire everyone on the staff wipes the egg off his face and dreams up a trickier stunt.

This willingness to experiment gives WWW a spontaneity which has drawn the biggest audience ever gained by a regularly scheduled daytime TV program. A new lion pops up every year in the jungles of TV—remember when Milton Berle owned Tuesday night?—but critics agree WWW probably will resist the rusty repetition that eventually palls on viewers. It is the only show capitalizing on the mobility and sense of immediacy that are television's most distinctive—and neglected—assets, yet a more basic appeal accounts for the 10,000,000 sets tuned in to each performance on 144 stations.

WWW's magic-carpet scope was introduced with a fancy flourish last October to stimulate curiosity in an expensive production without a single big-name entertainer. Dave Garroway announced that 73 cameras, 41,000 miles of telephone lines and 1800 technicians were required for live pickups from fourteen remote points in the United States. Direct hookups with Canada, Cuba and Mexico were made a few weeks later, but statistics gradually were pushed into the background. After demonstrating that an instantaneous switch could be made from a ski run in Idaho to water skiing in Florida, from an airborne plane to a submerged submarine, increasing emphasis was put on an element more arresting than quick changes in scenery.

"Electronic miracles no longer interest us," said Pat Weaver, shortly before his recent resignation as NBC board chairman. It was Weaver who conceived the program three years ago. "Wide Wide World now is concentrating on people, not places. The oldest cliché in the book still is true: Nothing on earth is more fascinating than man himself. Everyone in show business overrates the pull of fictional characters and situations. A contrived story never is as absorbing as reality.

"All this talk that television is a monster devouring ideas faster than they can be created is nonsense. Wide (Continued on Page 145)

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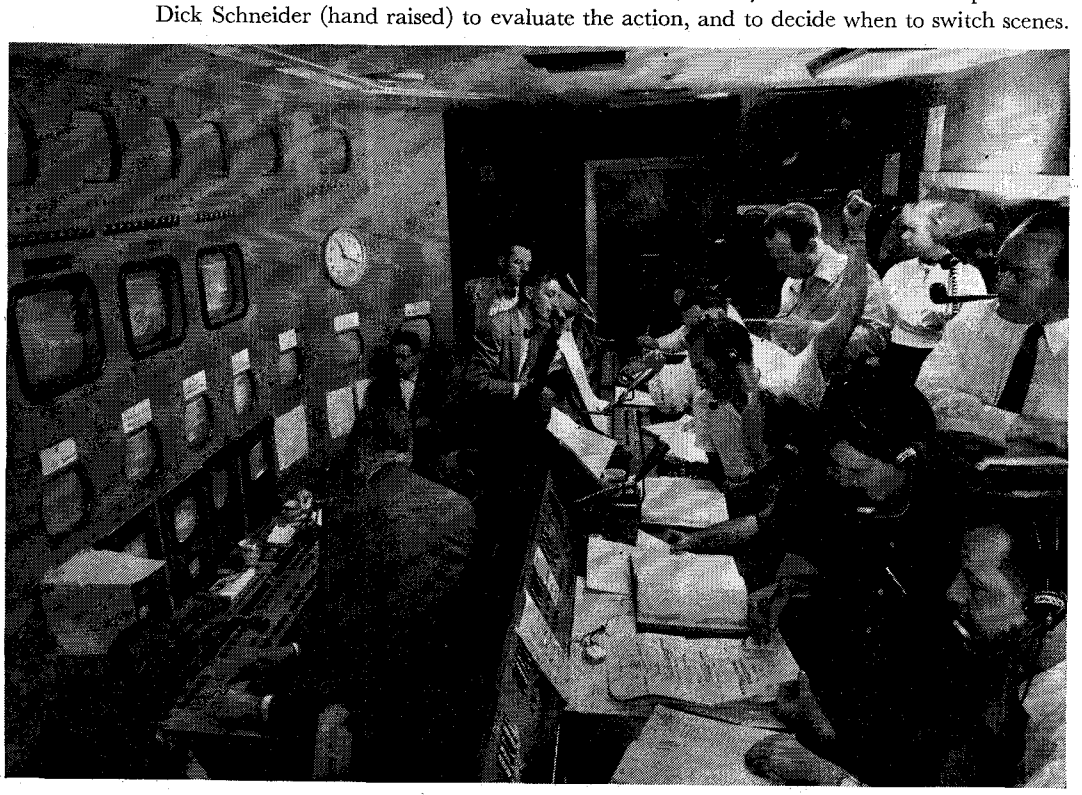
An NBC frogman shoots an underwater ballet scene in Florida, where six girls almost drowned when the camera missed its cue by two minutes.

When a foul-up occurs, easygoing Dave Garroway has to fill the break with ad-libs until the show gets back on the beam.

The master-control switchboard in New York. Here, twenty-six TV monitors help director Dick Schneider (hand raised) to evaluate the action, and to decide when to switch scenes.



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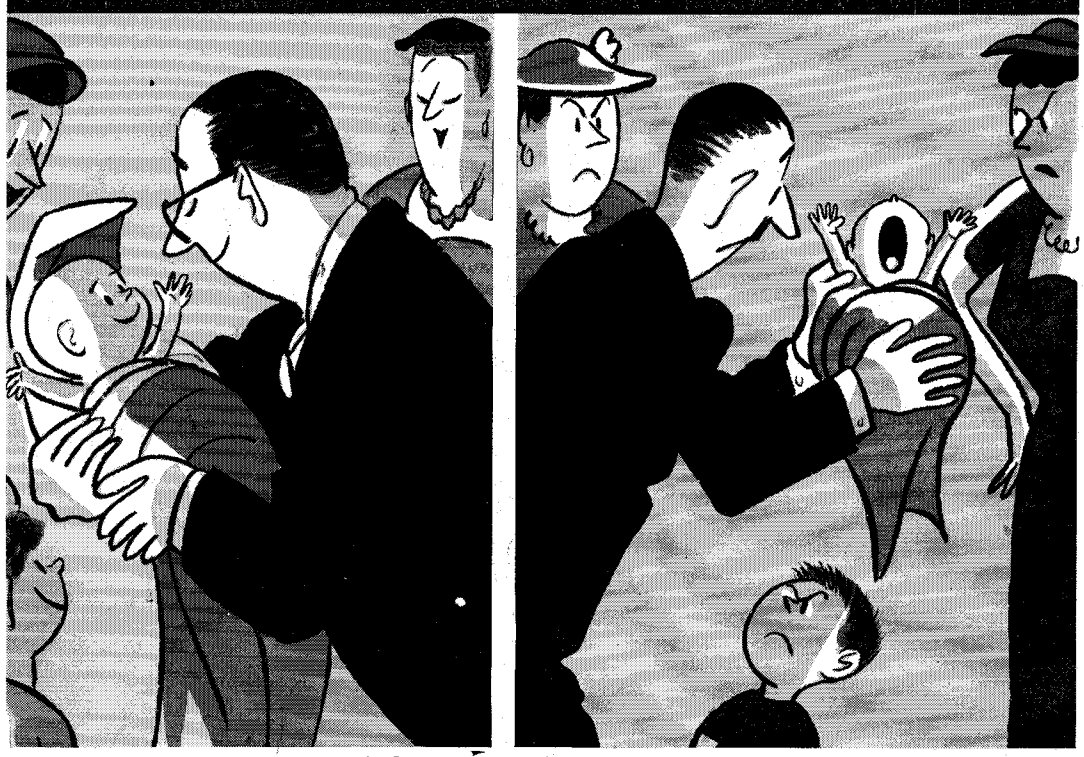
LOCAL ELECTION

As Our Home-Town Paper Messed it Up

By Ted Key

MEETING THE LADIES

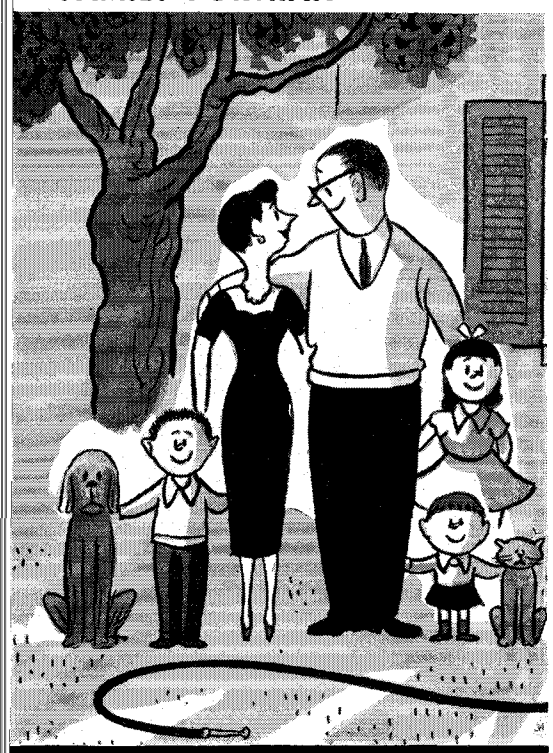


Their Candidate — Ours

A DAY AT THE FARM

Their Candidate — Ours

FAMILY PORTRAIT

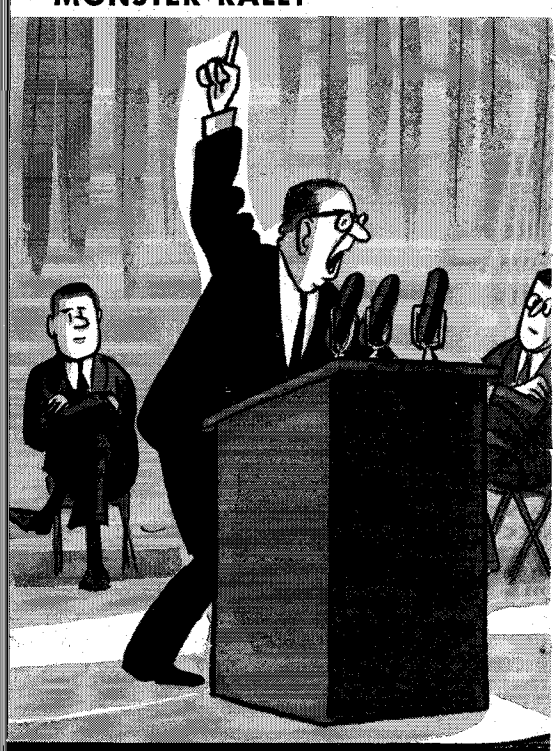


Their Candidate

VISITING INDIAN CHIEF

Their Candidate

MONSTER RALLY



Their Candidate

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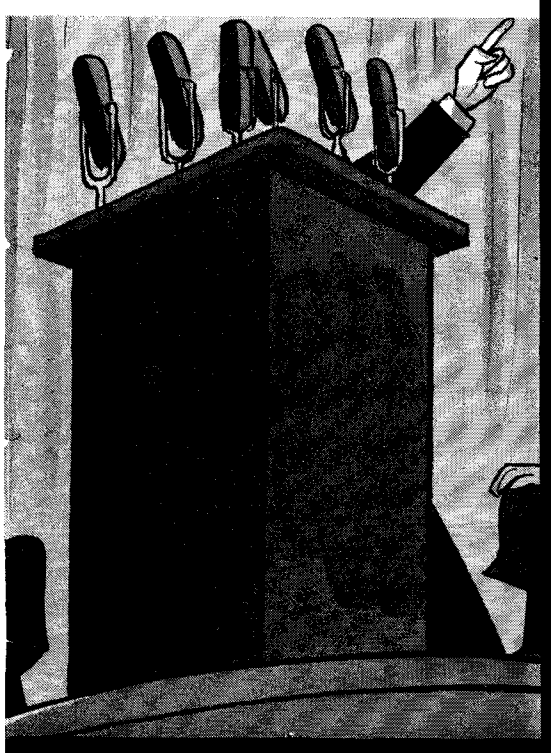
Ours

Ours



Ours

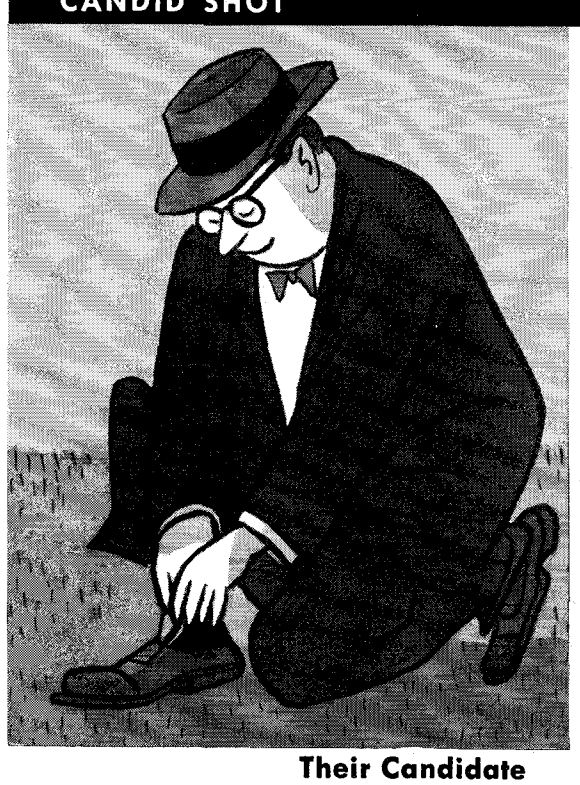
FUND-RAISING DINNER

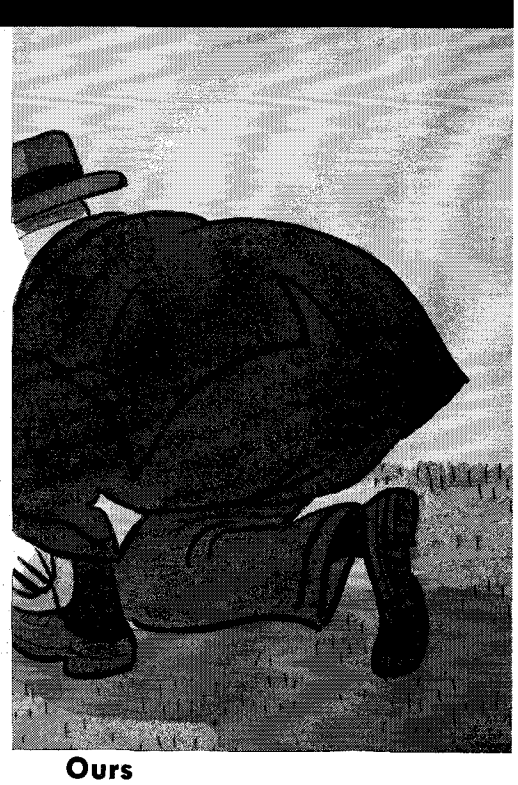
Their Candidate **Ours**

TRIP TO THE SLUM-CLEARANCE SITE

Their Candidate **Ours**

CANDID SHOT





Their Candidate **Ours**

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THE GUNS OF NAVARONE

They didn't even put up a fight. The enemy caught them completely unprepared.

By ALISTAIR MacLEAN

Mallory was stunned by what he saw through the high-powered glasses: the elite ski troops of a German *Jäger* battalion were tracking them down. "They must know that we've landed and that we can't have got very far," he said to Andrea, his huge lieutenant. "It's only going to be a matter of time."

Capt. Keith Mallory and his sabotage team came to the island of Navarone, off the coast of Turkey, to accomplish a desperate mission. The Germans were planning to annihilate the 1200 British soldiers on the nearby island of Kheros. Whether the British could evacuate these troops in time depended on Mallory's silencing of the deadly Navarone artillery pieces which were trained on the approaches to Kheros.

Mallory was a superb alpinist, but his chances of eluding the *Jäger* troops were hurt when Navy Lt. Andy Stevens crushed a leg in a fall. Stevens had to be carried, for if he were left behind the Germans would force him to talk.

While Andrea drew the enemy's fire away from the cave where his comrades were holed up, Petty Officer Telegraphist Casey Brown tried, with no luck, to get a radio message through to Cairo. When darkness fell, Mallory and Cpl. Dusty Miller, the American, headed down the mountain to get food and fuel at the village of Margaritha. They stopped at a deserted mountainside hut and discovered they were being followed. Mallory slipped outside and overpowered the spy.

"Let's have a look at what we've got," Mallory said, after he and Miller had dragged the unconscious man into the building.

IV

Tuesday, 7:00 P.M.
to Wednesday, 5:00 A.M.

A minute passed, two; then the little man stirred, moaned and pushed himself to sitting position. Even as the men watched, they could see the color returning to the swarthy cheeks, the indignant bristling of the heavy, dark mustache, the darkening anger in the eyes. Suddenly the man reached up and tore Mallory's hand away from his arm.

"Who are you?" He spoke in English, clear, precise, with hardly a trace of accent.

"Sorry, but the less you know, the better." Mallory smiled, deliberately to rob the words of offense. "I mean that for your own sake. How are you feeling now?"

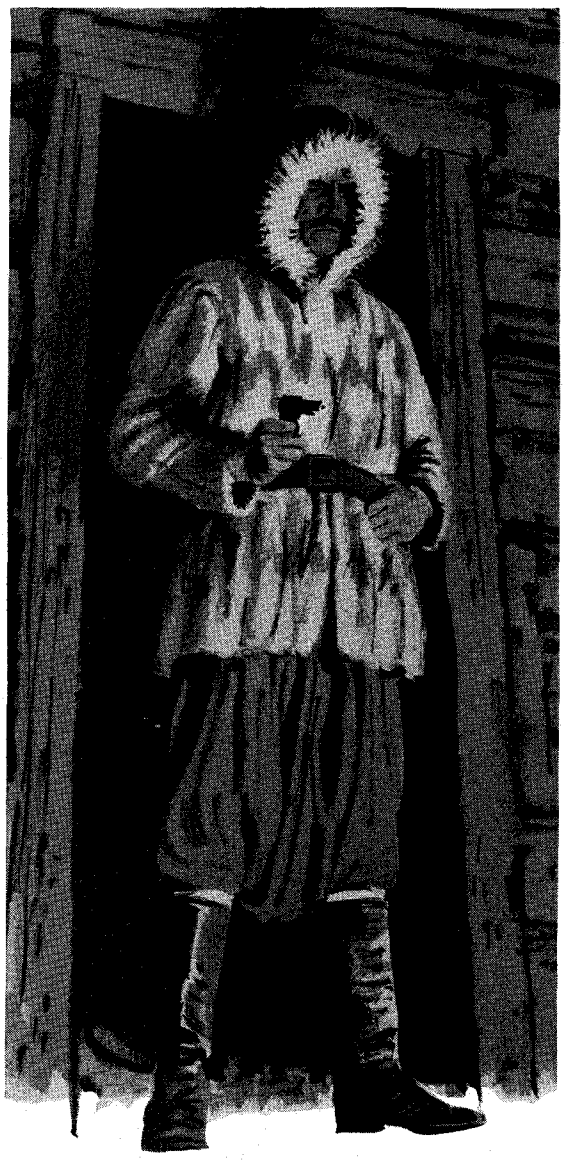
Tenderly the little man massaged his midriff. "You hit me very hard."

"I had to," Mallory said.

"Who are you?" the little man repeated.

Mallory picked up the man's rucksack, tossed it across to Miller. "See what's in there, will you?" Strangely, the little man made no move to protest.

Illustrated by Al Muenchen



The tall man's face was shadowed under an enveloping snow hood, but there was no mistaking the gun in his hand.

"Food!" Miller said reverently. "Wonderful, wonderful food. Cooked meat, bread, cheese—and wine."

"So! An American, a Yankee." The little man smiled to himself. "Better and better!"

"What do you mean?" Miller asked suspiciously.

"See for yourself," the man said pleasantly. He nodded casually to the far corner of the room. "Look there."

Mallory spun round, realized in a moment that he had been tricked, jerked back again. Carefully he leaned forward and touched Miller's arm.

"Don't look round too quickly, Dusty. And don't touch your gun. It seems our friend was not alone."

A tall, lean man blocked the entrance to the doorway. His face was shadowed under an enveloping snow hood, but there was no mistaking the gun in his hand.

"Do not shoot!" The little man spoke rapidly in Greek. "I am almost sure that they are those whom we seek, Panayis."

Panayis! Mallory felt the wave of relief wash over him. That was one of the names Eugene Vlachos had given him back in Alexandria.

"The tables turned, are they not?" The little man smiled at Mallory. "I ask you again, who are you?"

"S.O.E.," Mallory answered unhesitatingly.

The little man beamed. He bowed, stretched out his hand. "Louki. At your service, sir."

"And this, of course, is Panayis?"

The tall man in the doorway, dark, saturnine, unsmiling, inclined his head briefly, but said nothing.

"You have us right!" The little man was beaming with delight. "Louki and Panayis. They know about us in Alexandria and Cairo, then?" he asked proudly.

"Of course!" Mallory smothered a smile. "They spoke highly of you. You have been of great help to the Allies before."

"And we will again," Louki said briskly. "Come, we are wasting time. The Germans are on the hills. What help can we give you?"

"Food, Louki. We need food; we need it badly."

"We have it!" Louki gestured at the rucksacks. "We were on our way up with it."

"You were on your way ——" Mallory was astonished. "How did you know where we were—or even that we were on the island?"

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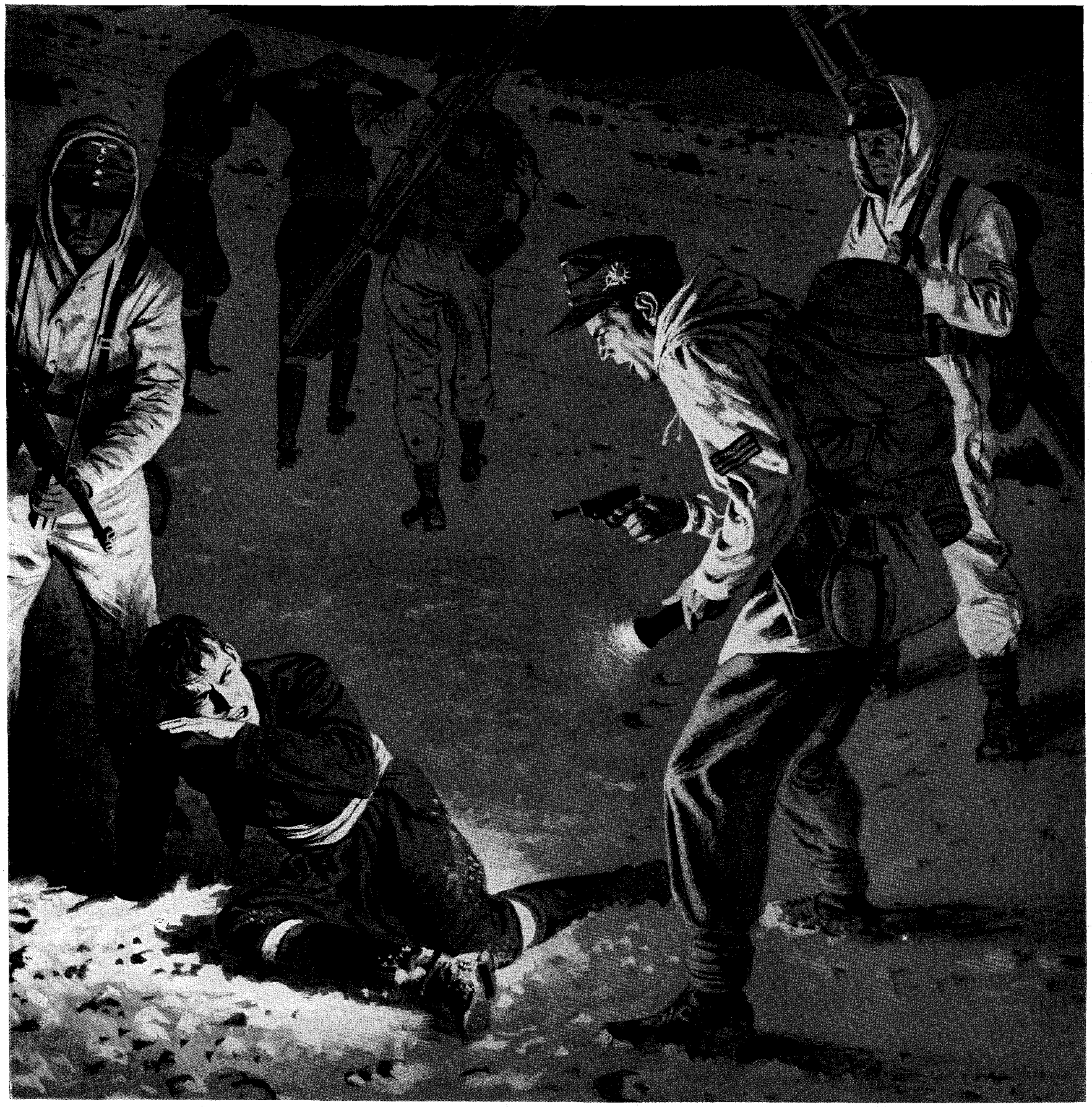

Mallory pushed himself slowly off the snow, the whole side of his face afire with agony. "We fight by the Geneva Conventions," the officer said. "But these are for soldiers, not for murdering spies."

Louki waved a deprecating hand. "It was easy. Since first light, German troops have been moving. All morning they combed the east pass of Kostos. We knew someone must have landed and that the Germans were looking for them. We heard, too, that the Germans had blocked the cliff path on the south coast at both ends. So you must have come over the west pass. They would not expect that—you fooled them. So we came to find you."

"But you would never have found us."

"We would have found you." There was complete certainty in the voice. "Panayis and I—we know every stone, every blade of grass in Navarone." Louki shivered suddenly, stared out bleakly through the swirling snow. "You couldn't have picked worse weather."

"We couldn't have picked better," Mallory said grimly.

"Last night, yes," Louki agreed. "No one would expect you in that wind and rain. No one would hear the aircraft or even dream that you would try to jump ——"

"We came by sea," Miller interrupted. He waved a negligent hand. "We climbed the south cliff."

"What? The south cliff?" Louki was frankly disbelieving. "No one could climb the south cliff. It is impossible!"

"That's the way we felt when we were about halfway up," Mallory said candidly. "But Dusty here is right. That's how it was."

Louki's face was expressionless. "I say it is impossible," he repeated flatly.

"He is telling the truth, Louki," Miller cut in quietly. "This is Mallory—Keith Mallory, of New Zealand."

Mallory said nothing. He was watching Louki, the (Continued on Page 70)

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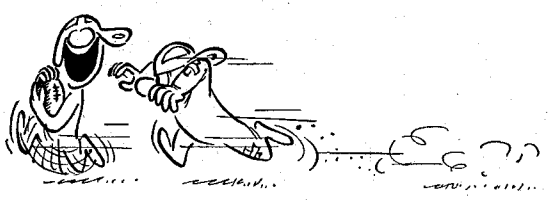
Post Scripts



Exclamations I Wish I Hadn't Exclaimed

1. Charge it!
2. Well, if it isn't old—er—a ——
3. Look! They've got one of those Loop-the-Loop rides!
4. O.K., sonny, peg it to me!
5. Let's flip for the check!
6. Here, let me handle the oars!
7. Another round, bartender!
8. Hot ziggety! A rumba!

DICK EMMONS

Which Way Did Her Mind Go?

If you want to understand what women are getting at, you have to look in a different direction from that which their mind seems to be going. Let us take my wife as typical. She looks typical, she eats typical and she costs typical.

Now, if my wife wants a new rug for the living room, she does not mention it. She mentions that the house needs new siding. She knows new siding will cost two thousand dollars—an amount I have not had together since I held the stakes for two friends in a bet on Man o' War. Naturally, my reaction is to throw up my hands in despair, assume the look of a beaten beagle and begin to whimper a little. My wife sighs and says, "Well, I guess we'll have to make do with just a new living-room rug." Well, I figure I am saving maybe fifteen hundred dollars on the deal, so I give in. It is only later, in bed, I discover I am out somewhat. You see how it works.

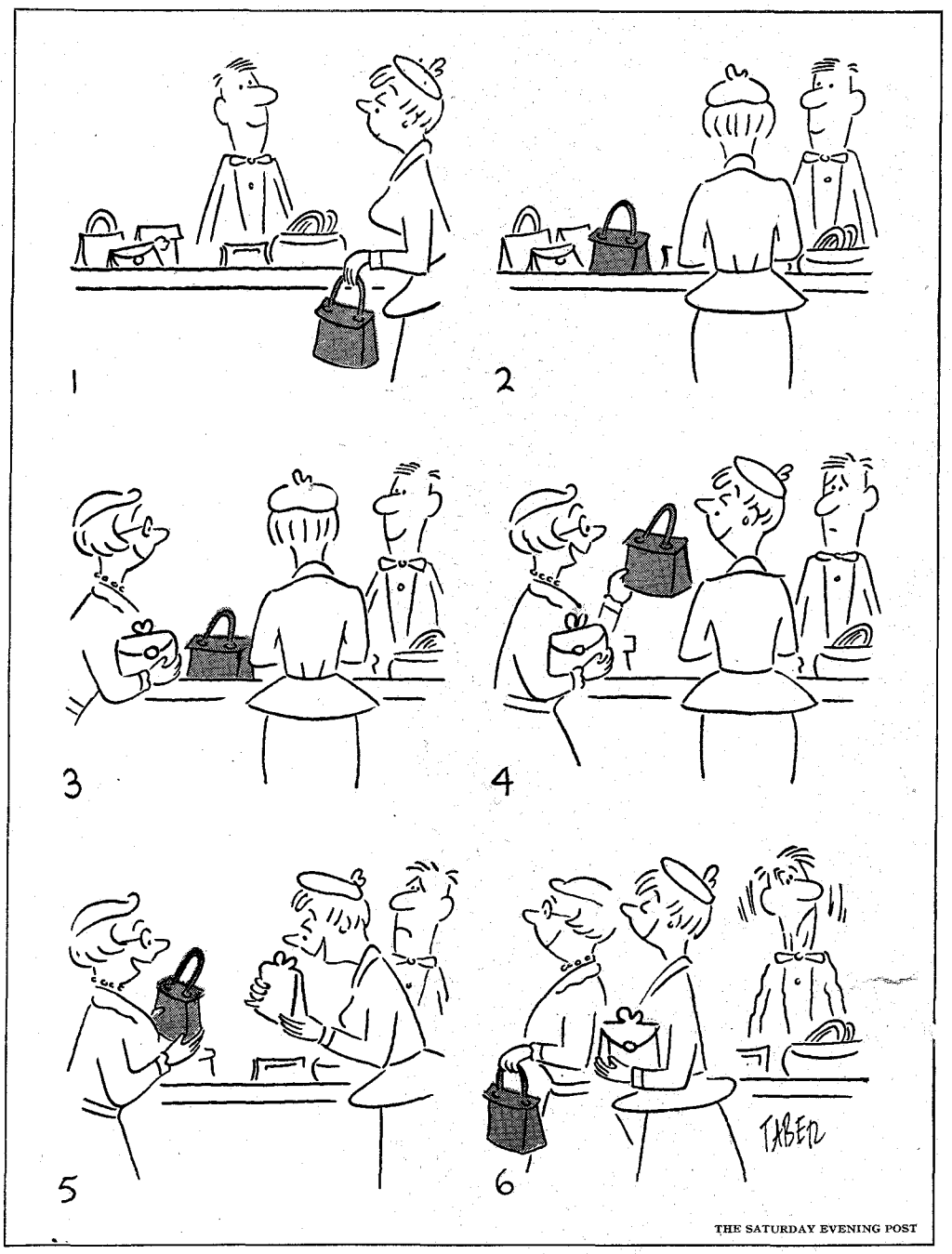
Take another sample of indirection. Summer maybe is coming. Generally we do not go away in the summer because we have a nice cool cellar and lots of debts. Usually we string up the hammock in the cool cellar and I lie there for three weeks and think about the debts. But this year my wife starts—say, about April—with little hints about my asthma. I have never had asthma. I have just recently learned to spell it correctly, but I have never had it. I just laughed when my wife mentioned it. But she would wake up at night and shout at me, "Robert, your asthma is making an awful racket!" Sometimes when I was just breathing hard from planting tulip bulbs or emptying the trash, she would say, "Your asthma's really fierce lately."

After a while I believed it. Asthma was attacking me. Something had to be done. My wife knew just what. She had a little pamphlet from the Agonized Asthma Associates showing how a certain beach on Cape Cod probably had the lowest asthma population per capita in the world; due, no doubt, to the amount of special seaweed accidentally swallowed by bathers. Of course, I agreed to spend a few weeks there. You think I wanted to choke to death? It cured me too. I mean I didn't have it mentioned to me any more and I didn't worry. My wife dropped it too. She dropped it the day we took a three-week lease on a cottage.

That's how they operate. Never try to follow their line of reasoning directly. Just circle around, stop short, shift at a seventy-degree angle and take observations. You can't go along with them for one full sentence. If you do, that sentence will turn the block, go up an alley, and you will be in a shop that deals exclusively in mutation mink.

Best thing to do, I've found, is just don't listen. You get your ears boxed regularly, but you save a lot of worry and money.

ROBERT FONTAINE



THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"When he asks you to trip the light fantastic he really means it!"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

It is, After All, The Alma That Maters

Dear Alumni Secretary: I was pleased, although not very,
To receive your full report about our team;
I am happy "we look great" and will "simply murder State"
And I'm gratified to learn that Czerniowski's lost some weight
And that "Coach" is seen quite frequently to beam.

Oh, I surely got a laugh from your second paragraph
(Where you talked about how Prexy lost his wig)
But I thought it somewhat sneaky, even just a little cheeky
That you'd pick this time to mention that the library is leaky
And beseech me to respond with "something big."

My reaction all this week has been to "let the darn thing leak,"
But I guess I'm just too loyal to be thrifty;
So I reasoned what the heck, and am forwarding my check
With no strings attached, of course, except that in the game with Tech
Please arrange it so I'm on or near the fifty.

RICHARD HOLLOWAY

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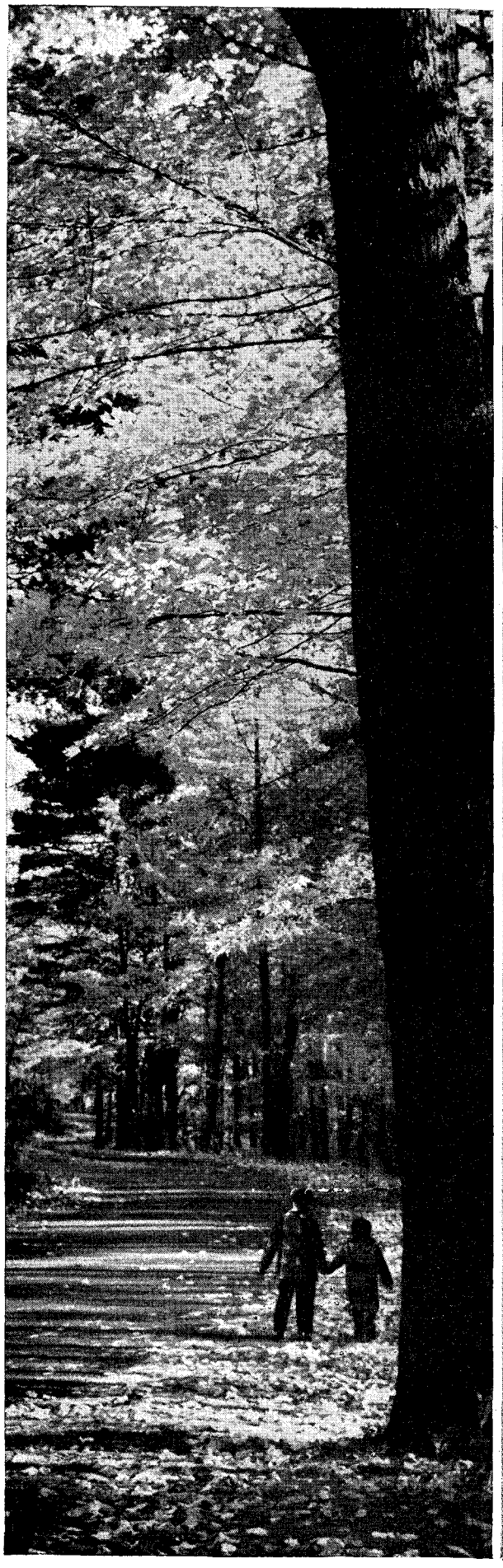

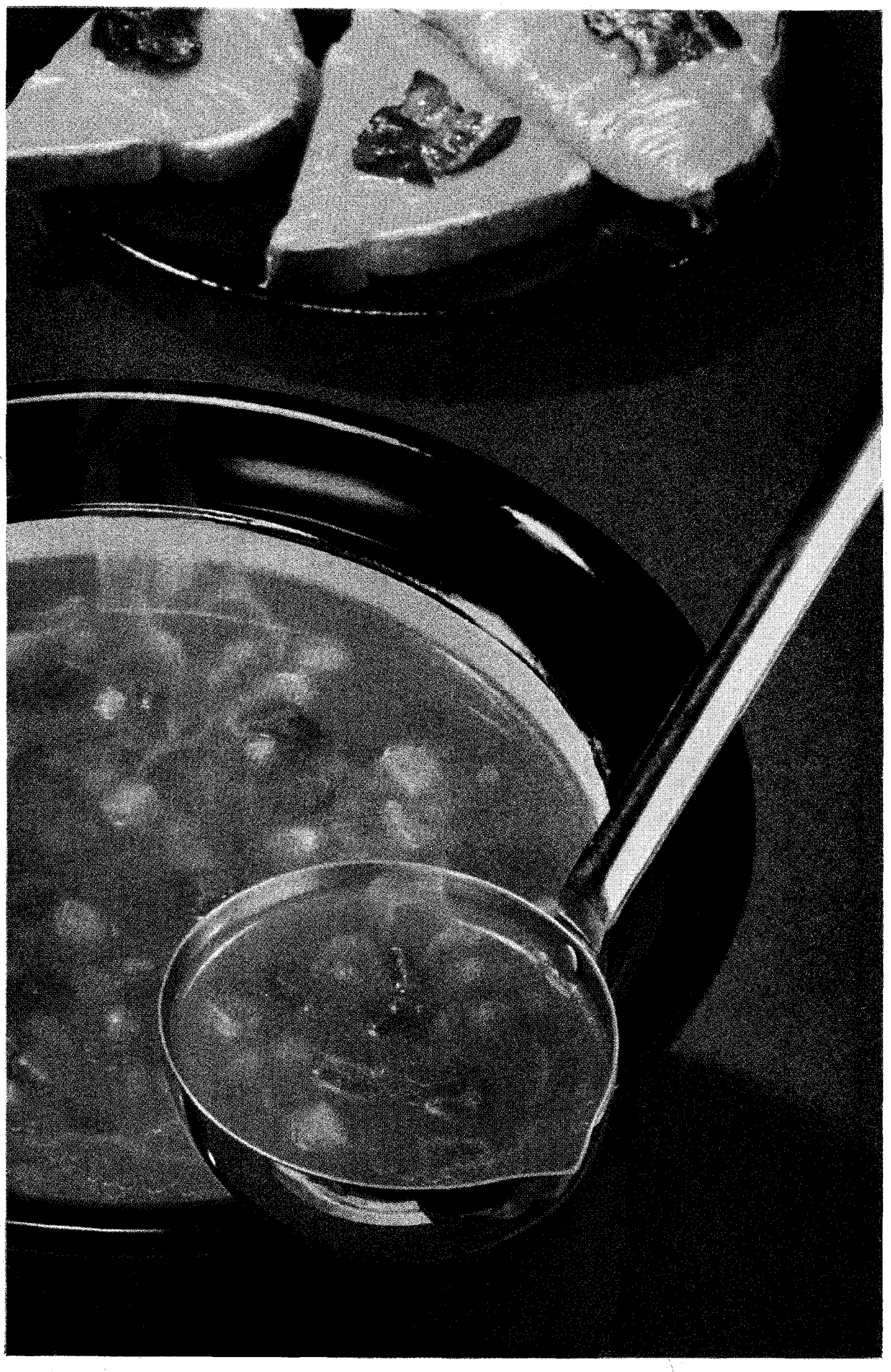

Fall's here—leafy red and gold! The air, sharp and clear and hungry-making! Soup time, for sure! Soup, with substance—like Campbell's Vegetable Beef! Good beef broth, filled with summer's best vegetables and tender cubes of meat! It's hearty—warming—made by folks who know how and when and why people love that homespun flavor of Vegetable Beef Soup!

P. S. Have you a good supply on hand of all 21 Campbell's Kinds?

SOUPS SUPPLY BASIC NUTRITIONAL NEEDS: Vitamins, Minerals and Liquids—for general well-being • Proteins—for upkeep and growth • Carbohydrates—for energy

Once a day...every day...SOUP!

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By chasing our feathered friends through the air, and playing tricks on them, this Harvard professor has discovered that "as the crow flies" is a very roundabout route indeed.

Why Birds Need Compasses

By John Lewellen

A tall, skinny, serious-looking man wearing gold-rimmed spectacles climbed into the pilot's seat of a small airplane. He certainly did not look much like a pilot, nor did he act like one. He was, in fact, quite inexperienced.

He filed no flight plan to assure an effective search in case the little engine failed during the flight. Neither did the observer he took aboard. He did not know where he was going or when he would be back.

After take-off from the small airport, he circled several times at low altitude. Finally he moved slowly away, still circling. He never flew a straight course in any direction. Below were the hills and lakes and pine forests of Northern Maine—dangerous country for a forced landing by an inexperienced pilot. But the pilot throttled back to seventy miles an hour, just above the speed at which the plane became "mushy" and controls lost efficiency.

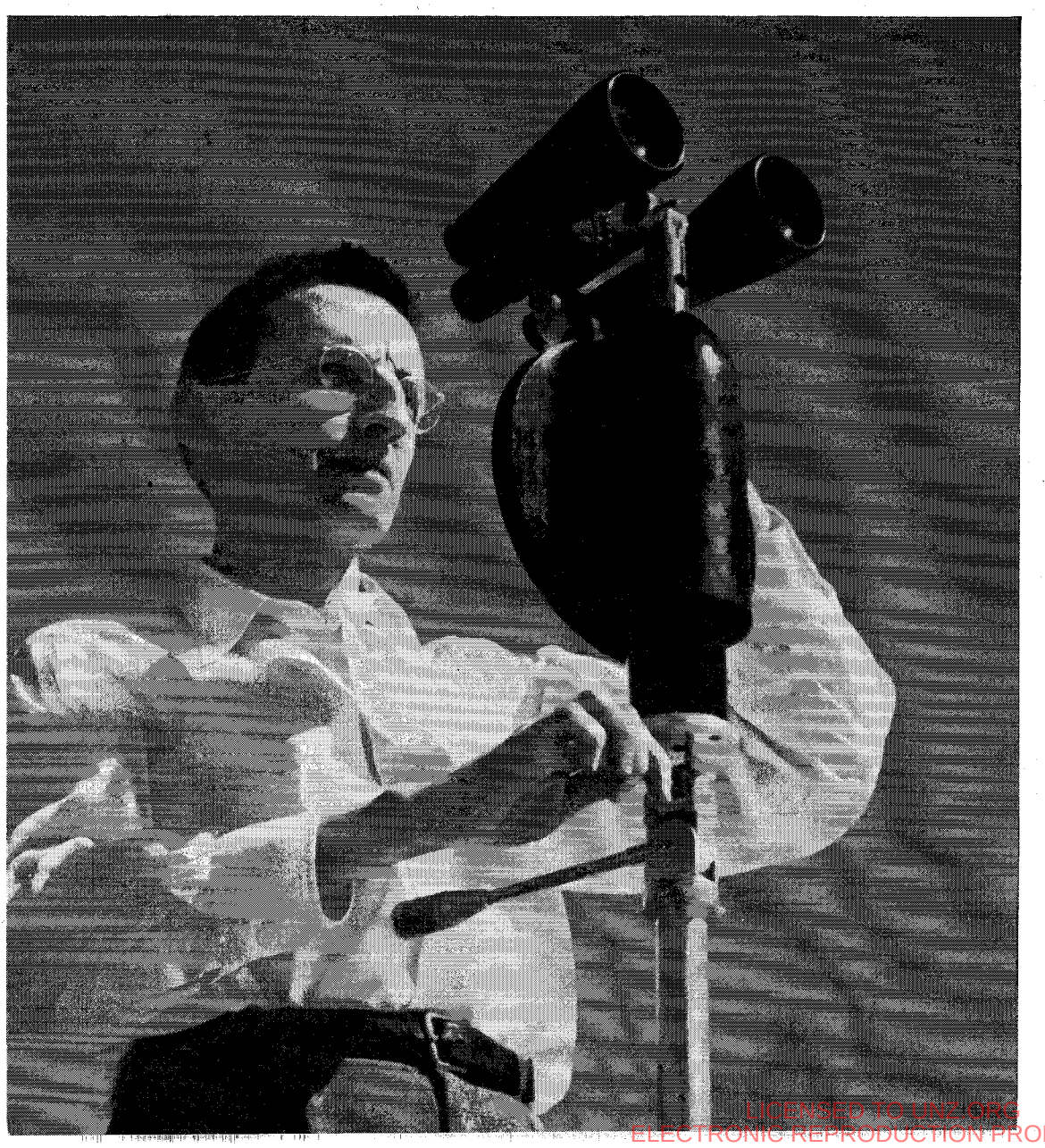
The single small engine droned on hour after hour. The observer in the back seat complained that he was cramped and hungry. Also, that there were certain comfort facilities with which the plane was not equipped. But the pilot, ignoring the dangers of fatigue, which can affect a pilot's judgment and coordination, continued to fly in ever-widening circles. Finally, when his fuel tanks were nearly empty, he headed for the nearest airport and landed—eleven hours after take-off.

This pilot, who had flown such an erratic and potentially dangerous course, wasn't a madman or an air-borne hot-rodder. He was a scientist, Dr. Donald R. Griffin, now of Harvard, and this flight was made in the interests of science—he was following a bird.

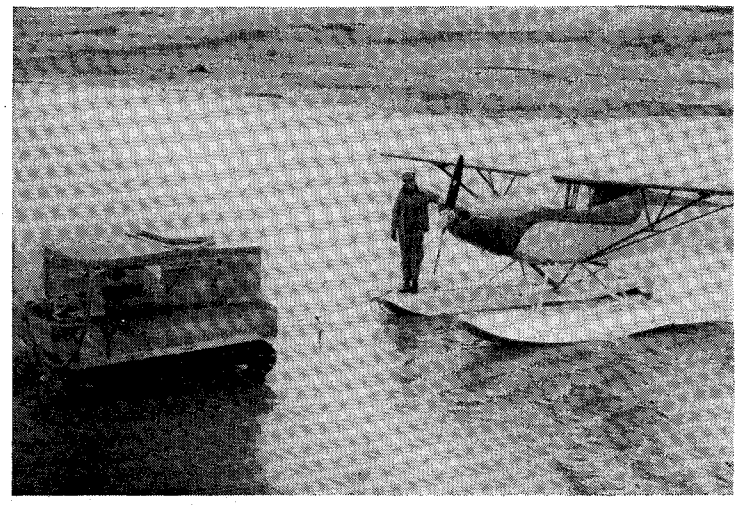
And all he proved on this particular flight was that the bird, although she had a nest and an egg and a husband to go home to, did not give a rap about getting there. She dawdled along aimlessly, stopping for a romp at every pond. She was just a no-good, gay, irresponsible mother and she never did return to her nest.

Fortunately, Doctor Griffin made scores of other flights over a period of years and discovered, as is true of women in general, that you cannot judge all by one errant female. Most of the birds wanted to get home, and proved it by going home or trying to. But how they found their way home—if they did—is another matter.

Though only forty-one years old, Doctor Griffin generally is considered this country's foremost expert on bird navigation. He is almost as well known for his studies on how bats use ultrasonic sound to guide themselves in the darkness. Bird flight intrigued him as a boy and led him straight into science. He was trained in zoology at Harvard, joined the Cornell faculty in 1946 and returned to Harvard as professor of zoology in 1953. During World War II he did scientific research for the military services on such varied projects as



Zoologist Donald Griffin at his favorite pastime: tracking birds in flight to see how good they really are at navigating.



In the Arctic, during the summer months, Griffin used this float plane to follow the birds on their meanderings.

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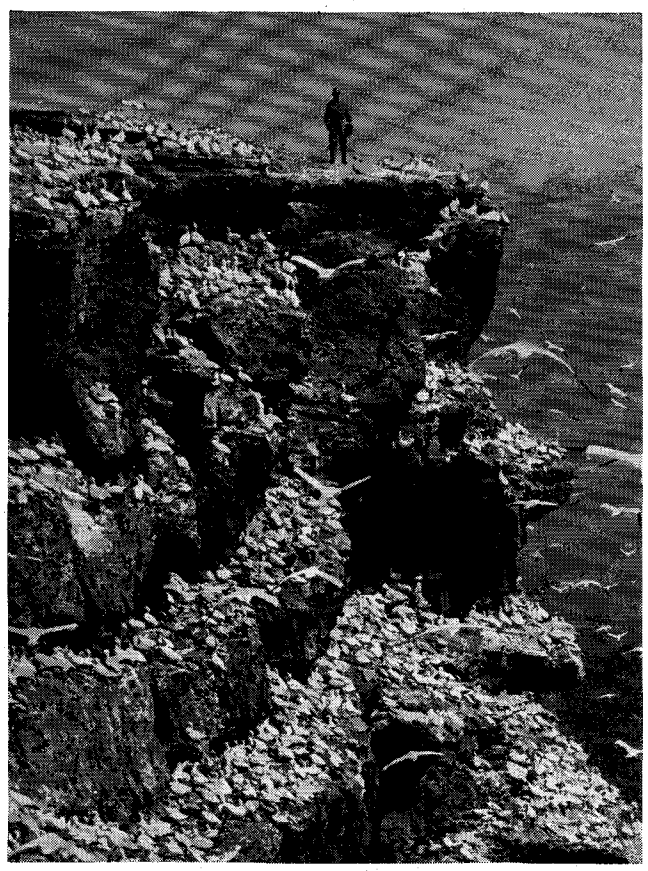
On the shore of Lake Erie, Prof. Harold Hitchcock releases a specially marked herring gull far from its home on Cape Cod. Of five birds freed, only three ever got back to their nests.



A colony of gannets at their Canadian nesting ground. These birds can fly fabulous distances, but as navigators, they're not what they're cracked up to be.

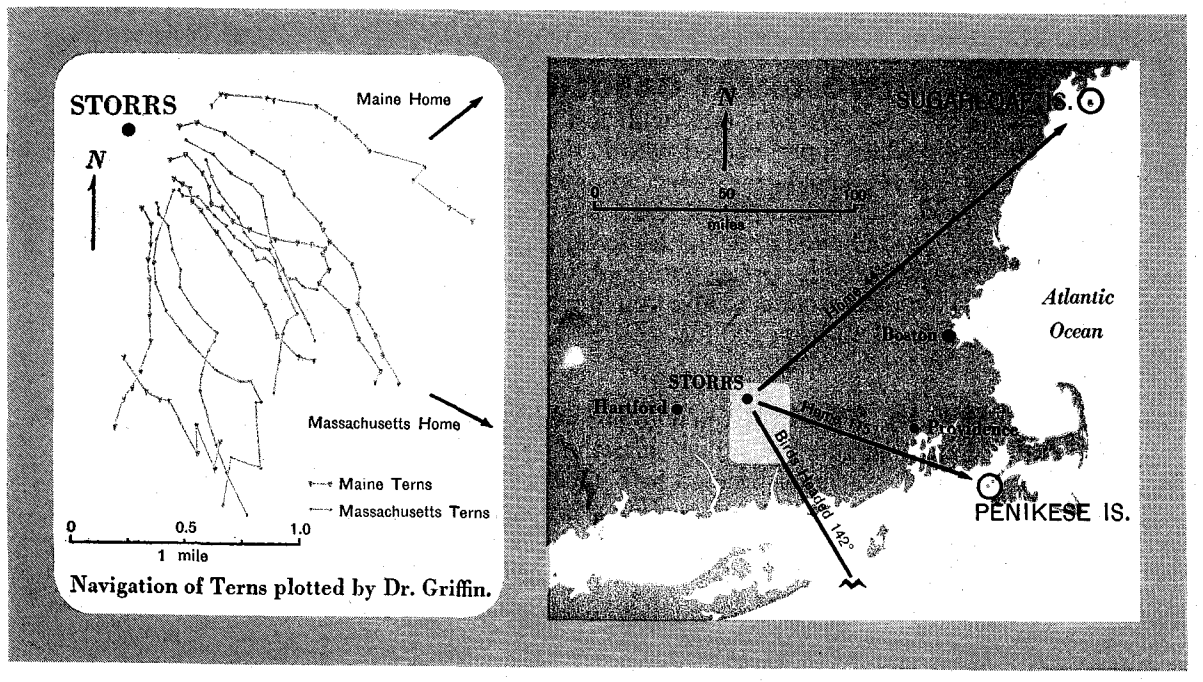
improved radio earphones for pilots, cold-weather clothing, high-altitude bends and infrared "snooperscopes."

But bird navigation has remained his primary interest. He spends all the time he can spare trying to find out how good at navigating the various species of birds really are, and how they do it. He gets good support at home from his wife and his four lively youngsters—girls thirteen and eleven and eight-year-old twins, a boy and a girl. The youngsters view Griffin, of course, as one of the world's great scientists.

In 1941, when Doctor Griffin concluded that there were questions about bird flight that could be answered only by observation from a light plane, he learned to fly. Danger never crossed his mind. The thrill most pilots get from flying was of no importance. The airplane was merely a tool of science that he needed in his work.

As soon as he had his license he started chasing birds. Only pilots can appreciate how enormously difficult it is to spot a bird from the air, let alone follow it. By the end of the first season Doctor Griffin had perfected his techniques. White birds were easiest to see. Although the plane was at least twice as fast as the bird, continuous circling kept the bird in sight. By marking crosses on his charts at frequent intervals, Doctor Griffin could plot the bird's route with a maximum error of one mile. He could fly, mark charts and still keep the bird in sight more than 90 per cent of the time. An observer was needed when a quick change of direction momentarily blocked the bird from the pilot's view or when reflections on water made observation difficult.

Almost everyone knows that robins often return in the spring, after flights of hundreds of miles from the (Continued on Page 136)



Navigation of Terns plotted by Dr. Griffin.

To test a gannet's homing ability, Dr. Griffin freed eight numbered birds 215 miles from their nests, then tailed them as they tried to find their way home. A halfback on a broken-field run would have kept as straight a course.

The truth about terns is equally disillusioning. Griffin once captured some terns in Maine, some others in Massachusetts. He took them to Storrs, Conn., and released them. What happened? They all flew southeast regardless of where home was.

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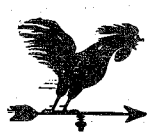

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The Case of the LUCKY LOSER

Perry Mason had been framed by a professional fixer.

By ERLE STANLEY GARDNER

As a professional trouble shooter, Banner Boles had been in lots of tight spots. Now he was in the fix of his life, and he planned to use Perry Mason to get himself out of it.

Boles' bosses, the wealthy Balfour family, had hired Mason to exonerate young Ted Balfour of a hit-and-run killing. The lawyer realized something was awry when he discovered that Ted's victim, Jackson Eagan, had reportedly died in Mexico two years earlier.

The case took a new twist when the police found out that Eagan had been shot. Ted was accused of the murder.

Mason's investigation led him to Florence Ingle, a friend of Guthrie Balfour, Ted's uncle. She revealed that Guthrie was the killer.

According to Florence, Guthrie had discovered that his beautiful young wife, Dorla, was having an affair with Eagan. Guthrie outwitted Dorla by arranging a trip to Mexico, then returning to follow his wife to the motel where she met her lover.

After Dorla left the motel, Guthrie confronted her boy friend in his room. The two men got into an argument in which Guthrie shot his antagonist. Guthrie then fled to Mexico.

When Dorla returned to the motel, she realized what had happened. She called on Banner Boles. Boles and Dorla supposedly arranged to frame Ted with a hit-and-run killing so that Guthrie would not have to face a murder charge.

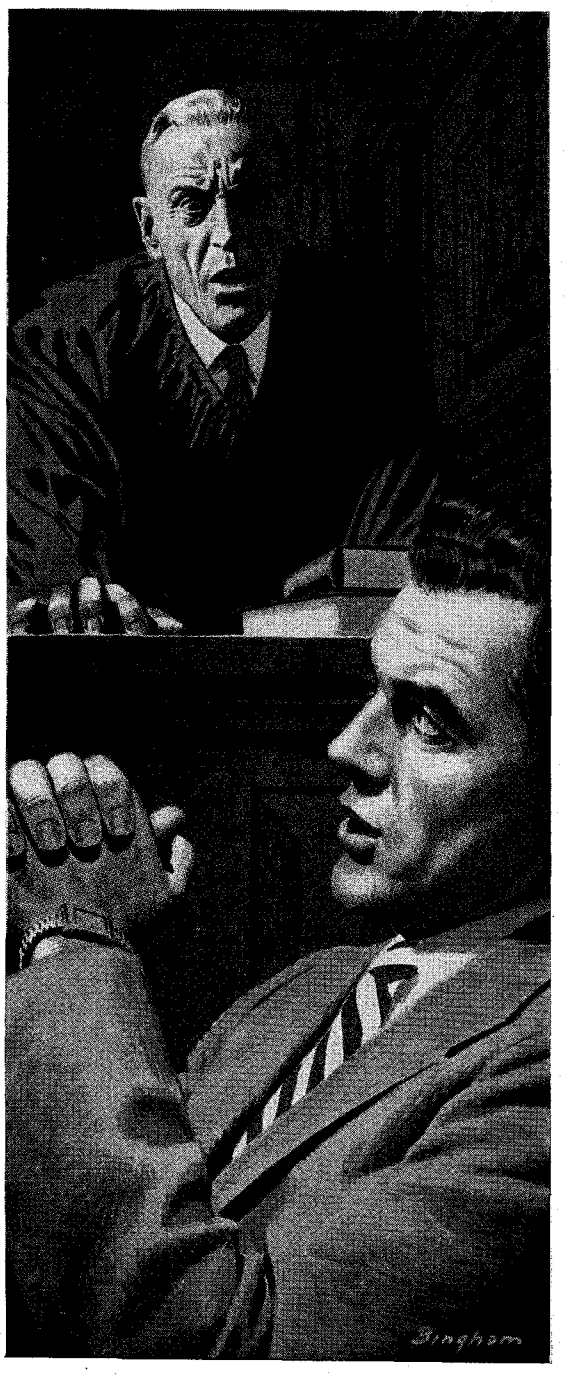
Later, Mason got Boles' side of the story. It was similar to Florence's, but varied in several important details. Boles also gave Mason some papers that Guthrie reportedly took from Eagan's body.

Boles then offered Mason $100,000 to bottle up the truth when the case came to trial. To Boles' astonishment, Mason refused.

VII

Judge Cadwell said, "Gentlemen, the jury has been sworn. The defendant is in court. The jurors are all present. I may state that, while I do not consider myself prejudiced so that I am disqualified from trying the issues in this case, I was hoping that it would be assigned to another judge. I have, of course, already become familiar with the legal point raised by the defense in connection with habeas corpus.

"It appears that the facts supporting the plea of once in jeopardy are completely within the knowledge of the court. There is no dispute as to those facts. There is therefore no issue to go to the jury in connection with a plea of once in jeopardy. It becomes a matter for the court to pass upon as a matter of law. The court therefore decides that there is no merit to the plea of once in jeopardy.



"What!" Judge Cadwell exclaimed. "You gave those papers to Perry Mason!" "Yes, sir," Boles replied.

"The court makes this ruling with some hesitancy because it is aware that the point is a close one. However, this court simply can't conceive that it is the purpose of the law to clothe a defendant with immunity simply because, through a misinterpretation of facts or a paucity of facts, prosecution was originally had upon another theory, or for a lesser offense. Yet the court is forced to admit that the authorities seem to indicate such is the case.

"In view of the undisputed facts in the case, the point is one which can be taken to the appellate courts and passed upon by them. Therefore, the real interests of the defendant will in no wise be curtailed by this ruling of the court. I overrule the plea of once in jeopardy and the prosecution will proceed with its case."

Roger Farris made a brief opening statement to the jury; then started putting on witnesses. The autopsy surgeon in the coroner's office testified to having performed an autopsy on a body which had at first been certified out as a hit-and-run case. Afterward, the body had been exhumed when it appeared that there were certain discrepancies in the evidence. At that time a more detailed examination of the skull had been made, and it was found that death had resulted from a bullet wound. The course and nature of the bullet wound were described and the bullet, which had been recovered from the wound, was introduced in evidence.

Mason offered no questions on cross-examination.

A .22 automatic was produced and identified by manufacturer's number. The sales record showed that the weapon had been sold to the defendant, Ted Balfour.

Again there was no cross-examination.

Roger Farris put a witness on the stand who qualified as an expert on firearms and firearms identification. He testified that he had fired test bullets from the automatic and had compared them with the fatal bullet which had been introduced in evidence, and that the markings on the bullet showed beyond doubt that the fatal bullet had been fired from the automatic which had been received in evidence.

Again Mason asked no questions.

Judge Cadwell frowned down at Mason. "Now let me understand the position of counsel," he said. "Is it the position of counsel that, because the court has overruled the plea of once in jeopardy, counsel intends to take no part in this trial? Because, if such is to be the position of counsel, I feel that the court should warn counsel that counsel is here for the purpose of representing the interests of the defendant, and that, as an officer of the court, it is the duty of counsel to see that the defendant is represented."

"I understand the court's position," Mason said. "I am not cross-examining these witnesses because I have no questions to ask of them. I intend to participate actively in this trial."

(Continued on Page 121)

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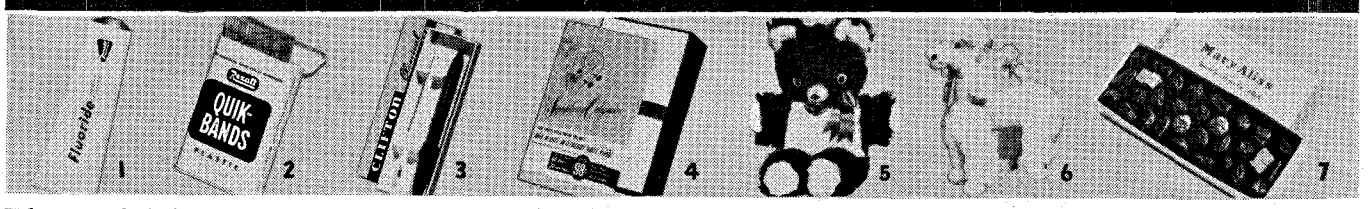

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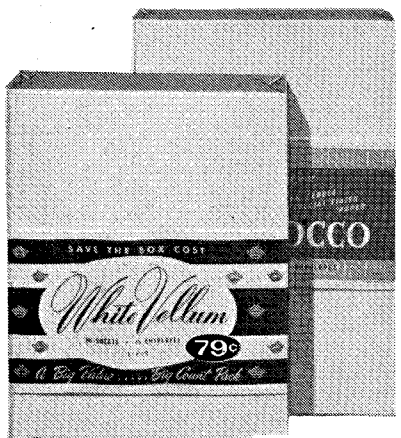

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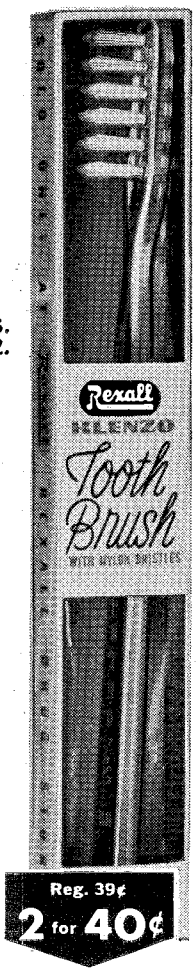

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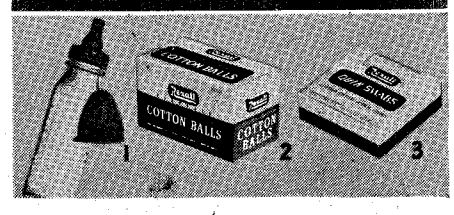
- ☐ **REXALL EYE DROPS** in 1-ounce bottle with dropper included. Reg. 43¢, now . . **2 for 44¢**
- ☐ **REXALL BEEF, WINE & IRON TONIC** stimulates appetite, tends to increase red blood cells. Pint, regularly $1.69, now . . . **2 for $1.70**
- ☐ **REXALL CHLOROPHYLL MOUTH WASH** sweetens breath. Full pint, reg. 79¢, now **2 for 80¢**
- ☐ **REXALL HYGIENIC POWDER** makes soothing, cleansing wash. 6 oz., regularly 89¢, **2 for 90¢**
- ☐ **REXALL REX-EME POWDER.** First aid dressing. 3-oz. shaker-top can, reg. 59¢, **2 for 60¢**
- ☐ **REXALL CORN SOLVENT** for painless corn and callus removal. ½ oz., reg. 39¢, **2 for 40¢**
- ☐ **REXALL FOOT POWDER.** Relieves burning and smarting; absorbs perspiration. 4-oz. handy dispenser, regularly 39¢, now . . . . . **2 for 40¢**
- ☐ **REXALL LITTLE PILLS.** Gentle action for relief of constipation, headache and biliousness. Bottle of 100, regularly 49¢, now **2 for 50¢**
- ☐ **REXALL LIP AID SALVE** relieves dryness, cracking. ¼-oz. tube, reg. 39¢, now **2 for 40¢**
- ☐ **REXALL REX-SALVINE** for burns. Soothes and gives fast relief; inhibits germ growth. 5-oz. Aerosol can, regularly $1.39, now **2 for $1.40**
- ☐ **REXALL TOOTHACHE DROPS,** large, **2 for 40¢**
- ☐ **REXALL PABIZOL** relieves upset stomach and simple diarrhea caused by dietary errors. ½ pint, regularly 89¢, now . . . . . **2 for 90¢**
- ☐ **REXALL MERCUROCHROME,** ½ oz. . **2 for 26¢**
- ☐ **REXALL TINCTURE IODINE,** 1 oz., 33¢, **2 for 34¢**
- ☐ **REXALL LANOLIN,** 1-oz. tube, 33¢. . **2 for 34¢**
- ☐ **REXALL CASTOR OIL,** 3 oz., reg. 49¢, **2 for 50¢**
- ☐ **REXALL HYDROGEN PEROXIDE,** 3%, 10 Volume, U.S.P. Pint, regularly 45¢, now **2 for 46¢**
- ☐ **REXALL SODA MINT TABLETS** soothe acid-upset stomach. 140, reg. 43¢, now **2 for 44¢**
- ☐ **REXALL SPIRITS OF AMMONIA.** Quick first aid for fainting. 1 oz., reg. 27¢, now **2 for 28¢**
- ☐ **REXALL TINCTURE BENZOIN COMPOUND** is a steam inhalant. 1 oz., reg. 35¢, **2 for 36¢**

- ☐ **3. KLENZO ANTISEPTIC** is Rexall's ruby-red mouthwash and gargle. Kills contacted germs in seconds. Has a refreshing, pleasant cinnamon flavor. Full pint, reg. 79¢, now **2 for 80¢**
- ☐ **4. REXALL PETROFOL** mineral oil laxative. Gentle action. Pint, reg. 59¢, now . . . **2 for 60¢**
- ☐ **REXALL TINCTURE GREEN SOAP.** Excellent soap, shampoo, ½ pt., reg. 69¢. . . . **2 for 70¢**
- ☐ **REXALL WITCH HAZEL.** Astringent and after-shave lotion. Pt., regularly 57¢, now **2 for 58¢**
- ☐ **REXALL BORIC ACID.** Powder or Crystals, 4-oz. package, reg. 33¢, now, **2 for 34¢;** in Solution, 4-oz. bottle, reg. 27¢, now **2 for 28¢**

COLDS? COUGHS?

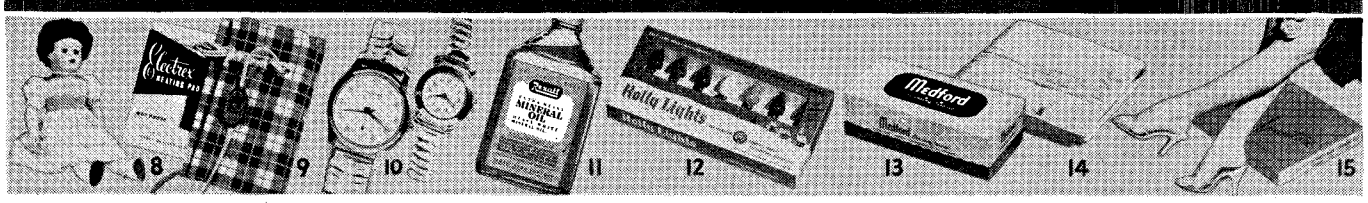
- ☐ **1. REXALL REXILLANA.** Relieves dryness, tickling of coughs. 4 oz., reg. 59¢, **2 for 60¢**
- ☐ **2. REXALL ASPIREX COUGH DROPS** for minor throat irritation. Reg. 15¢, now. . . . **2 for 16¢**
- ☐ **REXALL ASPIROIDS,** cold tablets. 36, 79¢, **2 for 80¢;** with Antihistamine, 30, 98¢, **2 for 99¢**
- ☐ **REXALL CHERRY BARK COUGH SYRUP.** Relieves coughs due to colds. ½ pt., 98¢, **2 for 99¢**
- ☐ **REXALL MENTHOLATED WHITE PINE AND TAR COUGH SYRUP,** ½ pt., reg. 89¢, **2 for 90¢**
- ☐ **REXALL COLD SORE OINTMENT,** ⅛ oz., 49¢, **2 for 50¢;** or Lotion, ¼ oz., reg. 33¢, **2 for 34¢**
- ☐ **REXALL NOSE DROPS,** Aqueous, 1 oz., **2 for 50¢**
- ☐ **REXALL ANTIHISTAMINE,** 15 tablets, **2 for 50¢**
- ☐ **REXALL REX-RUB.** 6 oz., reg. $1.00, **2 for $1.01**
- ☐ **REXALL ALCO-REX RUB** for all rub-down purposes. Pint, regularly 49¢, now . . . . . **2 for 50¢**
- ☐ **REXALL ANALGESIC LIQUID** relieves sore aching muscles. 1½ oz., reg. 69¢, **2 for 70¢;** Analgesic Balm, 1 oz., reg. 65¢, now **2 for 66¢**
- ☐ **REXALL QUICK ACTING PLASTER,** medicated to relieve minor muscular aches. 59¢, **2 for 60¢**
- ☐ **REXALL CAMPHORATED OIL,** 4 oz. . . **2 for 61¢**
- ☐ **REXALL SPIRITS OF CAMPHOR,** 1 oz. . **2 for 40¢**

BUYS FOR BABY



- ☐ **1. REXALL STORK NURSER.** Complete feeding unit—8 oz. bottle with rubber cap that protects the nipple. You simply heat the bottle and remove the cap! Reg. 35¢, now **2 for 36¢**
- ☐ **2. REXALL COTTON BALLS.** 65 sterilized, absorbent balls to keep handy in nursery for countless uses. Regularly 39¢, now **2 for 40¢**
- ☐ **3. REXALL QUIK-SWABS.** Soft, flexible, cotton-tipped applicators all ready for delicate nursery needs like cleaning nostrils and ears. Sterile package of 100, reg. 35¢, now **2 for 36¢**
- ☐ **REXALL ASPIRIN, TINY TOT.** Don't guess with children! Give accurate dosage—just as the doctor ordered. Raspberry-flavored tablets that children like to take. Bottle of 100 half-grain tablets, regularly 35¢, now save at **2 for 36¢**
- ☐ **REXALL BABY COUGH SYRUP** quickly relieves coughs due to colds. Tastes pleasant to baby. 3-ounce bottle, regularly 39¢, now **2 for 40¢**
- ☐ **REXALL BABY TALC.** Purest white talc, delicately fragrant. Pound, reg. 79¢. . . . **2 for 80¢**
- ☐ **REXALL CASTILE SOAP,** Tiny Tot. Pure, mild! Big, 3-oz. cake, regularly 19¢, now **2 for 20¢**
- ☐ **NYLON BOTTLE BRUSH.** Fine texture, long-lasting bristles on strong wire handles. Makes bottle cleaning easy! Regularly 29¢, **2 for 30¢**
- ☐ **BABY RATTLES.** Choice of many novel styles! Hand-decorated plastic in pastel colors and each ribbon-tied. Stock up now for gifts throughout the year! 25¢ each, now **2 for 26¢**
- ☐ **BABY BRUSH AND COMB SET.** Extra-soft white nylon bristles on brush. Comb matches brush back and handle. Reg. $1.00, **2 for $1.01**

1¢ SALE WEEK



- ☐ **8. BABY DOLL** is really beautiful, and beautifully real. Her body is soft latex, her curly hair can be washed, her eyes move, her voice coos, she's fashionably dressed. More than 2 feet tall. $6.00 value, a real buy for only **$3.99**
- ☐ **9. ELECTREX HEATING PAD,** wet-proof, 3-speed, UL-approved. Green plaid flannel cover. Guaranteed. Reg. $5.95; during sale-week **$3.88**
- ☐ **10. JEWELED WRIST WATCH.** One for men; one for women. Men's is anti-magnetic, shock-protected, waterproof as long as case and crystal are intact; has luminous dial, stainless steel back, expansion band. Ladies' has non-tarnish yellow case with smart yellow expansion band. Each, a $12.98 value, now . . . **$8.88**
- ☐ **GOLDEN WAND LINT BRUSH** removes lint, renews nap. In handy travel case. . **2 for $1.51**
- ☐ **11. REXALL MINERAL OIL** laxative. Quart, $1.35 val., 2 for **$1.36;** pint, 85¢ val., 2 for **86¢**
- ☐ **12. MULTIPLE TREE-LIGHT SET,** 7 lights, safety sockets. UL-approved. $2.35 value **$1.69**
- ☐ **BUBBLE LIGHT SET,** $2.75 value, now **$1.79**
- ☐ **OUTDOOR** set has 15 lights, size C9½; waterproof sealed sockets, 25-ft. cord, add-on plug. UL-approved. $7.25 value, now . . . **$4.88**
- ☐ **REXALL EPSOM SALT,** lb. 49¢ val., **2 for 50¢**
- ☐ **REX-SELTZER TABLETS,** 25, 58¢ val., **2 for 59¢**
- ☐ **REXALL MILK OF MAGNESIA TABLETS,** laxative-antacid. 36, 30¢ value, now . . . **2 for 31¢**
- ☐ **REXALL AGA-REX WITH PHENOLPHTHALEIN,** laxative. Full pint, $1.10 value, now **2 for $1.11**
- ☐ **"8480" Nail Polish Remover,** 39¢ val., **2 for 40¢**
- ☐ **13. MEDFORD FACIAL TISSUES,** big box of 300, strong, soft, white. Now . . . . . **2 for 39¢**
- ☐ **14. CANNON TURKISH TOWEL,** dry-fast. 20" x 40", lovely pastel colors. Now **2 for 99¢**
- ☐ **15. SPUNTEX NYLONS,** first quality, 51 gauge, 15 denier, choice of plain or dark seams. Each pair, $1.09 value, now **2 pairs for only $1.51**
- ☐ **STRETCH SOX.** For men, pair, 75¢ val., **2 pairs, $1.09.** For boys and girls, pair, 65¢ value, **2 pairs 99¢.** Ladies' foot sox, 49¢, **2 pairs 61¢**
- ☐ **CANNON DISH CLOTH,** now save at **2 for 27¢**
- ☐ **CANNON WASH CLOTH,** stock up at **2 for 29¢**
- ☐ **CANNON DISH TOWEL,** buy now at **2 for 49¢**
- ☐ **FLASHLIGHT BATTERY,** Scout, 15¢, **2 for 21¢**
- ☐ **MAXIMUM NYLON COMBS,** 25¢. . . . **2 for 26¢**

STOCK UP AND SAVE FOR MONTHS TO COME—IN THE REXALL 1¢ SALE

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

USE THIS AD AS YOUR SHOPPING LIST
Mark the square beside each item you want. Order in advance if you wish, and pick up your order during the 1¢ Sale.

SIX DAYS TO SAVE!
MONDAY · TUESDAY
WEDNESDAY · THURSDAY
FRIDAY · SATURDAY
OCT. 15 THROUGH OCT. 20

GET TWO FOR THE PRICE OF ONE PLUS A PENNY AT REXALL DRUG STORES EVERYWHERE!

REXALL 1¢ SALE

ENVELOPES Commercial, white. #6¾, jumbo pack, reg. 25¢, 2 for 26¢; #10, reg. 15¢, now 2 for 16¢; or #6¾ reg. pack, 10¢, now **2 for 11¢**

BOBBY PINS Helen Cornell, black or bronze. Choose card of 24 regular or 18 rubber-tipped. Regularly 10¢ each. Stock up now at **2 for 11¢**

SAFETY PINS Your choice of gilt or steel in assorted sizes including big diaper pins. Big bunches, regularly 10¢ each, now **2 for 11¢**

HAIR NETS Helen Cornell. Choice of nylon mesh in regular or bob size, regular or extra-fine mesh. 6 shades, each regularly 10¢.. **2 for 11¢**

CHRISTMAS GIFT PAPER Cascade. 2-sheet pack, 20″x 30″, exquisite designs. Regularly 15¢ **2 for 16¢**

INK TABLETS OR ENVELOPES Elite Linen, note or letter size. Pack, regularly 25¢.. **2 for 26¢**

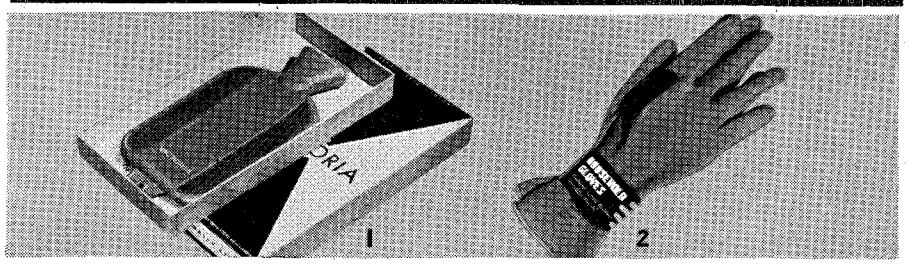
REXALL MILK OF MAGNESIA Relieves acid-upset stomach. Full pint, reg. 47¢... **2 for 48¢**

SACCHARIN Rexall. 1000: 1 gr., 2 for $1.50; ½ gr., 2 for $1.27; ¼ gr., 2 for $1.09. 100: 1 gr., 2 for 56¢; ½ gr., 2 for 46¢; ¼ gr... **2 for 36¢**

CHRISTMAS WRAPS

- ☐ **CASCADE GIFT-WRAP PAPERS.** Big 20″ x 30″ sheets with exquisite designs, many with metallic glitter. Pack, reg. 25¢, now...2 for 26¢
- ☐ **ALUMINUM FOIL,** embossed or designed in colors. 20″-wide roll, reg. 50¢, now..2 for 51¢
- ☐ **RIBBON,** wide rayon, 39¢ spool, now 2 for 40¢
- ☐ **CURLING TIE RIBBON,** rayon. ½″ wide, 50¢, 2 for 51¢. 3/16″ wide, reg. 25¢, now...2 for 26¢
- ☐ **SILVER-EMBOSSED SEALS, TAGS, FOLDERS** by Cascade. Each pack has 30 pieces including square and tall slim cards, tags and folders. Each pack, reg. 25¢, now.....2 for 26¢

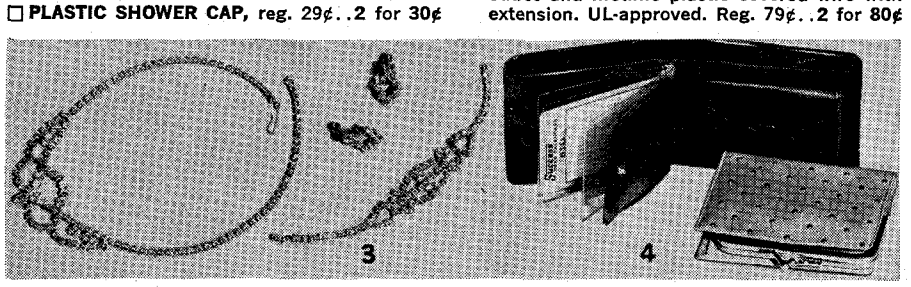
HOME AND FAMILY NEEDS



- ☐ **1. VICTORIA HOT WATER BOTTLE** is finest quality red rubber, holds 2 quarts. Two-heat type (illustrated), reg. $3.39, now 2 for $3.40; single-heat bottle, regularly $2.89, 2 for $2.90
- ☐ **VICTORIA SYRINGE,** red rubber. Combination syringe, regularly $3.79, now 2 for $3.80; 2-quart fountain, regularly $3.19...2 for $3.20
- ☐ **MEN'S HANDKERCHIEFS.** Pure, white Irish linen, 18″x 18″, reg. 50¢ each, 2 for 51¢; white cotton, regularly 25¢ each, now....2 for 26¢
- ☐ **RUBBER BANDS,** cello-bag, 25¢...2 for 26¢
- ☐ **FLASHLIGHT,** 2 cell, chrome plated, 3-way switch. With bulb. Reg. 89¢, now...2 for 90¢
- ☐ **ELKAYS AEROSOL MOTHPROOFER** is swift, sure. 12-ounce, reg. $1.95, now...2 for $1.96
- ☐ **PLASTIC SHOWER CAP,** reg. 29¢..2 for 30¢
- ☐ **2. COLUMBIA HOUSEHOLD GLOVES,** fine quality rubber. Pair, reg. 79¢, now 2 for 80¢
- ☐ **INDOOR AND OUTDOOR THERMOMETERS.** Easy to read. Each, reg. $1.00....2 for $1.01

HOUSEHOLD HELPS

- ☐ **KLENZO "CELLULITE" SPONGE,** 35¢, 2 for 36¢
- ☐ **ELKAYS WICKSTYLE HOUSEHOLD DEODORANT** keeps air fresh. 6 oz., 59¢....2 for 60¢
- ☐ **KITCHEN THERMOMETER SET,** Chaney Tru-Temp. Roast meat thermometer with skewer, plus combination candy and deep fat thermometer. Reg. $1.79, but you get 2 for $1.80
- ☐ **REX-RAY EXTENSION CORD,** 9′ with 3-way outlet and lifetime plastic covered wire with extension. UL-approved. Reg. 79¢..2 for 80¢

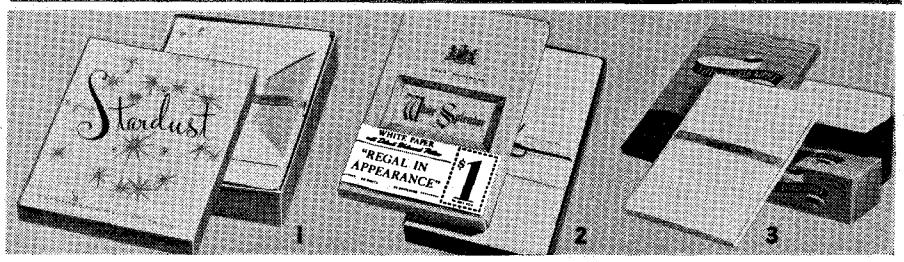


- ☐ **3. COSTUME JEWELRY** with fine quality Austrian rhinestones, hand-set. Highly-polished rhodium finish. Necklace, $3.00, 2 for $3.01; beautiful bracelet, reg. $2.00, now 2 for $2.01; earrings, regularly $1.00, now....2 for $1.01

GIFT IDEAS

- ☐ **MEN'S CUFF LINKS.** Pair, reg. $1, 2 for $1.01
- ☐ **HAMILTON LEATHER WATCH STRAP** for men. Genuine pigskin and calfskin, stitched with nylon. Smart, sturdy. Reg. $1.00, 2 for $1.01
- ☐ **GOLD-PLATED KEY CHAIN.** Jewelry quality. Baked enamel design. Choose round, rectangular or square. Each, reg. 98¢.....2 for 99¢
- ☐ **WINDPROOF LIGHTER,** chrome. Lifetime guarantee of service. Reg. $1.98, now..2 for $1.99
- ☐ **4. PLASTIC BILLFOLDS** for men, women. Pass case, change purse. Each, reg. $1, 2 for $1.01
- ☐ **WROUGHT IRON ASH TRAY** is smart, black, with brass cigarette-holder rod. Choose from four styles, each reg. $1.00, now 2 for $1.01
- ☐ **STAINLESS STEEL BOWLS** for individual soup, salad, cereal or popcorn servings. Mirror-finish outside. Reg. $1.00 each, now 2 for $1.01
- ☐ **REXALL NO. 6 PINE OIL DISINFECTANT,** full pint bottle, regularly $1.19, now..2 for $1.20
- ☐ **OLIVE OIL,** 12-oz. Monreale, $1.19, 2 for $1.20
- ☐ **BALLOONS,** reg. 10¢ each, now....2 for 11¢
- ☐ **DENTAL FLOSS,** 30-yd. vial, 25¢....2 for 26¢
- ☐ **DENTAL PLATE BRUSH,** Klenzo, 59¢, 2 for 60¢
- ☐ **DENTUREX ADHESIVE POWDER,** 79¢, 2 for 80¢

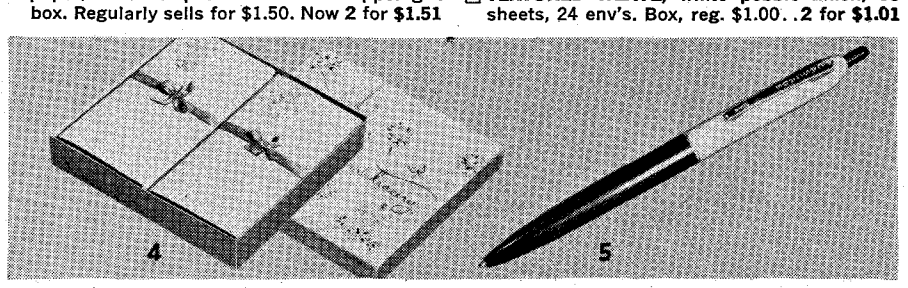
STATIONERY SAVINGS



- ☐ **1. STARDUST STATIONERY,** box of 36 sheets of white vellum and 24 matching puffed envelopes. 24 sheets have lovely, 2-color star design in upper corner. Box, reg. $1.00, 2 for $1.01
- ☐ **2. WHITE SPLENDOR,** box of 36 large, flat sheets and 24 envelopes. Distinctively watermarked. Box, regularly $1.00, now 2 for $1.01

BOXED STATIONERY

- ☐ **IMPERIAL GRANITE,** 48 sheets and 24 matching, puffed envelopes. Paper is heather-gray granite. Sheets have golden border on all sides. Box, regularly $1.50.....2 for $1.51
- ☐ **TRADITION LINEN** is our finest gift box with 50 sheets of extra-heavy, white linen-finish paper, 30 envelopes in beautiful copper gift box. Regularly sells for $1.50. Now 2 for $1.51
- ☐ **3. ELITE CRUSHED-RIPPLE POUND PAPER** or envelopes—new, white embossed paper!—50 large sheets or 50 matching envelopes, distinctively boxed. Each regularly 89¢, 2 for 90¢
- ☐ **WHITE VELLUM,** 18 folded notes, 18 envelopes. Rag content. Box, reg. 75¢...2 for 76¢
- ☐ **FASHIONED LETTERS** box has 36 sheets of white vellum; 24 puffed envelopes with matching design. Regularly $1.00, now..2 for $1.01
- ☐ **POSTSCRIPT** has 36 sheets, 24 puffed envelopes of uniquely tinted white paper with watermark. Box, regularly $1.00..2 for $1.01
- ☐ **DIAMOND FLAIR** has a top-border design of diamond shapes in 3 colors. Box of 36 sheets, 24 envelopes regularly $1.00, now 2 for $1.01
- ☐ **TEXTURED WEAVE,** white pebble-finish, 36 sheets, 24 env's. Box, reg. $1.00..2 for $1.01



- ☐ **4. FLORAL TRACERY** box has 20 slim-size, single-fold notes with embossed corner design; 20 puffed envelopes. Reg. $1.00..2 for $1.01
- ☐ **FIELD AND FLOWERS NOTES,** French-folded, 4″ x 5″. 18 notes with 6 different designs by a famous artist, lithographed in 6 colors. 18 envelopes. Box, regularly $1.00...2 for $1.01
- ☐ **LEAFLETTES NOTES.** 18 French-fold, horizontal notes of white vellum and 18 matching, fully-puffed envelopes. Original, 4-color design. Box, regularly $1.00, now....2 for $1.01
- ☐ **GAY AND MOODY,** 12 notes with clown characters, 12 envelopes. Reg. 60¢, now 2 for 61¢
- ☐ **SCENIC NOTES** have actual Kodachrome reproductions in 4 colors! 10 notes, 10 envelopes, four scenes per box. Reg. 60¢, 2 for 61¢
- ☐ **5. CASCADE DUO-COLOR BALL PEN,** top-button action, non-smear ink. Reg. $1, 2 for $1.01
- ☐ **CASCADE "ALL-IN-ONE" BALL PEN REFILL** fits over 150 ball pens. Reg. 49¢...2 for 50¢
- ☐ **2-TONE FOUNTAIN PEN** with medium point, plastic carry-case. Regularly $1.00, 2 for $1.01

SCHOOL & DESK NEEDS

- ☐ **CASCADE LEAD PENCIL,** 5¢, now....2 for 6¢
- ☐ **SPEEDLINES AIRMAIL.** 60 airmail sheets, 30 envelopes, air stickers. Reg. $1.00, 2 for $1.01
- ☐ **AIR MAIL TABLET,** reg. 25¢, now....2 for 26¢
- ☐ **TYPEWRITER TABLET,** reg. 39¢, now 2 for 40¢
- ☐ **ALL-PURPOSE TABLET** for pencil or ball pen, 8″ x 10″, ruled. Regularly 39¢, now 2 for 40¢
- ☐ **"MAKE-A-NOTE" PAD,** reg. 39¢, now 2 for 40¢

EVERY ITEM IN THE 1¢ SALE IS REGULAR GUARANTEED REXALL MERCHANDISE

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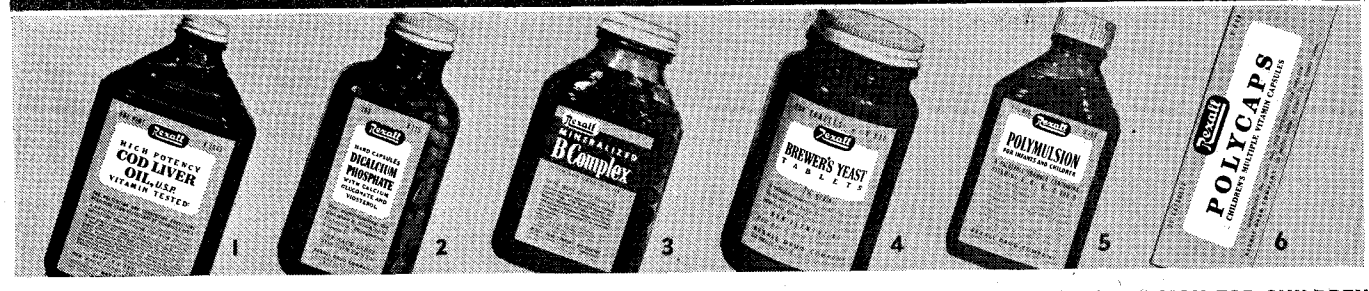
REXALL VITAMINS FOR THE WHOLE FAMILY



☐ **1. REXALL COD LIVER OIL, HIGH POTENCY.** Contains more than twice the U.S.P. standard for Cod Liver Oil vitamin potency. 1 teaspoon provides 1⅘ times the minimum daily adult requirement of vitamins A and D to supplement the diets of children and expectant mothers: aids development of sound bones and teeth; promotes calcium absorption. Full pint bottle, regularly $1.49, now..2 for **$1.50**

☐ **2. REXALL DICALCIUM PHOSPHATE** capsules provide calcium, phosphorus, vitamin D. Excellent for expectant and nursing mothers. Bottle of 100, regularly $1.24....2 for **$1.25**

☐ **REXALL ALPHACAPS,** high-potency vitamin A. 50,000 U.S.P. unit strength supplies 12½ times MDAR*. Bottle of 100, reg. $7.95, 2 for **$7.96;** 25,000 U.S.P. supplies 6¼ times MDAR. Bottle of 100, regularly $4.00, now 2 for **$4.01**

☐ **REXALL ASCORBIC ACID,** vitamin C tablets. 250-mg. tablets supply 8⅓ times MDAR*. Bottle of 100, regularly $4.09, now 2 for **$4.10;** 100 mg., bottle of 100, $1.98, now 2 for **$1.99;** 50 mg. bottle of 100, reg. $1.09...2 for **$1.10**

B-COMPLEX VITAMINS

☐ **REXALL THIAMINE HYDROCHLORIDE B_1,** therapeutic potency. 100-mg. tablets provide 100 times MDAR*. Bottle of 100, regularly $7.98, **2 for $7.99;** 50-mg., 100, regularly $4.59, now 2 for **$4.60;** 25-mg., 100, regularly $2.98, now 2 for **$2.99;** 10-mg., reg. $1.51, 2 for **$1.52**

☐ **REXALL VITAMIN B-COMPLEX CAPSULES** supply five important B-complex vitamins. Bottle of 100, regularly $2.59, now 2 for **$2.60**

☐ **3. REXALL MINERALIZED B-COMPLEX** supplies red vitamin B_{12}; very high potency B_1 and B_2; nine B-complex vitamins, vitamin C, and eleven minerals plus iron. Just 1 tablet supplies 15 times the minimum daily adult requirement of vitamin B_1, 3 times MDAR* of B_2, twice MDAR of iron, 1½ times MDAR of iodine, 100% MDAR vitamin C, plus yeast and liver. Bottle of 100, regularly $5.95, 2 for **$5.96**

☐ **4. REXALL BREWER'S YEAST TABLETS** are a natural source of vitamins B_1 and B_2 at low cost. Big bottle of 250, reg. 98¢....2 for **99¢**

☐ **REXALL VITAMIN B_{12}.** Bottle of 100 10-mcg. tablets, regularly $2.30, 2 for **$2.31;** or 5-mcg. capsules, regularly $1.20, now...2 for **$1.21**

☐ **REXALL BETA-CAPS** supply 5 B-complex vitamins at low cost. You get 1½ times MDAR* of vitamin B_1, MDAR of B_2, plus niacinamide, calcium pantothenate and vitamin B_6. Bottle of 100 capsules, reg. $2.00, now 2 for **$2.01**

VITAMINS FOR CHILDREN

☐ **REXALL POLYDROPS** mix with the baby's formula; supply vitamins A, D_3, B_1, B_2, B_6, C, nicotinamide, and sodium pantothenate. 30 cc bottle, regularly $2.09, now.....2 for **$2.10**

☐ **REXALL PERCOCOD TABLETS,** "Vitamin Candy" for children. 2 good-tasting tablets a day supply 1¼ times the minimum requirement of vitamins A and D. Derived from natural cod liver oils. 110, reg. 98¢...2 for **99¢**

☐ **REXALL YEAST & IRON** tablets supply 7 times MDAR* of iron at low cost, plus vitamins B_1 and B_2. Bottle of 100, reg. 89¢.....2 for **90¢**

☐ **5. REXALL POLYMULSION FOR CHILDREN** and infants. One teaspoon provides 100% or more of their daily requirement of vitamins A, D, B_1, B_2 and C. Pleasant orange flavor. Mix with fruit juice, milk or baby's formula. Full pint bottle, reg. $3.59, now 2 for **$3.60;** 4-ounce bottle, regularly $1.15...2 for **$1.16**

☐ ***6. REXALL POLYCAPS** for children. One capsule supplies the daily minimum requirement of all vitamins for children up to age 12: A, D, B_1, B_2, niacinamide and vitamin C. Box of 72 capsules, regularly $1.98.....2 for **$1.99***

MULTIPLE VITAMINS

☐ **REXALL MULTI-VITAMIN FORMULA V-10.** This excellent appetite stimulant supplies 5 times MDAR* iron, twice MDAR of vitamin B_1, and MDAR of vitamins A, D and B_2, plus true liver concentrate and red crystalline vitamin B_{12}. Recommended for convalescents. Full pint bottle, regularly $1.98, now.....2 for **$1.99**

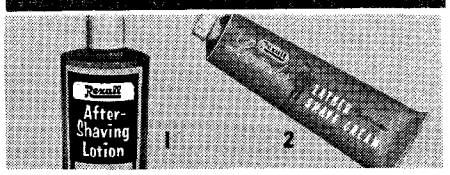
☐ **REXALL A, B, D & G** capsules. 2 a day supply 1¼ MDAR* vitamin A, twice MDAR vitamin D, MDAR of B_1 and B_2, plus niacinamide. Bottle of 100, regularly $1.59, now.....2 for **$1.60**

☐ **REXALL PANOVITE WITH MINERALS** is similar to the Panovite multi-vitamin formula illustrated on page 1 (8 vitamins and red crystalline B_{12}) with 11 minerals added, including iron. 100 capsules, reg. $4.95, now 2 for **$4.96**

☐ **REXALL THERAMINS** is a therapeutic formula which provides high-potency vitamins B_1, B_2, A, C and D. 100, regularly $8.95, 2 for **$8.96**

**MDAR: Minimum Daily Adult Requirement*

MEN'S TOILETRIES



☐ **1. REXALL SHAVING LOTION** cools, refreshes and helps prevent redness. 6-ounce bottle, regularly 59¢, now stock up at.....2 for **60¢**

☐ **2. LAVENDER MENTHOLATED SHAVE CREAM.** Choose 3½ oz. regular or 3¼ oz. brushless. Tube of either, regularly 59¢, now..2 for **60¢**

☐ **LAVENDER SHAVE LOTION** has subtle lavender fragrance. 4 oz., reg. $1.00...2 for **$1.01**

☐ **REXALL SHAVING CREAM.** Choose 2¾ oz. lather or 2½ oz. brushless. Each, regularly 43¢ a tube. Stock up and save now at 2 for **44¢**

☐ **REXALL BAY RUM** conditions the scalp, combats dandruff. Made from the finest, imported and distilled oil of Bay leaves. Full pint bottle, regularly 65¢, now save at.....2 for **66¢**

☐ **KLENZO LATHER BRUSH** is cased with pure badger, firmly set in rubber. Has well-shaped handle. Regularly $2.50, now....2 for **$2.51**

☐ **REXALL STYPTIC PENCIL** quickly closes tiny shave-cuts. Jumbo size in vial with tight top to keep it clean. Regularly 15¢, now 2 for **16¢**

☐ **REXALL HAIR OIL** is very lightly scented. 5-oz. bottle, regularly 49¢, now....2 for **50¢**

☐ **REXALL CREAM HAIR TONIC** contains lanolin to replace natural oils. Creamy consistency keeps hair neat without that "greasy" look. 5-ounce bottle, reg. 69¢, now.....2 for **70¢**

☐ **LAVENDER CREAM HAIR TONIC** is lightly scented. 6 ounce, reg. 98¢, now.....2 for **99¢**

☐ **REXALL ANTISEPTIC HAIR TONIC** helps remove loose dandruff. 5 oz., reg. 69¢, 2 for **70¢**

☐ **REXALL SHAMPOO** is sudsy, quick, clean-rinsing. 5-oz. bottle, reg. 59¢, now 2 for **60¢**

☐ **KLENZO MILITARY HAIR BRUSH** has sturdy, white nylon bristles; new walnut-color plastic back. Regularly $2.00, now.....2 for **$2.01**

☐ **"8480" NAIL CLIPPER,** reg. 49¢, now 2 for **50¢**

☐ **POCKET COMB AND FILE.** 5" rubber comb, 4" file in leather case. Reg. 29¢, now 2 for **30¢**

BEAUTY BUYS

☐ **1. ADRIENNE FACE POWDER.** Compressed or Regular. 4 shades, reg. $1.00 each, 2 for **$1.01**

☐ **2. ADRIENNE INDELO LIPSTICK,** choice of 6 shades or Magic Red. Reg. $1.00, 2 for **$1.01**

☐ **ADRIENNE "MAGIC TONE" LIQUID ROUGE.** Blends evenly. Regularly $1.00...2 for **$1.01**

☐ **ADRIENNE POWDER PUFFS.** Choose Velour, 3", 2 for **16¢;** 4" in cellophane envelope, 2 for **26¢;** or Compressed style, reg. 15¢, 2 for **16¢**

☐ **VIOLET CERATE CREAM,** 3 oz., $1, 2 for **$1.01**

☐ **COCOA BUTTER STICK,** ⅞ oz., 40¢, 2 for **41¢**

☐ **COLOGNE STICKS.** Choose Woodsy, Garden Spice or Lavender. Reg. $1.25 each, 2 for **$1.26**

☐ **ILASOL HAND LOTION.** Non-sticky, fast-drying. ½-pt. bottle, reg. 89¢, now....2 for **90¢**

☐ **"8480" TWEEZER,** reg. 25¢, now...2 for **26¢**

☐ **3. REXALL THEATRICAL CLEANSING OR COLD CREAM.** 1 lb., $1.25 each...2 for **$1.26**

☐ **4. ADRIENNE HAND CREAM,** $1, 2 for $1.01

DEODORANTS

☐ **5. DAINTY DEODORANT** stick, $1, 2 for $1.01

☐ **DAINTY DEODORANT CREAM.** 49¢, 2 for **50¢**

☐ **LAVENDER DEODORANT STICK,** $1,2 for **$1.01**

☐ **DAINTY DEODORANT COLOGNE,** 2 for **$1.01**

☐ **DAINTY MIST SPRAY DEODORANT,** 1½-oz. plastic squeeze-bottle. Reg. 75¢, now 2 for **76¢**

☐ **DAINTY DEODORANT POWDER,** 60¢, 2 for **61¢**

☐ **ADRIENNE DEODORANT LOTION.** Light, delicate fragrance. 2 oz., reg. $1.00, 2 for **$1.01**

☐ **MASCAL'S HAND CREAM.** 6¼-oz. jar, 2 for **99¢;** or **HAND LOTION,** Pt., 98¢.....2 for **99¢**

☐ **6. ATOMIZER.** Rich colors with 24K gold-plated trim. 4-oz. size, reg. $3.00, now 2 for **$3.01;** 2¼-oz., reg. $1.50, now....2 for **$1.51**

☐ **7. REXALL COTTON SQUARES.** 40, 2 for **24¢**

☐ **ADRIENNE COLOGNES.** Woodsy, Floral or Exotic Essence. Reg. $1.25 each..2 for **$1.26**

☐ **GARDEN SPICE COLOGNE** has a subtle, spicy fragrance. 4 oz., reg. $1.50, now..2 for **$1.51**

☐ **HELEN CORNELL HAIR RINSE,** 98¢, 2 for **99¢**

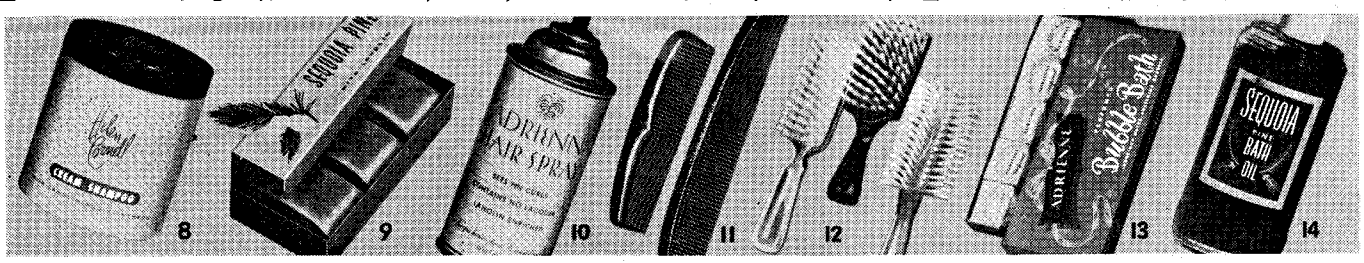
☐ **HELEN CORNELL HAIR BANDEAU** keeps hair in place after shampoo. Reg. 39¢...2 for **40¢**

☐ **HELEN CORNELL WAVE NET,** 10¢, 2 for **11¢**

☐ **NYLON LACE HAIR NET,** reg. 49¢...2 for **50¢**

☐ **METALLIC HAIR NET,** reg. 19¢, now 2 for **20¢**

☐ **EMERY BOARDS.** Pack, reg. 15¢....2 for **16¢**



☐ **8. HELEN CORNELL SHAMPOO.** 4-oz. jar Cream Shampoo or 8-oz. bottle Liquid or Cocoanut Oil Shampoo. 98¢ each...2 for **99¢**

☐ **9. SEQUOIA PINE SOAP** with lanolin. Pine fragrance. Box of 3, regularly $1.00, 2 for **$1.01**

☐ **ADRIENNE ROSE GERANIUM SOAP** with lanolin. Box of 3 cakes, reg. $1.00, 2 for **$1.01**

☐ **ADRIENNE DRY SKIN SOAP** with lanolin. Extra mild. Box of 3 cakes, reg. $1.00, 2 for **$1.01**

☐ **LAVENDER SOAP** with lanolin. Excellent for dry skin. Box of 3, reg. $1.00, now 2 for **$1.01**

☐ **ADRIENNE CREAMS.** Choose 3½-oz. "All Purpose"; 3-oz. Cold Cream; or 3¼-oz. Cleansing Cream. Regularly $1.00 each....2 for **$1.01**

☐ **ADRIENNE LIQUID CLEANSING CREAM.** Has mild antiseptic. 6 oz. Reg. $1.50, 2 for **$1.51**

☐ **10. ADRIENNE HAIR SPRAY** with lanolin. Big 11-oz. Aerosol, reg. $1.89, now....2 for **$1.90**

☐ **11. MAXIMUM HARD RUBBER COMBS.** Many styles. Reg. 29¢, 2 for **30¢;** reg. 19¢, 2 for **20¢**

BRUSHES

☐ **12. HAIR BRUSH.** 2 styles in colors for ladies and walnut club style for men. All have plastic bristles. Each, reg. $1.00, now....2 for **$1.01**

☐ **KLENZO HAIR BRUSH.** Professional style; firm nylon bristles. Each, reg. $2.00, now 2 for **$2.01**

☐ **KLENZO PURSE SIZE HAIR BRUSH.** Choice of colors; nylon bristles. Reg. $1.00..2 for **$1.01**

☐ **KLENZO BATH BRUSH,** reg. $2.00, 2 for **$2.01**

☐ **HAND AND NAIL BRUSH.** $1.00...2 for **$1.01**

☐ **KLENZO COMPLEXION BRUSH.** Oval back, soft nylon bristles. Regularly $1..2 for **$1.01**

☐ **13. ADRIENNE PERFUMED BUBBLE BATH.** Box of 20 packets, regularly 75¢, now 2 for **76¢**

☐ **14. SEQUOIA PINE BATH OIL** softens water. 6-oz. bottle, regularly $1.00, now..2 for **$1.01**

☐ **ADRIENNE HORMONE CREAM.** Contains 10,000 International Units of natural hormones per ounce. 2-oz. jar, $1.50, 2 for **$1.51**

☐ **ADRIENNE LIQUID LANOLIN COMPOUND** for skin and hair. Reg. $1.50, now...2 for **$1.51**

☐ **"8480" TALCUM.** Soft, fragrant, absorbent. 1-lb. shaker-top can, regularly 75¢, 2 for **76¢**

☐ **KLEARITE PLASTIC COMBS,** 10¢....2 for **11¢**

☐ **ADRIENNE CONTOUR COMBS,** 25¢, 2 for **26¢**

☐ **"8480" NAIL FILE,** 5-inch, reg. 25¢..2 for **26¢**

MEDICINE CHEST NEEDS

☐ **1. REXALL FUNGI-REX** for Athlete's Foot. Quick, effective relief; helps prevent reinfection. 4-oz. Aerosol, $1.59, 2 for **$1.60;** 1½-oz. Greaseless Salve (illus.) reg. 75¢, 2 for **76¢**

☐ **2. REXALL CASCARA COMPOUND** (Hinkle Pills). Laxative. 100 tablets, reg. 59¢, 2 for **60¢**

☐ **REXALL CASCARA SAGRADA TABLETS,** 5-gr. Bottle of 100, regularly 95¢, now 2 for **96¢**

☐ **REXALL EPSOM SALT,** 4 oz., reg. 21¢, 2 for **22¢**

☐ **REXALL PEPPERMINT** Essence, oz., 2 for **46¢**

☐ **REXALL FLUID EXTRACT CASCARA AROMATIC.** Laxative. 4-ounce, reg. 98¢, 2 for **99¢**

☐ **REXALL GLYCERIN,** 3 oz., reg. 75¢, 2 for **76¢**

☐ **REXALL GLYCERIN AND ROSE WATER.** Softens hands. 4-oz. bottle, reg. 59¢, now 2 for **60¢**

☐ **REXALL PRO-CAP PLASTIC ADHESIVE TAPE.** Flesh-colored. 1" x 5 yards, reg. 49¢, 2 for **50¢**

☐ **REXALL WATERPROOF ADHESIVE TAPE,** 3 widths on 1 roll. White. Reg. 59¢, now 2 for **60¢**

These suggested retail prices are effective Oct. 15 through Oct. 20 inclusive and are subject to Federal Excise Tax where applicable. Right reserved to limit quantities. Rexall Drug Co., Los Angeles 54, Calif.

BE SURE TO CHECK PRECEDING PAGES AGAIN

Rexall DRUG STORES

YOU CAN DEPEND ON ANY DRUG PRODUCT THAT BEARS THE NAME REXALL

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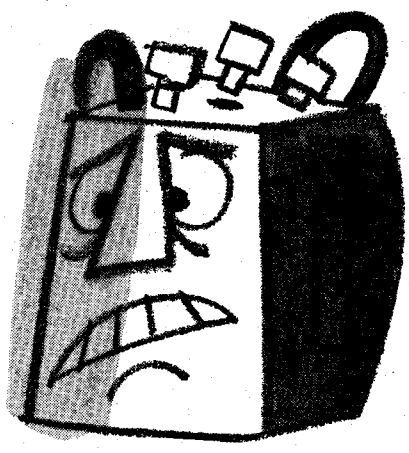
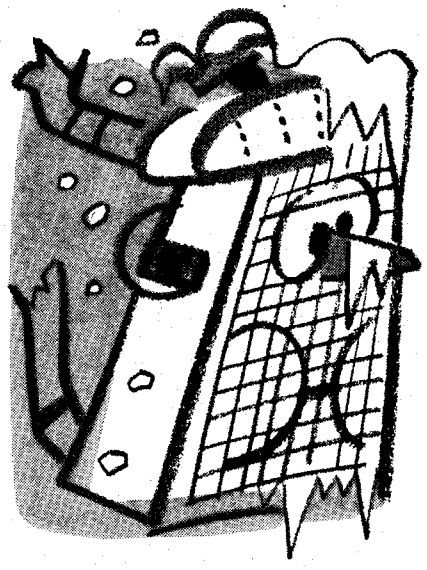
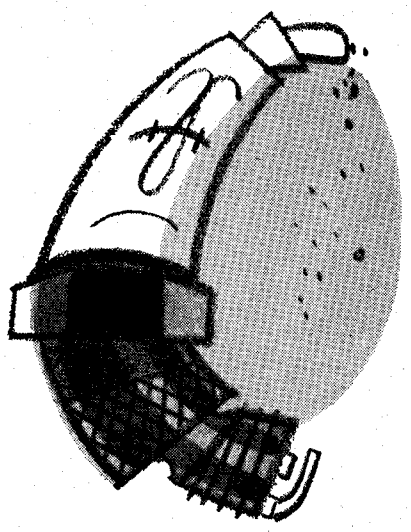
8 reasons why your car needs a MoPar cold-weather checkup now



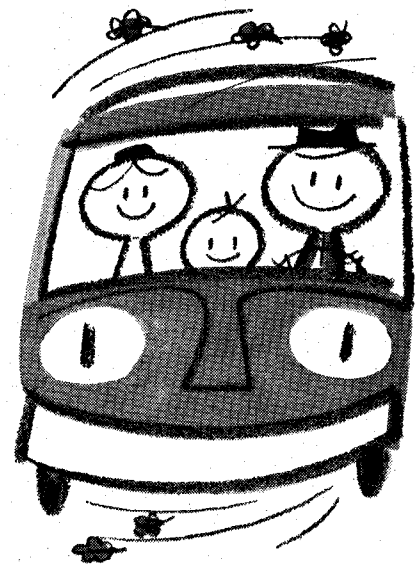
Cold-weather starting demands more from your battery. A MoPar check NOW will avoid danger of getting stranded with a dead battery later.



Cooling systems operate under different conditions these chilly days. MoPar Anti-Freeze now will prevent costly freeze-up damage.

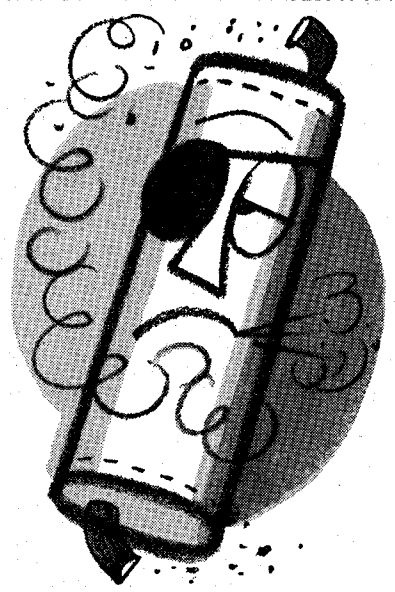


Cleaned, adjusted or, if needed, new MoPar Spark Plugs will give you faster starts, save your battery, and give better gas mileage.

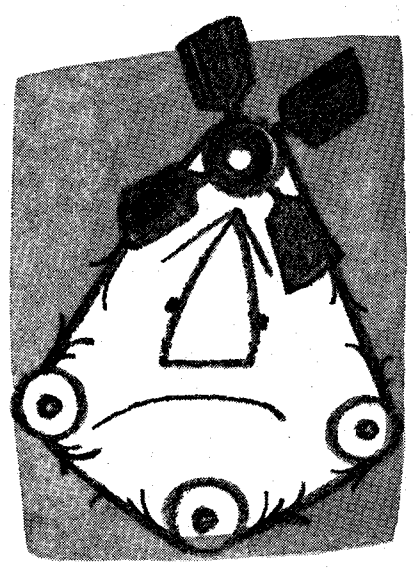


Have your thermostat checked. MoPar Thermostats let your engine and car heater operate at most efficient temperatures during cold weather.

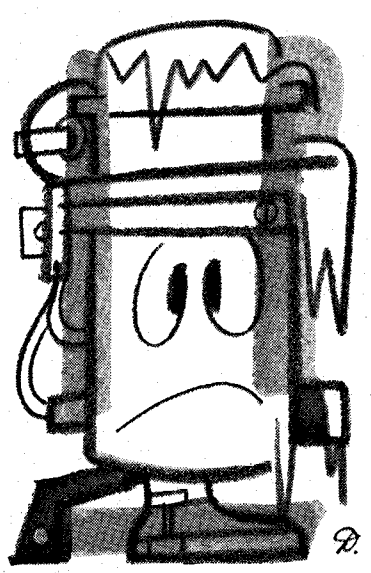
Cold-weather driving loads oil with impurities. Protect your engine with a new MoPar Oil Filter Cartridge when you switch to winter-grade oil.



Rust, acids, and knocks damage even the best mufflers. A MoPar checkup will avoid danger of windows-up driving with leaking muffler.



Fan belt turns your generator, keeps your battery up. Give it a MoPar checkup and be prepared for winter's heavy demands on your battery.



MoPar Gasoline Anti-Freeze saves you trouble by preventing frozen carburetors and fuel lines. Get a can at check-up time.

Fall's the time to have your car checked. An 8-point **MoPar** checkup now will take care of every cold-weather need. It'll give you peace of mind—and, in case of sudden autumn freezes, it'll save you costly repair bills. **MoPar** parts and accessories are the only ones engineered especially for Plymouth, Dodge, De Soto, Chrysler and Imperial cars, and Dodge Trucks. Remember, they are guaranteed by Chrysler Corporation. Get your **MoPar** cold-weather checkup at Plymouth, Dodge, De Soto and Chrysler dealers and better repair shops everywhere.

MoPar

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PARTS & ACCESSORIES

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I'll Come Back (Continued from Page 32)

the tangled mass of ivy-leaf geraniums that covered the yard. Most of the blooms were gone. Down canyon, he'd hear an approaching car. And contrary to the logic in his mind, his body would tense with hope. But it would be a salesman, a roughneck applying for a job or one of his few and scattered neighbors. "Wade, could you give me the loan of a little machine oil? Ring job on that rotary." Or, "Wade, take a look at this core. Taste it. Got a nice little oil saturation here, seems to me."

It was six weeks. Eight weeks. Ten. Then, he quit marking off days. But, grim and tired, he went on with the work. Evenings were the worst. The lonely creak and pull of the jack line on the cliff that kept the little wells pumping. And the sign, up there on the run-around of the tall derrick now, its strong black letters standing out sharp and clear, even in the dusk. DEEP HAZARD. And she'd decided there were too many hazards here for her.

It had been the first week in June when he brought the sign down from the cliff to the tool shed below the house, scraped it clean of the old paint, put a flat white coat on it and repainted the letters. It was only about nine in the morning, no wind and the sun pleasant where it broke through the shade of the pepper trees. The smell of paint was good, and the sharp scent of pepper leaves, baking a little in early warmth, and the tang of oil that hung in the air.

He had assembled several colors of paint, paint remover, a ragged blue shirt and some cotton waste on the old bull wheel that served as an outside workbench. He finished the sign and began to clean the brushes. Except for sparrows, twittering, moving in the leaves overhead, and the sound of the jack line, it was very still here at the upper end of the canyon. And suddenly, as though he'd run full tilt into a hard rock wall, he felt an awful loneliness. He stood still. He looked into the future. It was empty. Damn it, his existence was reasonless.

A car roared up from down canyon. It came fast into view, and made the curve, gravel spitting out from white-wall tires, an expensive black convertible. It parked near him in the shade. A dark-haired woman. A big, handsome, arrogant, beefy, red-faced man. Sweating, yanking off a tweed coat, the man got out.

"You Wade Nelson?"

"Yes. But watch that cigar, will you? Just painted that sign and ——"

"Through with it, anyway." He mashed the cigar to a pulp under a brown suède shoe. "I'm Haldon Lambert. Lambert Oil. I've had some geologists, and so on, in here looking over the canyon. You might have noticed. I'd like to lease this property of yours."

So this was Lambert. "Sorry," Wade said. "I don't want to lease."

"Then I'll buy."

"It's not for sale."

The woman stepped out of the car, sun splashing on her brown hair through leaves, catching at the brilliant blue lights in the diamonds on her fingers. A costly, hand-tooled leather bag swung from a strap on her shoulder. She wore gray tailored slacks. One woman who could wear them. Flat open sandals matched the bag. No stockings, red lacquer on her toenails. A pink shirt, open at the throat, sleeves rolled up. Smooth, golden skin. A bitter line at her mouth. But fine, dark eyes. They gazed at him, reflective, searching, then she looked up toward the house.

"Adobe," she murmured. "But those geraniums. Popping out like silent firecrackers. It's one of those feelings," she said to Wade, "as though I'd been here before. And my father used to be a ——"

"My wife," Lambert said briefly, rudely; and went right on, "Anything's for sale when the buyer has the price."

"Sorry."

"Oh, I heard you might be stubborn. But listen, man. I can develop this property. I can come in here, and in no time at all I'll sink so many wells you can't swing a sledge hammer between them. Now, on a lease, I'll give you a flat-rate bonus. And ten per cent of every barrel of oil I take out of here. Or, if you'd rather sell ——"

"I'm not leasing to you. Not selling. Not at any price."

Wade picked up another brush, dipped cotton waste in remover. He was in clean, worn khakis. A laundry patch on a pocket. He hadn't got to town this week, as he'd vaguely planned, and his light sun-burned hair was in need of cutting. He was tall, lean-muscled from hard work, but he looked his age, which was thirty-seven. He had heavy, sandy brows, a small bright scar above the left one. Except for the scar, he'd pass unnoticed in a crowd. He had thoughtful gray eyes. Right now they were level, dismissing.

He repeated, without emotion, "Not at any price."

Lambert's red face got redder. A bad-tempered man. "There's no need to try to hold me up. State your price. And if it's anywhere within reason ——"

"You force me to make myself very clear. This is an easy place to push the little guy around. Whenever you can, on any of your leases, you run your wells wide open. You'd do that here. The little independents down canyon couldn't afford to offset you. You'd use all the energy, the share of gas pressure they're entitled to. Those who have got a well or two couldn't get their oil up. And, in the long run, you'd ruin my property as an oil field."

"You're worried about the long life of an oil field at your age? I want mine while I'm alive. And this is a poor-boy setup if I've ever seen one. That two-inch pipe line you've got down canyon." Lambert snorted. "Overhead. Tied to trees. Braced on rocks. And by the way, who's that old coot with the rattle-trap tank truck?"

"That's Pop Hartley. Old squatter in here. Got a shack down the road."

"Fairfield trucks make your oil run, don't they? That old guy was down there at your loading rack. Stealing your oil. Why don't you padlock that flow valve?"

"Pop used to haul oil out of here for my father. When we put the pipe line down canyon, it threw him out of a job. Made him mad. He's somewhat soured on the world, anyway. And that little dab of crude—three or four barrels a month—keeps him in flour and chewing tobacco. I fixed it up with Fairfield. They know where it comes from."

"And the old fellow doesn't know that you know?" It was Mrs. Lambert, asking, a little gleam back of that oddly speculative look—was it?—in her brown eyes.

Wade chuckled. "I have to be careful, sometimes, not to catch him. He'd quit if I did. He's around seventy-six, seven. And that makes him feel devilish, young. A big, hot-oil deal, you know."

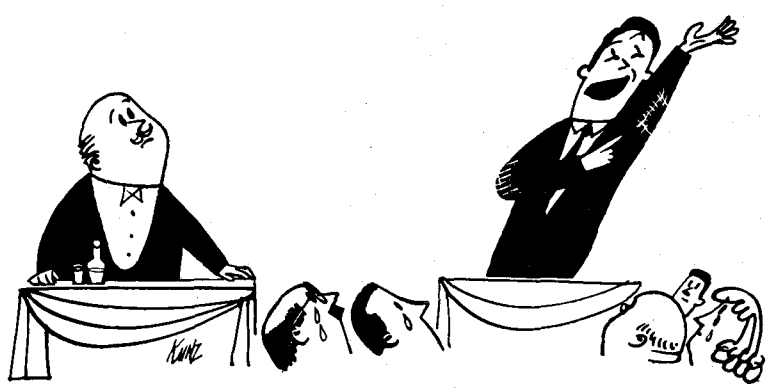
She laughed. It was short-lived laughter. But warm, understanding, and, momentarily, it had erased that line at her mouth.

"I don't see anything funny about an oil thief," Lambert said stiffly. "You know I can't abide one, Nora. And if the man needs flour, he's got his pension."

"He has a little Social Security," Wade said. "He's proud. He wouldn't take the pension."

"He'd rather steal," Lambert sneered. "I'd get him out of here, and fast."

Wade eyed him. Was it possible the man didn't (*Continued on Page 65*)



The Perfect Squelch

The New England legislator, up for re-election, was competent and conscientious, but happened to come from a wealthy family. So his opponent, a young man with few qualifications, emphasized his own humble origins in all his campaign talks. He told the voters he was born in a backwoods shack, left school in the fifth grade to help his ailing mother, and never owned a real suit of clothes until he was eighteen. Although he exaggerated, he gained ground against the older man.

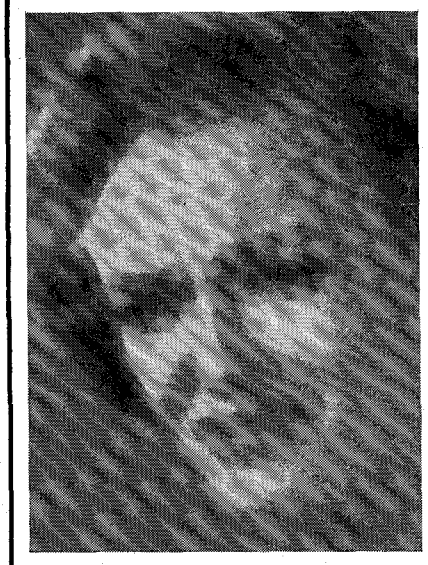
Finally the two spoke at the same town meeting. The younger man, avoiding all political issues, recited his early struggles, with a sneer at his opponent. But the older man, rising to reply, won over the meeting with his opening words.

"I, too," he began, "was born a barefoot boy."

James B. Trefethen

Upset Stomach got you

OUT OF FOCUS?



When upset stomach, heartburn, gas or other symptoms of acid indigestion cause you distress, simply

Take Minty Phillips' Tablets

FEEL FINE AGAIN FAST!

You can't beat Phillips' Tablets for *on-the-spot* relief from acid upset. A few Phillips' Tablets have you feeling better—*almost instantly*—for they contain one of the world's *fastest* antacids! Delightfully flavored, they're as pleasant and refreshing to take as candy mints. So always carry Phillips' Tablets wherever you go—for *on-the-spot* relief from acid indigestion. Get a handy tin today.

PHILLIPS' TABLETS

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Hey, diddle, diddle! The cat and the fiddle!
The cow jumped over the moon.
The moon was all yellow and-yum-m-made of Jell-O,
So the cow went back for a spoon.

COPR. 1956, GENERAL FOODS CORP.

JELL-O
BRAND
GELATIN DESSERT
TEN DELICIOUS FLAVORS

JELL-O IS A REGISTERED TRADE-MARK
OF GENERAL FOODS CORPORATION

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(*Continued from Page 63*) realize that he, himself, was the biggest oil thief in the state? It was legal, though, his thievery. Always legal.

"His shack's on my property," Wade said evenly. "He'll stay there, and be welcome there, as long as he lives. I don't want to hurry you, but I should get up on the cliff and oil those pumps. Hope you didn't make the trip to the canyon just to see me."

Lambert shrugged. "I'm looking over other stuff, nearer Santa Paula. Yours was the only potential deal in here to interest me. Anticline thins out, down canyon. You'll be looking me up, Nelson," he said, with a cold grin. "But my next offer won't be so generous." He stepped to the car and opened the door. "Come on, Nora."

"It's restful here," she said. "And quiet. I'd have to wait for you someplace, Hal. It might as well be here. I'll stay here and you can pick me up on your way back."

"Seven miles out of my way." He glared at her.

She looked back calmly, slipped the bag from her shoulder and let it fall to the bench by the bull wheel.

"You," Lambert said, "and your notions." He choked back something else. "Suit yourself, then. But I won't be here till after lunch. And I can't say just what time after lunch."

"Perhaps Mr. Nelson will offer me a sandwich. You needn't hurry, Hal."

He slammed the door, pulled the car around in a hard shower of gravel and was gone.

"Well, now," Wade said, with a faint smile. "This is nice and cozy, Mrs. Lambert. I'll be happy to offer you a sandwich. And a beer to go with it. You're a beautiful woman. But you'll be wasting your time."

She seemed absently puzzled. Then she laughed again. *I believe she hasn't laughed much in a long time*, Wade thought. *It's like it surprises her.*

"You think I stayed to try to get you to change your mind?" She was not, in any way, offended. "You do. And you think that Hal was putting on a little act. Oh, he can do that, but he seldom needs to. His money acts for him. He's meeting some men in a bar in Santa Paula. I stayed for my own reasons. Do you mind?"

"I certainly don't mind," Wade said. "On the contrary, whatever your reasons, I —— But Lambert minds."

"Only because I've put him to a slight inconvenience. He hates deviation from any plan."

"He's a bunch of ego," Wade said bluntly. "Your husband. He's a conceited ass."

"Yes, he is, isn't he?"

"Your attitude's not very loyal."

"I've been loyal enough to him."

"If you feel like that, why live with the guy?"

Tension had come between them. It hung there like a shimmering heat wave.

She broke it. "What are you going to do with this sign?"

"What? Oh, that. It goes back up there on the cliff. On the tall derrick."

"Oh, yes, it would. Deep Hazard. I like that. It's a good name for an oil well."

He pulled at his mind, got it away from her. "We called it that when we first decided to try a deep well—my father and me. I don't know exactly why I painted it this morning. It was faded, dim. But there's plenty of work more pressing than that."

"Maybe your ambition had slackened off a little. And it's a kind of symbol to you, isn't it? The sign? A sort of challenge?"

"Why, I believe it is," he said. And he was smiling. "I hadn't consciously thought of it that way until this minute. You're a very discerning woman."

"Perhaps I've learned to be. And some of us need a symbol. Some of us need—something," she said, and instantly repressed the bitter tone that had come into her voice. "I thought you were going up there and oil those pumps."

"No hurry about that. I wanted to get rid of Lambert. I'm a pretty even-natured guy, generally. But I was afraid any minute that I'd take a poke at him."

"Yes, I know. Mostly because of Pop Hartley."

"You remember his name?"

"Well, you see, you're the first man I've met since my marriage that my husband couldn't buy. I—I was curious."

"Oh, I think sometimes that I'd lease or sell out here, if the right man came along."

"If you really meant that, you'd go out and hunt up a buyer. But you wouldn't find one, and one will never come along who feels as you do about the independents down canyon. Or about the old gentleman in the tank truck. I was wondering. Isn't that dangerous?"

"Pop loading the crude, you mean? An explosion? Pop has nothing to do but keep that old tanker in tiptop shape. I've never heard the engine backfire. And he knows how to handle crude. He was a jar-head driller for years. Cable tools. And he doesn't smoke, remember. He chews tobacco."

She smiled. "Oh, yes." She was still gazing up at the cliff. "How far did you get with Deep Hazard?"

"Three thousand feet."

"And then?"

"Oh, well, then the war came. I was with the occupation forces in Japan when my father died. He hadn't let me know that he was ill. I got back, and the little wells were sanded up, and in bad shape. It took time and money to clean them out, and get them going again. Almost three years of it."

"How do you get up there?"

"My transportation's a jeep. It's back of the shed here."

"Who cut that road? It looks like solid rock."

"It is. My father cut it. He and his gang of Chinese coolies. He was just a kid. Those five little wells are fifty years old."

"The derricks look so frail. As though the first little wind would blow them right off there."

"I keep 'em nailed together. They stand a lot of wind. They'll pump a little oil, I hope, for another fifty years."

"They must be very shallow."

"Five hundred feet."

"But they were deep hazards too. In their time. Do they make a living for you now?"

"Oh, of a sort. But there's the upkeep, you know."

"And the flour and tobacco for Pop."

He grinned. "Part of the upkeep. Loss by fire or theft."

"When do you plan to go on with the deep well?"

• •

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Ruth Chadwick

• •

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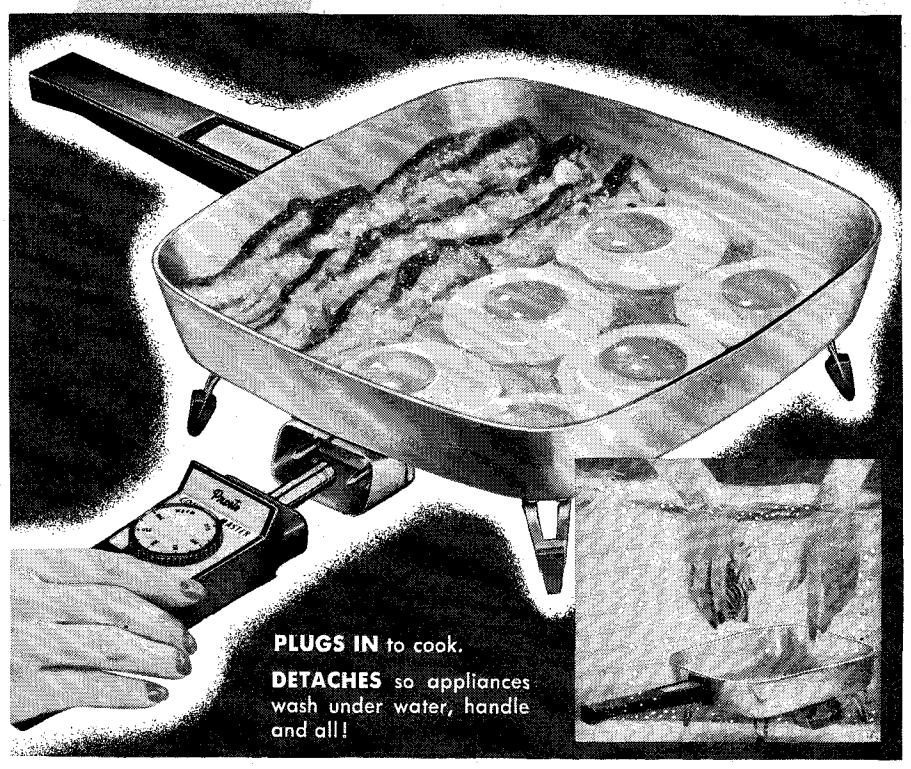

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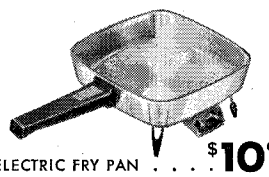
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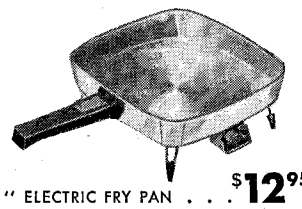
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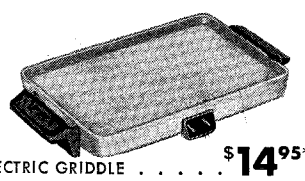
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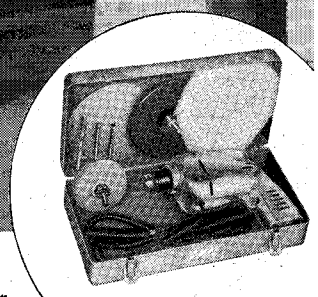

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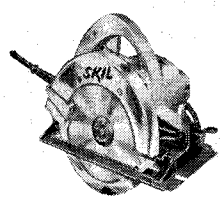

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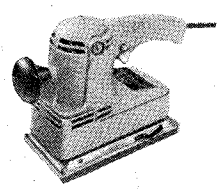

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"Oh, I don't know. I—keep putting it off. The effort, shouldering a load of debt at the start. A guy gets ——" He kicked a pebble down the slope, watched it roll to the dry stream bed. "Just before you drove up with—your husband," he said, a baffled stir of anger in him, "I was thinking that if I'd ever found a woman who'd really care —— Oh, I had the usual Dear John letter at the beginning of the war. I expected it. She knew that if I survived I'd come back here. She didn't like the canyon. The scanty way she might have to live. I never blamed her. And it ceased to matter long ago. A man's a little crazy, selfish, to want a woman to share this kind of life. Me, my shoestring. If I were younger, maybe, but at my age ——"

She turned. "Would you let me do a little work on that sign for you? I'd enjoy it. A paintbrush in my hands. It's been a long time since I've even wanted to touch ——"

"But this is just paint. House paint. And you'll get all messed up."

She was stripping the rings from her fine-grained, slender fingers. On the paint-stained, weathered bull wheel, they made a glittering little puddle. A ransom in diamonds. An oil king's ransom.

He wondered mightily at himself. At her. "Here's an old shirt," he said. "Just a rag. It's clean, though. Better tie it around you."

She shifted the lean of the signboard to please her. And he sat down on the bench to watch her work.

"Are you hungry?" he asked her after a while. "I could go make you that sandwich. Bring it to you or ——"

"Oh, no," she said. "I'm not hungry. But you ——"

"I'm not either."

Time passed. A half hour, an hour—he never knew. He didn't pay a lot of attention to what she was doing. He watched her face. Gradually it had taken on a wonderful look of serenity and peace.

"You like that," he said, after a long time. "And it's good for you too." And an afterthought, "Furthermore, you know what you're about."

"I come by it naturally. I started to say, a while back, that my father used to be a sign painter. A drifter, after mother died. But always a little pot of ivy-leaf geraniums in his trailer. We came from the East, where they're such a rarity. Of course, they're plentiful as grass in California. But this morning, there you were, painting a sign. And the geraniums —— Mother loved them so. I felt for a moment like—it was strange, but it was as though I'd been gone. That I had just come home."

"You lost your father too?" he asked gently.

"A wreck on the Ridge Route. He'd been going through Bakersfield and had got a commission to paint some signs for an oil man. He'd called me. He was on his way to Long Beach, to stay with me a while. The car burned. The trailer. I'd finished art school a few months previous, and had started out on my own, free-lancing. I'd made almost nothing, so far. And dad was a dreamer. He'd forget things like insurance. The oil man had paid by check for the sign work. Quite a big check, dad had said. They brought it to me, the signature barely visible. The bank wouldn't accept it. I needed it, you see, for—for dad. I called the man in Bakersfield. They said I'd find him at his Signal Hill office in Long Beach. I did. He renewed the check. His name was Lambert."

"Oh, that's how you met him."

"That's how. I thought he was a knight in armor." She was motionless a moment, dark eyes lowered to the brush in her hand, not seeing it. "In black-gold armor," she said then, and turned back to her painting, her hand very steady.

Some more of his legal thievery, Wade thought. Of course, he'd stolen her too.

"He hasn't bothered with any kind of pretense for a long time," she said. "But recently he tired of another mistress. He's busy. Not often home. He asked me to drive up here with him today because he's had a reconciliation in mind. I've been a—oh, just a glorified housekeeper for the last year or so. He's never wanted a divorce. It may be that he's a little older now and—he said I could have my children now, if I wanted them."

"You mean he never wanted ——"

"He doesn't really want them now."

"Why do you (*Continued on Page 69*)

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"They don't have yellow in your size, dear . . . blue? . . . just a moment and I'll ask the salesgirl."

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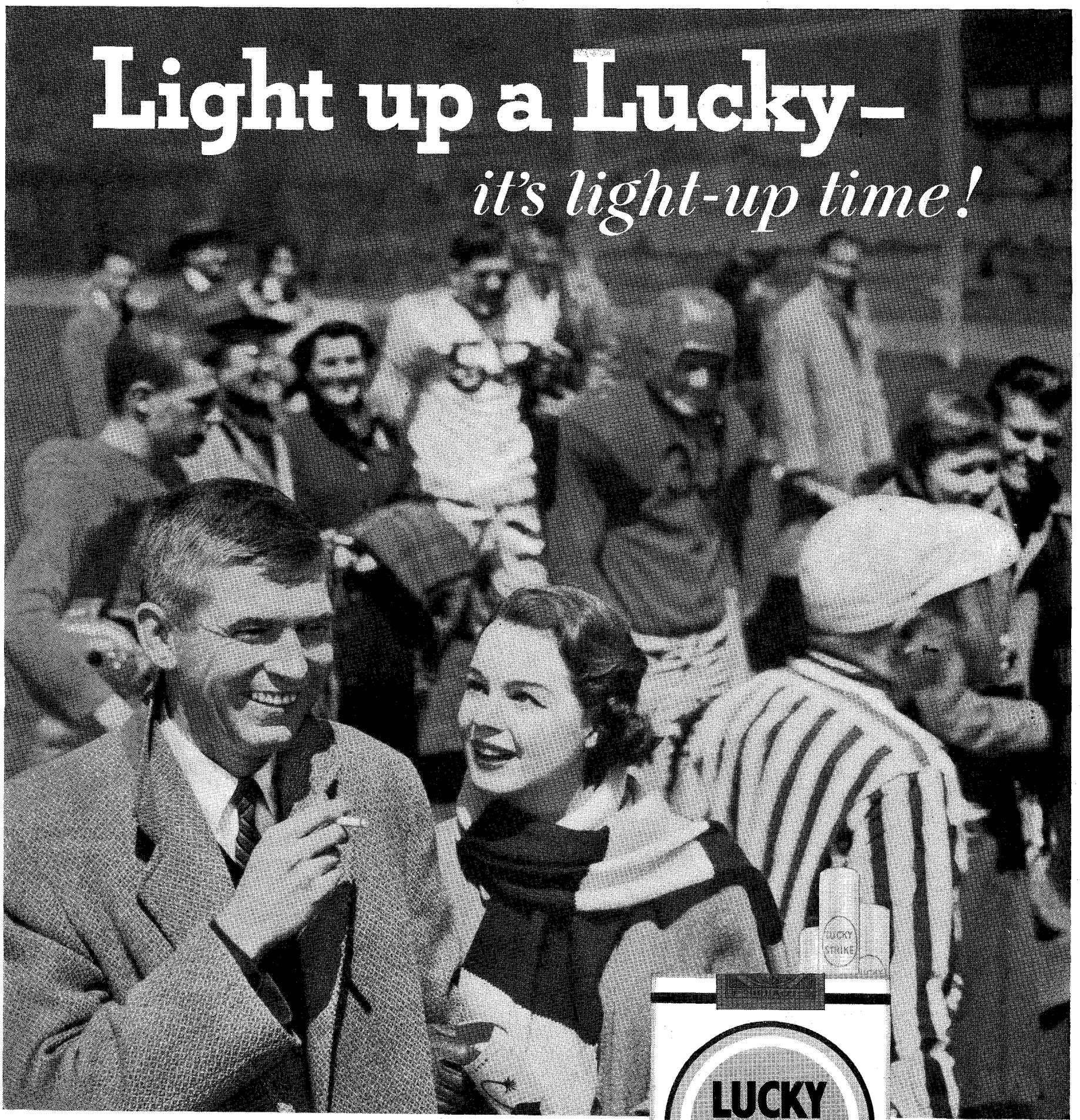

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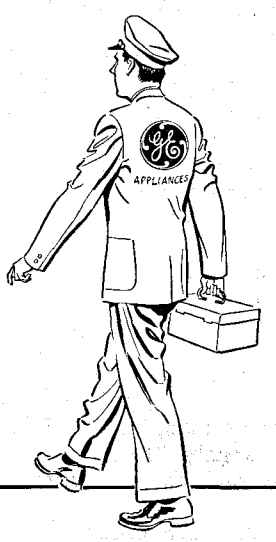

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(*Continued from Page 66*) stay with him? Why do you put up with this? Why ——"

"Maybe for the same reason," she said tiredly, "that you haven't started your deep well. I've not been able to make the effort. I haven't cared enough. I've become afraid, lost confidence in my ability to make my own living. And, apart from him, I'd never take his money. His home is luxurious. I have the respect of the community, my church. To some people, there's no excuse for divorce. I've thought that if dad were around—if I could talk to dad about it ——"

"Talk to me."

"I have." She showed him a corner of a smile. "You're far from old enough to be my father. I'm twenty-seven."

"I'm ten years older."

"How'd you get that little scar?"

"Shell. A bomber flight over Kiska, Alaska."

"You've seen a good many places. And people. The Army?"

"Yes."

She was at the painting again. On the last letter. She finished. "Now, how do you like it?" She stood away.

She'd squared up the letters. Given them a blue shading, so that they stood out, square and bold and very black. A warning, and yes, a dare. A challenge.

"I think it's great. I'll be darned proud of it up there now." He grinned. "I can see it from my bedroom when it's on the well. It should get the laziness out of my bones now in nothing flat."

"There's no laziness in your bones," she said. "Nor mine, either, for that matter. It's deeper than that. It's in the heart."

"Like—a little mildew, maybe?"

She flushed. "That's not very pretty. But neither is the truth, always."

"Believe me, I'm sorry. I didn't mean to hurt you. I meant that for myself. Not for you."

"But it fits me better. Yes, yes, it does." The pained flush still on her face, she was trying to get the paint from her hands.

He was standing. "Here, let me do that." He soaked clean cotton waste with the remover and began. But her hands, slender, capable, warm, first one and then the other in his own, were the most magnetic things he'd ever touched. Her fingers trembled a little, live wires against his wrist, up his arm. "This stuff is bad for your skin," he said shakily. "There's good soap at the house. You could see the house. Not much, but ——" He didn't know what he'd been saying, and he lost track of all his words and looked at her.

He saw her eyes, wide, dark, startled, aware. Her lips parted, her mouth —— He dropped her hands, pulled her a little roughly into his arms and kissed her. It shook him, frightened him, appalled him—the power of that kiss. They stepped back at the same time, staring at each other. She had turned white, but her eyes were more brilliant than her diamonds.

He was breathing hard. "I'm sorry." And then, angrily, "No, I'm not! But I don't like this! You're married to another ——"

"I won't be much longer."

"What? Be careful. Be careful what you say. This ——" He ran a hand jerkily across his hair. "You coming up here. Staying here. Turning out like this. Being like this. I—this is likely to be a mighty serious business. With me, anyway. Even when I got my first good look at you. And now ——"

"I didn't know you felt anything about me at all," she said. She sounded happy. Happy. "But I hoped you would, Wade. That's why I stayed, really. I hoped you'd—like me. My name's Nora, please."

"I don't know what to say. I can't believe that you —— What have I got to offer a woman like you? And what do you know about me, really?"

"All I need to know. Don't come any closer. Please, not now. But trust me. Believe in me. I'll come back."

"When? When will you ——"

"When it's right for me to."

"Nora! My dear, my wonderful, I ——"

There was a roar, a glitter of black and silver, and the blunt nose of the convertible pushed fast toward them. Lambert braked it so hard it seemed to quiver. He swung open the door. "Come on. Get in." He'd been drinking, and plenty. He didn't have a glance for Wade.

She picked up her bag.

"Your rings," Wade muttered. "His rings. His show-off ——"

She dropped them into the bag. "I'll return them."

The black car swooped her up. She was gone. And the day was gone. She'd had nothing to eat. Not even a glass of water. Sun was over the cliff. She was gone. And staring at the empty space where she had so unbelievably been, he thought, *She asked me to. But I can't believe. I'll never see her again.*

On the first day of September, in the morning, he saw a little gray coupé buzz up the curve. It parked, in an uncertain, hesitant way, in front of the house. Whoever was in it went "Toot, toot," on the muted little horn. The sound came up to him like a tentative appeal.

He was up on the cliff, in a scramble of men and trucks and drill pipes and diesel engine. Hope rose in his heart, and died. That couldn't be her. By this time she could have forgotten his name.

But he climbed into the jeep and drove down the cliff. The coupé was dusty, travel-worn, a '37, and had a Nevada license plate. He approached the left-hand door, wary, afraid. She opened the door, slid out, and they stood a few feet apart.

How neat, how trim, how lovely she was. Her leaf-green suit for fall, her proud, dark head.

"What—took you so long?"

"Did it seem long?"

"Forever."

"You lost faith in me."

"I—at times, Nora. I ——"

"I know. At times I thought you wouldn't want me."

"Want you? I want you so ——"

"Wait. Let me tell you. I wanted to pay my own way out. And in Las Vegas I got some art work. Then I had to finish it, you see. And I bought my car."

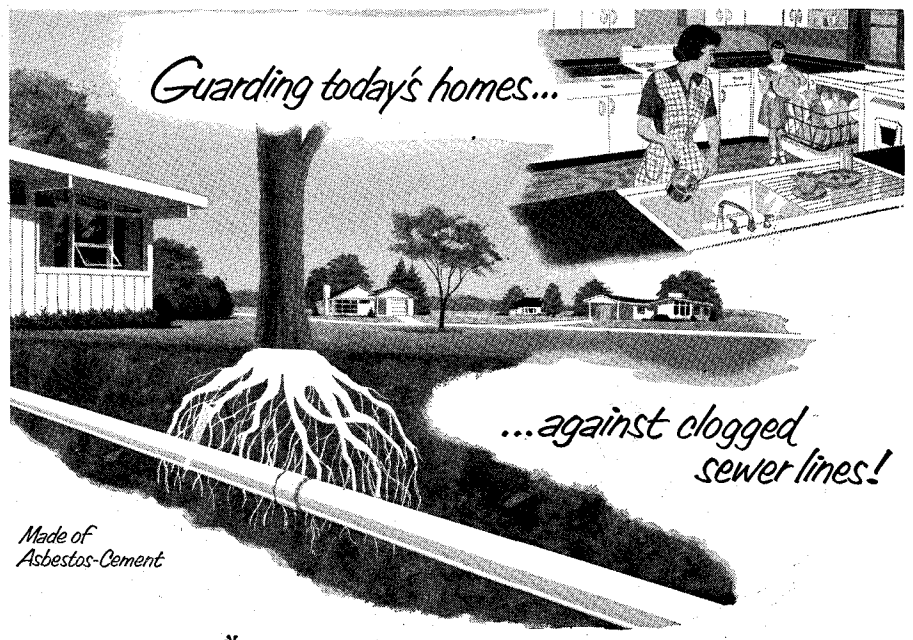
"It's a fine little car."

"You've painted the house. You've started Deep Hazard. Oh, I'm so proud. I'm a little tired. It's a long drive. But I'm home. I want to see my home. You can take me inside now and kiss me again. If you want to."

They went up the path he'd made through the ivy-leaf geraniums. Sounds drifted down to them—the little jack line creaking, the new, ambitious banging at the deep well. They heard nothing but the song in their hearts. The true deep hazard. THE END

An adolescent is a teen-ager who acts like a baby when you don't treat him like an adult.

S. F. BRANDT



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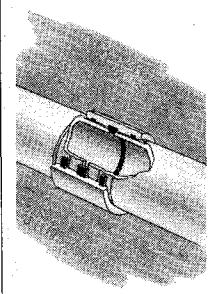

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The Guns of Navarone

(Continued from Page 51)

puzzlement, the comical screwing-up of the eyes, head cocked to one side; then, all at once, something clicked in the little man's memory and his face lit up in a great, crinkling smile.

"By heaven, you are right! Mallory! Of course, I know of Mallory!" He grabbed Mallory's hand, pumped it up and down with great enthusiasm.

"This is Corporal Miller, an American citizen," Mallory said.

"Another famous climber?" Louki asked eagerly. "Another tiger of the hills, yes?"

"He climbed the south cliff as it has never been climbed before," Mallory answered truthfully. He glanced at his watch, then looked directly at Louki. "There are others up in the hills. We need help, Louki. We need it badly and we need it at once. You know the danger if you are caught helping us?"

"Danger?" Louki waved a contemptuous hand. "Danger to Louki and Panayis, the foxes of Navarone? Impossible! We are the ghosts of the night." He hitched his pack higher up on his shoulders. "Come. Let us take this food to your friends."

"Just a minute." Mallory's restraining hand was on his arm. "There are two other things. We need heat—a stove and fuel—and we need ——"

"Heat! A stove!" Louki was incredulous. "Your friends in the hills—what are they? A band of old women?"

"And we also need bandages and medicine," Mallory went on patiently. "One of our friends has been terribly injured. We are not sure, but we do not think that he will live."

"Panayis!" Louki barked. "Back to the village!" Louki was speaking in Greek now. Rapidly he issued his orders, had Mallory describe where the rock shelter was, made sure that Panayis understood, then looked up at Mallory. "Could you find this cave again by yourself?"

"Lord only knows," Mallory said frankly. "I honestly don't think so."

"Then I must come with you. I had hoped —— You see, it will be a heavy load for Panayis."

"I'll tag along with him," Miller volunteered. He thought of his back-breaking labors on the caïque, the climb up the cliff, their forced march through the mountains. "The exercise will do me good." . . .

The wind was rising steadily now, a bitter wind that whipped the heavy snow into their bent faces and stung the tears from their blinking eyes. But Louki seemed as agile as a mountain goat, and as tireless. Nor was his tongue less nimble, less unwearied than his legs. He talked incessantly, a man overjoyed to be in action again, no matter what action so long as it was against the enemy.

He told them of the disposition of the German troops and check points throughout the island, the location of the roadblocks on the only two roads; and, finally, of what little he himself knew of the layout of the fortress of Navarone itself. Panayis, the dark one, could tell him more of that, Louki said; twice Panayis had been inside the fortress, once for an entire night.

Mallory whistled softly to himself. This was more than he had ever dared hope for.

"Your friend Panayis must be quite something," he said slowly. "Tell me more about him, Louki."

"What can I tell? All I know is that I thank God I am no German, with Panayis on the island. He strikes by stealth, by night, by knife and in the back."

"There's more to him than that, surely," Mallory argued. "After all, you are both Navaronians."

"Yes, yes, that is so."

"This is a small island; you've lived together all your lives."

"Ah, but that is where the major is wrong!" Mallory's promotion in rank was entirely Louki's own idea; despite Mallory's protests and explanations, he seemed determined to stick to it. "I, Louki, was for many years in foreign lands, helping Monsieur Vlachos. Monsieur Vlachos," Louki said with pride, "is a very important government official."

"I know," Mallory nodded. "A consul. I've met him. He is a very fine man."

"You have met him! Monsieur Vlachos?" There was no mistaking the gladness, the delight in Louki's voice. "That is good!"

"We were speaking about Panayis," Mallory reminded him gently.

"Ah, yes; Panayis. As I was saying, I was away for a long time. When I came back, Panayis was gone. His father had died, his mother had married again, and Panayis had gone to live with his stepfather and two little stepsisters in Crete. His stepfather, half fisherman, half farmer, was killed in fighting the Germans near Candia—this was in the beginning. Panayis took over the boat of his father, helped many of the allies to escape, until he was caught by the Germans, strung up by his wrists in the village square where his family lived, not far from Casteli. He was flogged till the white of his ribs, of his backbone, was there for all to see, and left for dead. Friends cut him down during the night, took him away into the hills till he was well again. And then he arrived back in Navarone. God knows how. I think he came from island to island in a small rowing boat. He never say why he came back—I think it gives him greater pleasure to kill on his own native island. To kill, to keep on killing, then kill again—that is the very breath of his being." Louki stopped momentarily, then struck off up the hill at a tangent.

"How far to go now, Louki?"

"Two hundred yards, major. No more." Suddenly both men stopped, listened.

"It is only I." Mallory spun round as the deep voice boomed out behind him and the bulky, white-smocked figure loomed out of the snow. "A milk wagon on a cobbled street is as nothing compared to yourself and your friend here. But the snow muffled your voices and I could not be sure."

Mallory looked at him curiously. "How come you're here, Andrea?"

"Wood," Andrea explained. "I was looking for firewood. I was high up on Kostos at sunset when the snow lifted for a moment. I could have sworn I saw an old hut in a gully not far from here; it was dark and square against the snow. So I left ——"

"You are right," Louki interrupted. "The hut of old Leri, the Mad One. He died in his hut, in a landslide."

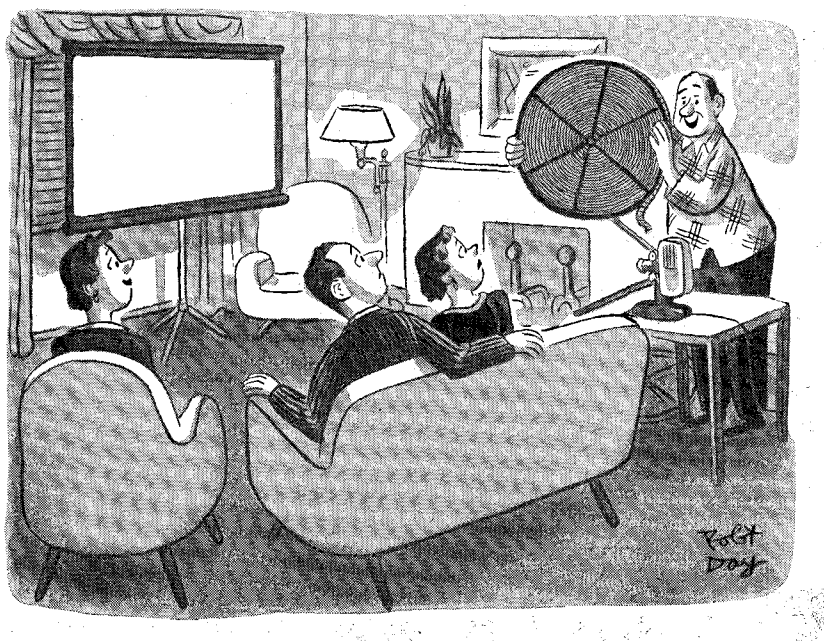
"It is an ill wind ——" Andrea murmured. "Old Leri will keep us warm tonight."

He checked abruptly as the gully opened up at his feet, then dropped quickly to the bottom, sure-footed as a mountain sheep. He whistled twice, a double high-pitched note, listened intently into the snow for the answering whistle, walked swiftly up the gully. Casey Brown, gun lowered, met them at the entrance to the cave and held back the canvas screen to let them pass inside.

The smoking tallow candle, guttering heavily to one side in the icy draft, filled every corner of the cave with dark and flickering shadows from its erratic flame. The candle itself was almost gone, the dripping wick bending over tiredly till it touched the rock, and Louki, snow suit cast aside, was lighting another stump of candle from the dying flame. For a moment, both candles flared up together, and Mallory saw Louki clearly for the first time—a small, compact figure in a dark blue jacket, black braided at the seams and flamboyantly frogged at the breast, the jacket tightly bound to his body by the crimson sash, and above, the swarthy, smiling face, the magnificent mustache that he flaunted like a banner.

Stevens was stretched in a sleeping bag, his breathing harsh and shallow and quick. He had been awake when they had arrived, but had refused all food and drink, and turned away and drifted off into an uneasy, jerky sleep. He seemed to be suffering no pain at all now—a bad sign, Mallory thought bleakly, the worst possible. He wished Miller would return.

Casey Brown washed down the last few crumbs of bread with a mouthful of wine, rose stiffly to his feet, pulled the screen aside and peered out mournfully at the falling snow. He shuddered, let the canvas fall, lifted (Continued on Page 72)



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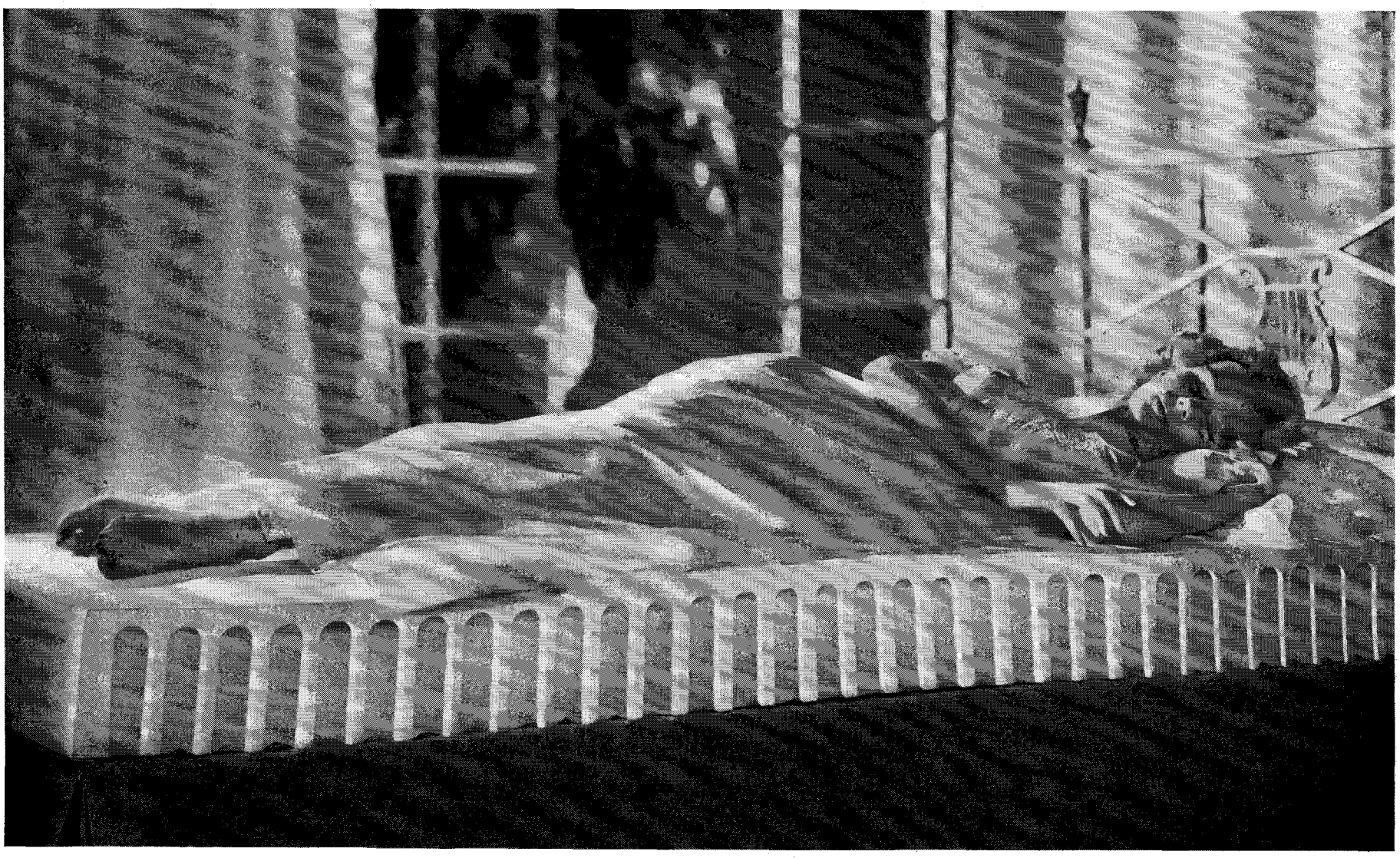

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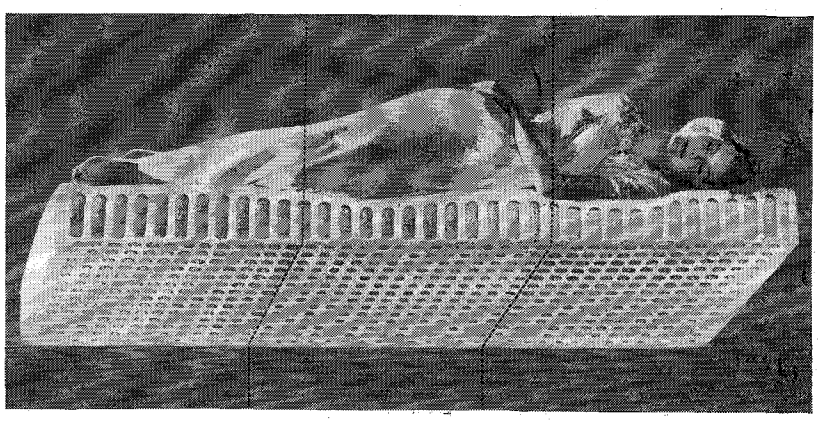

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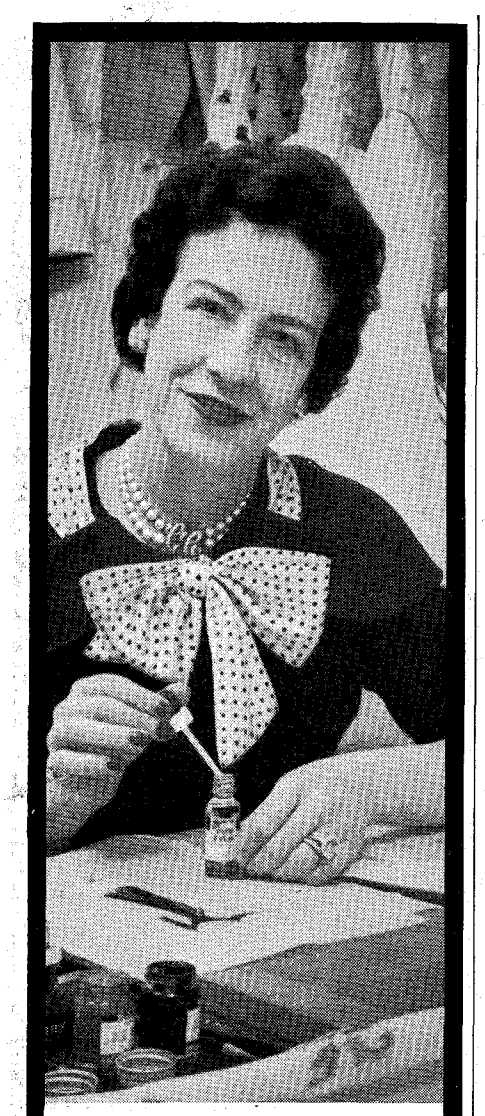

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(*Continued from Page 70*) up his transmitter and shrugged into the shoulder straps, gathered up a coil of rope, a torch and a ground sheet. Mallory looked at his watch; it was fifteen minutes to midnight. The routine call from Cairo was almost due.

"Going to have another go, Casey? I wouldn't send a dog out on a night like this."

"Neither would I," Brown said morosely. "But I think I'd better, sir." A snow-laden gust of wind, the flap of the canvas, and Brown was gone.

"Well, if Brown can do it ——" Mallory was on his feet now, pulling his snow smock over his head. "Fuel, gentlemen—old Leri's hut. Who's for a midnight stroll?"

Andrea and Louki were on their feet together, but Mallory shook his head. "One's enough. I think someone should stay to look after Stevens."

"He's sound asleep," Andrea murmured. "He can come to no harm in the short time we are away."

"I wasn't thinking of that. It's just that we can't take the chance of him falling into German hands. They'd make him talk, one way or another. It would be no fault of his, but they'd make him talk. It's too much of a risk."

"Pouf!" Louki snapped his fingers. "You worry about nothing, major. There isn't a German within miles of here. You have my word."

Mallory hesitated, then grinned. "You're right. I'm getting the jumps." He bent over Stevens, shook him gently. The boy stirred and moaned, opened his eyes slowly.

"We're going out for some firewood," Mallory said. "Back in a few minutes. You be O.K.?"

"Of course, sir. What can happen? Just leave a gun by my side—and blow out the candle." He smiled. "Be sure to call out before you come in!"

Mallory stooped, blew out the candle. He pushed out through the canvas, Andrea and Louki close behind.

It took them five minutes to find the ruined hut of the old goatherd; another five for Andrea to wrench the door off its shattered hinges and smash it up to manageable lengths, along with the wood from the bunk and table; another ten to carry back with them to the rock shelter as much wood as they could conveniently rope together and carry.

Mallory called softly at the mouth of the cave. There was no reply, no movement from inside. Carefully, he laid his bundle of wood in the snow, pulled out his Colt and torch, eased aside the curtain, lamp switch and Colt safety catch clicking as one. On the floor there was only a crumpled, empty sleeping bag. Andy Stevens was gone.

"So I was wrong," Andrea murmured. "He wasn't asleep."

"He certainly wasn't," Mallory agreed grimly. "He fooled me, too—and he heard what I said." His mouth twisted. "He knows now why we're so anxious to look after him. He knows now that he was right when he spoke about a millstone. I should hate to feel the way he must be feeling right now."

Andrea nodded. "It is not difficult to guess why he has gone."

Mallory looked quickly at his watch, pushed his way out of the cave.

"Twenty minutes—he can't have been gone more than twenty minutes. Fan out uphill; I'll take the gully in the middle. Come on!"

They found him in exactly three minutes. He had managed to burrow his way in behind the overhanging snowdrift that sealed off the space beneath a projecting ledge just above the rim of the gully. An almost perfect place of concealment, but his leg betrayed him; in the probing light of his torch, Andrea's sharp eyes caught the tiny trickle of blood seeping darkly through the surface of the snow. He was already unconscious.

Back in the cave again, Mallory poured some *ouzo*—the fiery, breath-catching local spirit—down Stevens' throat. With Andrea's help, Mallory tightened the loosened splints on the leg, stanched the oozing blood, and spread below and above the boy every dry covering he could find in the cave.

Already Louki had a fire burning near the mouth of the cave, the old, tinder-dry wood blazing up in a fierce, crackling blaze with hardly a wisp of smoke. Almost at once its warmth began to spread throughout the cave, and the three men edged gratefully nearer. Mallory felt the glow seep through him like a benison, felt his entire body relax, his eyelids grow heavy and drowsy.

Back propped against the wall, he was just drifting off to sleep when there was a gust of wind, and Brown was inside the cave, wearily slipping the transmitter straps from his shoulders. Lugubrious as ever, his tired eyes lit up momentarily at the sight of the fire. Blue-faced and shuddering with cold, he hunched down silently by the fire, oblivious alike of the clouds of steam that almost immediately enveloped him, of the acrid smell of his singeing clothes. He looked utterly despondent. Mallory reached for a bottle, poured out some of the heated *retsimo*—mainland wine heavily reinforced with resin—and passed it across to Brown.

"Chuck it straight down the hatch," Mallory advised. "That way you won't taste it." He prodded the transmitter with his foot and looked up at Brown again. "No dice this time either?"

"Raised them no bother, sir." Brown grimaced at the sticky sweetness of the wine. "Reception was first class, both here and in Cairo."

"You got through!" Mallory sat up, leaned forward eagerly. "And were they pleased to hear from their wandering boys tonight?"

"They didn't say. The first thing they told me was to shut up and stay that way." Brown poked moodily at the fire with a steaming boot. "Don't ask me how, sir, but they've been tipped off that enough equipment for two or three small monitoring stations has been sent here in the past fortnight."

Mallory swore. "Monitoring stations! Then, they can pinpoint us with their eyes shut!"

"Aye, they can that, sir." Brown nodded heavily.

"Let's have the rest of the good news, Casey."

"That's about it, sir. No sending for me—by order. Restricted to code abbreviations—affirmative, negative, repetitive, willco and suchlike. Continuous sending only in emergency or when concealment's impossible anyway."

"Like from the condemned cell in these ducky little dungeons in Navarone," Mallory murmured. "That the lot, Casey?"

Brown nodded silently.

... ...

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"Good enough, then. Thanks a lot for going out. Better turn in, catch up with some sleep while you can. Louki reckons we should be down in Margaritha before dawn, hole up there for the day—he's got some sort of abandoned well all lined up for us—and push on to the town of Navarone tomorrow night."

"Tonight a leaking cave!" Brown moaned. "Tomorrow an abandoned well—half full of water, probably!"

Mallory watched Brown lie down beside Stevens and transferred his attention to Louki. The little man was seated on a box on the opposite side of the fire, occasionally turning a heavy stone to be wrapped in cloth and put to Stevens' numbed feet, and blissfully hugging the flames. By and by he became aware of Mallory's close scrutiny and looked up.

"You look worried, major." Louki seemed vexed. "You look—what is the word—concerned. You do not like my plan, no? I thought we had agreed ——"

"I'm not worried about your plan," Mallory said frankly. "I'm not even worried about you. It's that box you're sitting on. Enough H. E. in it to blow up a battleship—and you're only three feet from that fire. And that box of detonators is close by. It's not just too healthy."

"Outside with them then." Louki was on his feet, backing farther into the cave.

"A good idea," Mallory said. "We'll just stick the lot outside, under a cape."

"Pouf! Louki has a far better idea!" The little man was already slipping into his cloak. "Old Leri's hut! The very place. Exactly! We can pick it up there whenever we want, and if you have to leave here in a hurry, you do not have to worry about it."

Before Mallory could protest, Louki had bent over the box, lifted it with an effort, half walked, half staggered round the fire, making for the screen. He had hardly taken three steps when Andrea was by his side, had relieved him firmly of the box and tucked it under one arm.

"If you will permit me ——"

"No, no!" Louki was affronted. "I can manage easily. It is nothing."

"I know—I know," Andrea said pacifically. "But these explosives—they must be carried a certain way. I have been trained," he explained.

"So? I did not realize. Of course it must be as you say! I, then, will bring the detonators." Honor satisfied, Louki thankfully gave up the argument, lifted the little box and scuttled out of the cave close on Andrea's heels.

They returned less than five minutes later, and Miller and Panayis were almost at their heels. Miller practically fell across the threshold of the cave and collapsed wearily by the fire. He gave the impression of a man who had been through a very great deal indeed.

Mallory grinned sympathetically at him. "Well, Dusty, how did it go?"

Miller didn't seem to hear him. He was gazing incredulously at the fire. "Hell's teeth! Would you look at that!" He swore bitterly. "Here I spend half the night climbing up a mountain with a stove and enough kerosene to bathe an elephant. And what do I find?" He took a deep breath to tell them what he found, then subsided into a strangled, seething silence.

"A man your age should watch his blood pressure," Mallory advised. "How did the rest of it go?"

"Well enough, I guess." Miller had a mug of *ouzo* in his hand and was beginning to brighten up again. "We got the beddin', the medicine kit ——"

"If you'll give me the bedding I will get our young friend into it now," Andrea interrupted.

"And food?" Mallory asked.

(*Continued on Page 74*)

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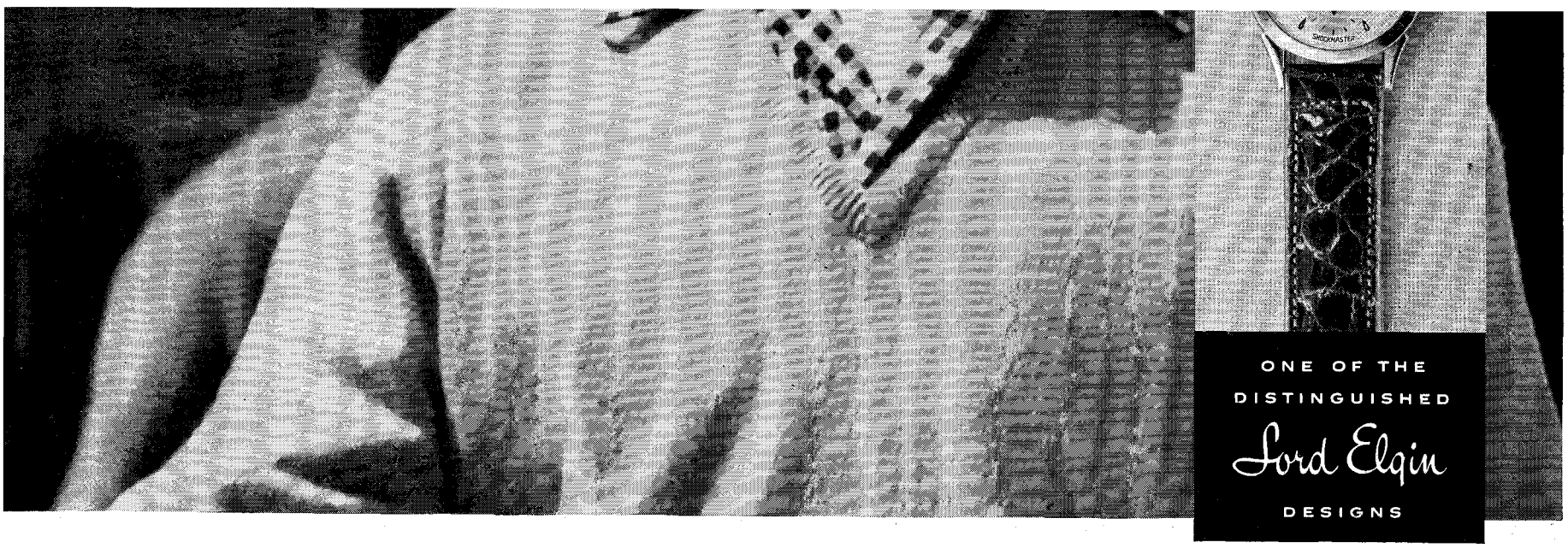

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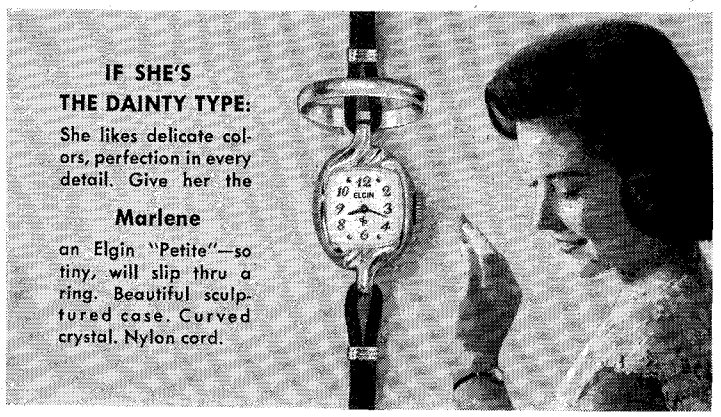
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(*Continued from Page 72*) "Yeah. We got the grub, boss. Stacks of it. This guy Panayis is a flamin' wonder. Bread, wine, goat cheese, garlic, sausages, rice—the lot."

"Rice?" It was Mallory's turn to be incredulous. "But you can't get the stuff in the islands nowadays, Dusty."

"Panayis can." Miller was enjoying himself hugely now. "He got it from the German commandant's kitchen. Feller by the name of Skoda."

"The German commandant's—you're joking!"

"So help me, boss, that's Gospel truth." Miller drained half the *ouzo* at a gulp and expelled his breath in a long, gusty sigh of satisfaction. "Little ol' Miller hangs around the back door. Junior, here, goes in and cracks the joint. Comes back in about ten minutes, luggin' that great suitcase there." Miller indicated it with a casual wave of his hand. "Not only cleans out the commandant's larder but also borrows his grip to tote the stuff in."

"But—but how about guards, about sentries?"

"My guess is that everybody's out lookin' for us, boss."

"There and back and you didn't meet a soul." Mallory filled him a mug of wine. "Nice going, Dusty."

"Panayis' doin', not mine. I just tagged along. Besides, we did run into a couple of Panayis' pals—he hunted them up, rather. Must 'a' given him the tip-off about somethin'. He was hoppin' with excitement just afterwards, tried to tell me all about it." Miller shrugged his shoulders sadly. "We weren't operatin' on the same wave length, boss."

Mallory nodded across the cave. Louki and Panayis were close together, Louki doing all the listening, while Panayis talked rapidly in a low voice, gesticulating with both hands.

"He's still pretty worked up about something," Mallory said thoughtfully. He raised his voice, "What's the matter, Louki?"

"Matter enough, major." Louki tugged ferociously at the end of his mustache. "We will have to be leaving soon. Panayis wants to go right away. He has heard that the German garrison is going to make a house-to-house check in our village during the night—about four o'clock, Panayis was told."

"Not a routine check, I take it?" Mallory asked.

"This has not happened for many months. They must think that you have slipped their patrols and are hiding in the village." Louki chuckled. "But Panayis and I—we must not be found out of our beds. Things would go hard with us."

"Of course, of course. We must take no risks. But there is plenty of time. You will go down in an hour. But first, the fortress." He dug into his breast pocket, brought out the map Eugene Vlachos had drawn for him, turned to Panayis and slipped easily into the island Greek. "Come, Panayis. I hear you know the fortress as Louki here knows his own vegetable patch. I already know much, but I want you to tell me everything about it, the layout—guns, magazines, power rooms, barracks, sentries, guard routine, exits, alarm systems, even where the shadows are deep and the others less deep—just everything. No matter how tiny and insignificant the details may seem to you, nevertheless you must tell me. If a door opens outwards instead of inwards, you must tell me—that could save a thousand lives."

For almost half an hour Mallory and the three Greeks huddled over the chart in the light of the flames, Mallory checking on what he had been told, meticulously penciling in all the fresh information that Panayis had to give him—and Panayis had a very great deal to tell. It seemed almost impossible that a man could have assimilated so much in two brief visits to the fortress—and clandestine visits in the darkness, at that. He had an incredible eye and capacity for detail, and it was a burning hatred of the Germans, Mallory felt certain, that had imprinted these details on an all but photographic memory. Mallory could feel his hopes rising with every second that passed.

Casey Brown was awake again. Tired though he was, the babble of voices had cut through an uneasy sleep. He moved over to the mouth of the cave, listened blankly to the four men talking in Greek, moved out past the screen for a breath of the cold, clean night air.

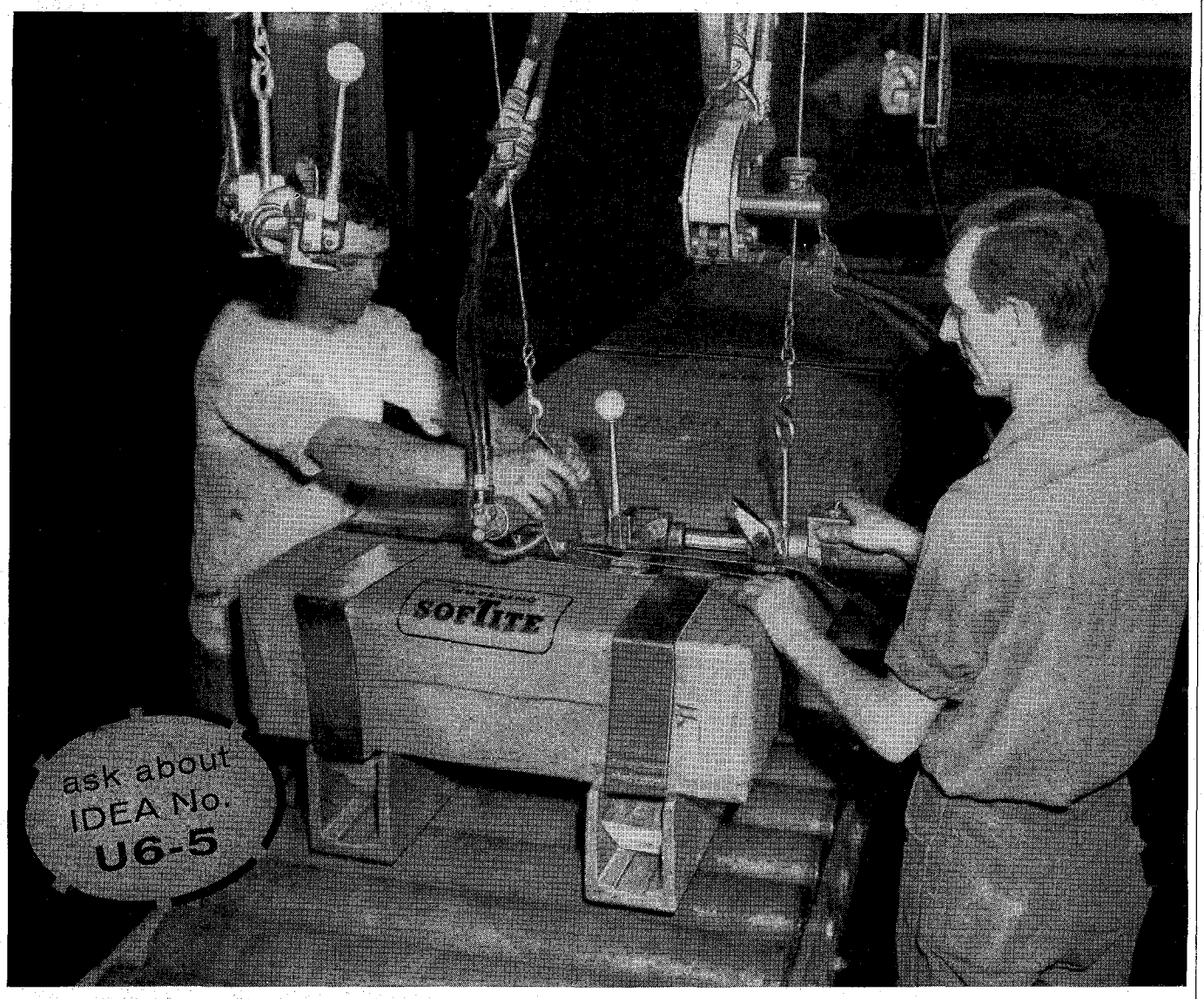
He was back in the cave in thirty seconds, drawing the screen tightly shut behind him.

"Quiet, everybody," he whispered softly. He gestured behind him. "There's something moving out there, down the slope a bit. I heard it twice, sir."

Panayis swore softly, twisted to his feet like a wildcat. A foot-long, two-edged throwing knife gleamed evilly in his hand and he had vanished through the canvas screen before anyone could speak. Andrea was about to follow him, but Mallory stretched out his hand.

"Stay where you are, Andrea. Our friend Panayis is just a little bit too precipitate," he said softly. "There may be nothing—or it might be some diversionary move."

Two minutes later, Panayis was inside the cave, squatting down by the fire. He looked thoroughly disgusted.



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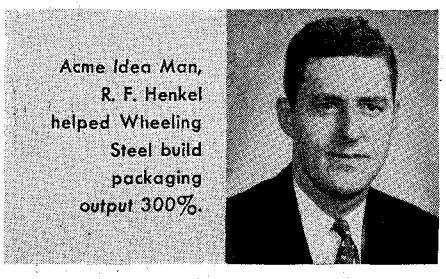

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"There is no one there," he reported. "Some goats I saw, down the hill, but that was all." Mallory translated to the others.

"Didn't sound like goats to me," Brown said doggedly.

"I will take a look," Andrea volunteered. "Just to make sure. But I do not think the dark one would make a mistake." Before Mallory could say anything, he was gone, as quickly and silently as Panayis. He was back in three minutes, shaking his head. "Panayis is right. There is no one. I did not even see the goats."

"And that's what it must have been, Casey," Mallory said. "Still, I don't like it. Snow almost stopped, wind dropping, and the valley probably swarming with German patrols. I think it's time you two were away. For heaven's sake, be careful. Sorry you've got yourselves mixed up in all this, but now that you are, a thousand thanks for all you've done. See you at half past six."

"Half past six," Louki echoed. "The olive grove on the bank of the stream, south of the village. We will be waiting there."

Two minutes later they were lost to sight and sound, and all was still inside the cave again, except for the faint crackling of the embers of the dying fire. Brown had moved out on guard, and Stevens had already fallen into a restless, pain-filled sleep. Miller bent over him for a moment or two; then moved softly across the cave to Mallory. His right hand held a crumpled heap of blood-stained bandages. He held them out toward Mallory.

"Take a sniff at that, boss," he asked quietly. "Easy does it."

Mallory bent forward, drew away sharply, his nose wrinkled in immediate disgust. "Good Lord, Dusty! What on earth is it?"

"Gangrene." Miller sat down heavily by his side, threw the bandages into the fire. All at once he sounded tired, defeated. "Gas gangrene. Spreadin' like a forest fire—and he would have died anyway. I'm just wastin' my time."

The Germans took them just after four o'clock in the morning, while they were still asleep. Bone-tired and deep-drugged with this sleep as they were, they had no chance, not the slightest hope of offering any resistance.

The conception, timing and execution of the coup were immaculate. Surprise was complete.

Andrea was the first awake. But the white beam of the powerful torch lancing through the blackness of the cave had blinded him, frozen him even before the clipped bite of command from the man who held the torch.

"Still! All of you!" Faultless English, with barely a trace of accent, and the voice glacial in its menace. "You move, and you die!" Another torch switched on, a third, and the cave was flooded with light. Wide awake now, and motionless, Mallory squinted painfully into the dazzling beams.

"Hands clasped above the heads and backs to the wall!" A certainty, an assured competence in the voice that made for instant obedience. "Take a good look at them, sergeant." Almost conversational now, the tone, but neither torch nor gun barrel had wavered a fraction. "No shadow of expression in their faces, not even a flicker of the eyes. Dangerous men, sergeant. The English choose their killers well!"

Mallory felt the gray bitterness of defeat wash through him in an almost tangible wave; he could taste the sourness of it in the back of his mouth.

"How did you manage to find us?" Mallory asked quietly.

"Only fools burn juniper wood," the officer said contemptuously. "We have been on Kostos all day and most of the night. A dead man could have smelled it."

"On Kostos?" Miller shook his head. "How could ——"

"Enough!" The officer turned to someone behind him. "Tear down that screen," he ordered in German, "and keep us covered on either side." He looked back into the cave, gestured almost imperceptibly with his torch. "All right, you three. Outside—and you had better be careful. Please believe me that my men are praying for an excuse to shoot you down, you murdering swine!" The venomous hatred in his voice carried utter conviction.

Slowly, hands still clasped above their heads, the three men stumbled to their feet. Mallory had taken only one step when the whiplash of the German's voice brought him up short.

"Stop!" He stabbed the beam of his torch down at the unconscious Stevens, gestured abruptly at Andrea. "One side, you! Who is this?"

"You need not fear from him," Mallory said quietly. "He is one of us, but he is terribly injured. He is dying."

"We will see," the officer said tightly. Abruptly he reached out his gun hand, tore the covers off the boy. A shuddering tremor shook the whole body, his head rolled from side to side as he moaned in unconscious agony. The officer bent over him. A quick look at Stevens' pain-twisted, emaciated features, a glance at the shattered leg, a brief, distasteful wrinkling of the nose as he caught the foul stench of the gangrene, and he had hunched back on his heels, gently replacing the covers over the sick boy.

"You speak the truth," he said softly. "We are not barbarians. I have no quarrel with a dying man. Leave him there." He rose to his feet, walked slowly backward. "The rest of you outside."

The snow had stopped altogether, Mallory saw. Carelessly, incuriously, he looked around him. There was no sign of Casey Brown.

"You wonder where your sentry is, perhaps?" the German asked mockingly. "Never fear, Englishman, he is not far from here, asleep at his post. Very sound asleep, I'm afraid."

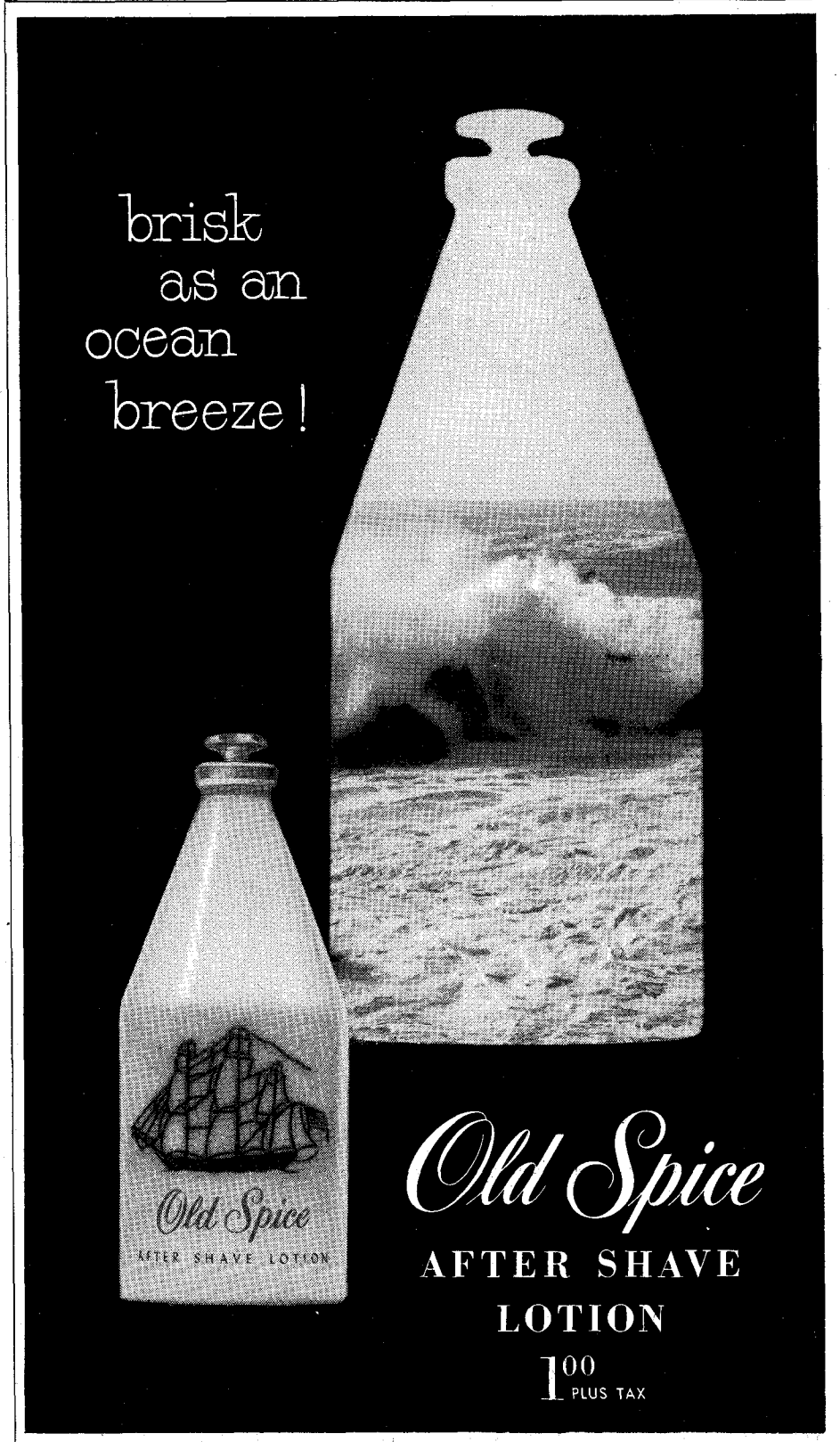
"You've killed him?"

The other shrugged his shoulders in vast indifference. "I really couldn't say. It was all too easy. One of my men lay in the gully and moaned. Like a fool, your man came to investigate. I had another man waiting above."

Mallory stared bleakly down the gully, then turned back to the officer again. "Well, where do we go from here?"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"I suppose there's nothing we can do about it—it's his mountain!"



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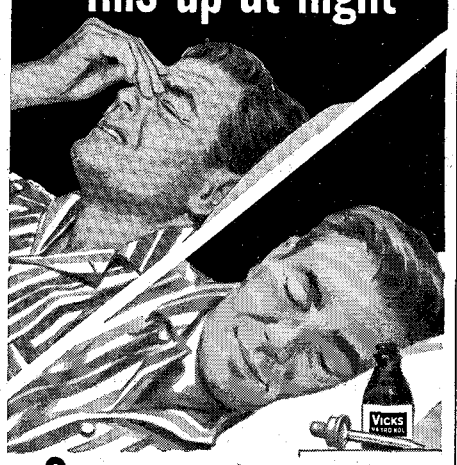

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"Margaritha, and very shortly. But one thing first." The German had his own height to an inch, stood squarely in front of him, leveled revolver at waist height, torch dangling loosely from his left hand. "Just a little thing, Englishman. Where are the explosives?" He almost spat the words out.

"Explosives?" Mallory furrowed his brow in perplexity. "What explosives?" he asked blankly, then staggered and fell to the ground as the heavy metal torch swept round in a vicious half circle, caught him flush on the side of the face. Dizzily he shook his head and climbed slowly to his feet again.

"The explosives." The torch was balanced in the hand again, the voice silky and gentle. "I asked you where they were."

"I don't know what you are talking about." Mallory spat out a broken tooth, wiped some blood off his smashed lips. "Is this the way the Germans treat their prisoners?" he asked contemptuously.

"Shut up!" Again the torch lashed out. Mallory was waiting for it, rode the blow as best he could; even so, the torch caught him heavily high up on the cheekbone, just below the temple, stunning him with its jarring impact. Seconds passed; then he pushed himself up slowly, the whole side of his face afire with agony, his vision blurred and unfocused.

"We fight a clean war!" The officer was breathing heavily, in barely controlled fury. "We fight by the Geneva Conventions. But those are for soldiers, not for murdering spies."

"We are not spies!" Mallory interrupted. He felt as if his head was coming apart.

"Then where are your uniforms?" the officer demanded. "Spies, I say—murdering spies who stab in the back and cut men's throats!" The voice was trembling with anger.

Mallory was at a loss—nothing spurious about this indignation. "Cut men's throats?" He shook his head in bewilderment. "What are you talking about?"

"My own batman. A harmless messenger, a boy only—and he wasn't even armed! We found him only an hour ago. *Ach*, I waste my time!" He broke off as he turned to watch two men coming up the gully. Mallory got up and stood motionless for a moment, cursing the ill luck that had led the dead man across the path of Panayis—it could have been no one else—then turned to see what had caught the officer's attention. He focused his aching eyes with difficulty, looked at the bent figure struggling up the slope, urged on by the ungentle prodding of a bayoneted rifle. Mallory let go a long, silent breath of relief. The left side of Brown's face was caked with blood from a gash above the temple, but he was otherwise unharmed.

"Right! Sit down in the snow, all of you!" He gestured to several of his men. "Bind their hands!"

"You are going to shoot us now, perhaps?" Mallory asked quietly.

"Not yet, unfortunately. My section commander in Margaritha, Captain Skoda, wishes to see you first. Maybe it would be better for you if I did shoot you now. Then the commandant—the officer commanding the whole island." The German smiled thinly. "But only a postponement, Englishman. You will be kicking your heels before the sun sets. We have a short way with spies in Navarone!"

"But, sir! Captain!" Hands raised in appeal, Andrea took a step forward, brought up short as two rifle muzzles ground into his chest.

"Not captain; lieutenant," the officer corrected him. "Lieutenant Turzig, at your service. What is it you want, fat one?" he asked contemptuously.

"Spies! You said spies! I am no spy!" The words rushed and tumbled over one another, as if he could not get them out fast enough. "Before God, I am no spy! I am not one of them!" The eyes were wide and staring, the mouth working soundlessly between the gasped-out sentences. "I am only a Greek, a poor Greek. They forced me to come along as an interpreter. I swear it, Lieutenant Turzig; I swear it!"

"You yellow swine!" Miller ground out viciously; then grunted in agony as a rifle butt drove into the small of his back, just above the kidney. He stumbled, fell forward on his hands and knees, realized even as he fell that Andrea was only playing a part, that Mallory had only to speak half a dozen words in Greek to expose Andrea's lie. Miller twisted on his side in the snow, shook his fist weakly and hoped that the contorted pain on his face might be mistaken for fury. "You two-faced, double-crossing dago! You damned swine, I'll get you ——" There was a hollow, sickening thud and Miller collapsed in the snow; the heavy ski boot had caught him just behind the ear.

Mallory said nothing. He did not even glance at Miller. Fists balled helplessly at his sides and mouth compressed, he glared steadily at Andrea through narrowed slits of eyes. He knew the lieutenant was watching him, felt he must back

> Farmers reap their richest harvest these days by cultivating congressional committees. G. NORMAN COLLIE

Andrea up all the way. What Andrea intended he could not even begin to guess, but he would back him to the end of the world.

"So!" Turzig murmured thoughtfully. "Thieves fall out, eh?" Mallory thought he detected the faintest overtones of doubt, of hesitancy in his voice. But the lieutenant was taking no chances. "No matter, fat one. You have cast your lot with these assassins."

"No, no, no!" Andrea's voice rose sharply, fearfully, on the last word. "It is true, what I tell you! I am not one of them, Lieutenant Turzig; before God I am not one of them!" He wrung his hands in distress, his great moon-face contorted in anguish. "Why must I die for no fault of my own? I didn't want to come. I am no fighting man, Lieutenant Turzig!"

"I can see that," Turzig said dryly. He looked at Mallory, and at Miller, still lying face down in the snow. "I cannot congratulate your friends on their choice of companion."

"I can tell you everything, lieutenant; I can tell you everything!" Andrea pressed forward excitedly, eager to consolidate his advantage, to reinforce the beginnings of doubt. "I am no friend—I will prove it to you—and then perhaps ——"

"Be quiet!" Turzig's voice was very cold. "I promise nothing. I will hear what you have to say." He made no attempt to disguise the repugnance in his voice.

"You must judge for yourself." A nice mixture of relief, earnestness and the dawn of hope, of returning confidence. Andrea paused a minute and gestured dramatically at Mallory, Miller and Brown. "These are no ordinary soldiers; they are Jellicoe's men, of the Special Boat Service!"

"Tell me something I couldn't have guessed myself," Turzig growled. "If that is all you have to tell me, fat one ——"

"Wait!" Andrea held up his hand. "They are still no ordinary men, but a specially picked force—an assault unit, they call themselves—flown last Sunday night from Alexandria to Castelrosso. They left that same night from Castelrosso in a motorboat."

"A torpedo boat," Turzig nodded. "So much we know already. Go on."

"You know already! But how ——"

"Never mind how. Hurry up!"

"Of course, lieutenant; of course. The torpedo boat landed them somewhere in the islands north of Rhodes. I do not know where. There they stole a caïque, sailed it up through Turkish waters, met a big German patrol boat, and sank it." Andrea paused for effect. "I was less than half a mile away at the time, in my fishing boat."

Turzig leaned forward. "How did they manage to sink so big a boat?" Strangely, he didn't doubt that it had been sunk.

"They pretended to be harmless fishermen like myself. I had just been stopped, investigated and cleared," Andrea said virtuously. "Anyway, your patrol boat came alongside this old caïque. Close alongside. Suddenly there were guns firing on both sides, two boxes went flying through the air—into the engine room of your boat, I think. Pouf!" Andrea threw up his hands dramatically. "That was the end of that!"

"We wondered," Turzig said softly. "Well, go on."

"You wondered what, lieutenant?" Turzig's eyes narrowed and Andrea hurried on. "Their interpreter had been killed in the fight. They tricked me into speaking English—I spent many years in Cyprus—kidnaped me, let my sons sail the boat."

"Why should they want an interpreter?" Turzig demanded suspiciously. "There are many British officers who speak Greek."

"I am coming to that," Andrea said impatiently. "How in heaven's name do you expect me to finish my story if you keep interrupting all the time? Where was I? Ah, yes. They forced me to come along, and their engine broke down. Then we ran into a fearful storm, wrecked the boat on the south cliff of this island and climbed ——"

"Stop!" Turzig had drawn back sharply, suspicion flaring in his eyes. "Almost I believed you! I believed you because we know more than you think, and so far you have told the truth. But not now. You are clever, fat one, but not so clever as you think. I have climbed everything worth climbing in the Alps and Transylvania—and I tell you that the south cliff cannot be climbed. It is impossible!"

"Impossible perhaps for you." Andrea shook his head sadly. "These cursed Allies will beat you yet. They are clever, Lieutenant Turzig; damnably clever!"

"Explain yourself," Turzig ordered curtly.

"Just this: They knew men thought the south cliff could not be climbed. So they determined to climb it. You would never dream that this could be done, that an expedition could land on Navarone that way. But the Allies took a gamble, found a man to lead the expedition. He could not speak Greek, but that did not matter, for what they wanted was a man who could climb—and so they picked the greatest rock climber in the world today." Andrea paused for effect, flung out his arm dramatically. "And this is the man they picked, Lieutenant Turzig! You are a mountaineer yourself and you are bound to know him. His name is Mallory—Keith Mallory, of New Zealand!"

There was a sharp exclamation, the click of a switch, and Turzig had taken a couple of steps forward, thrust the torch almost into Mallory's eyes.

TO BE CONTINUED

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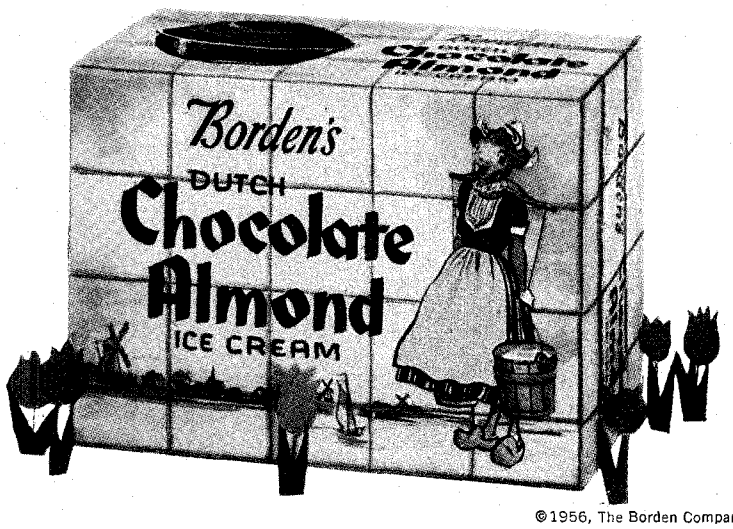

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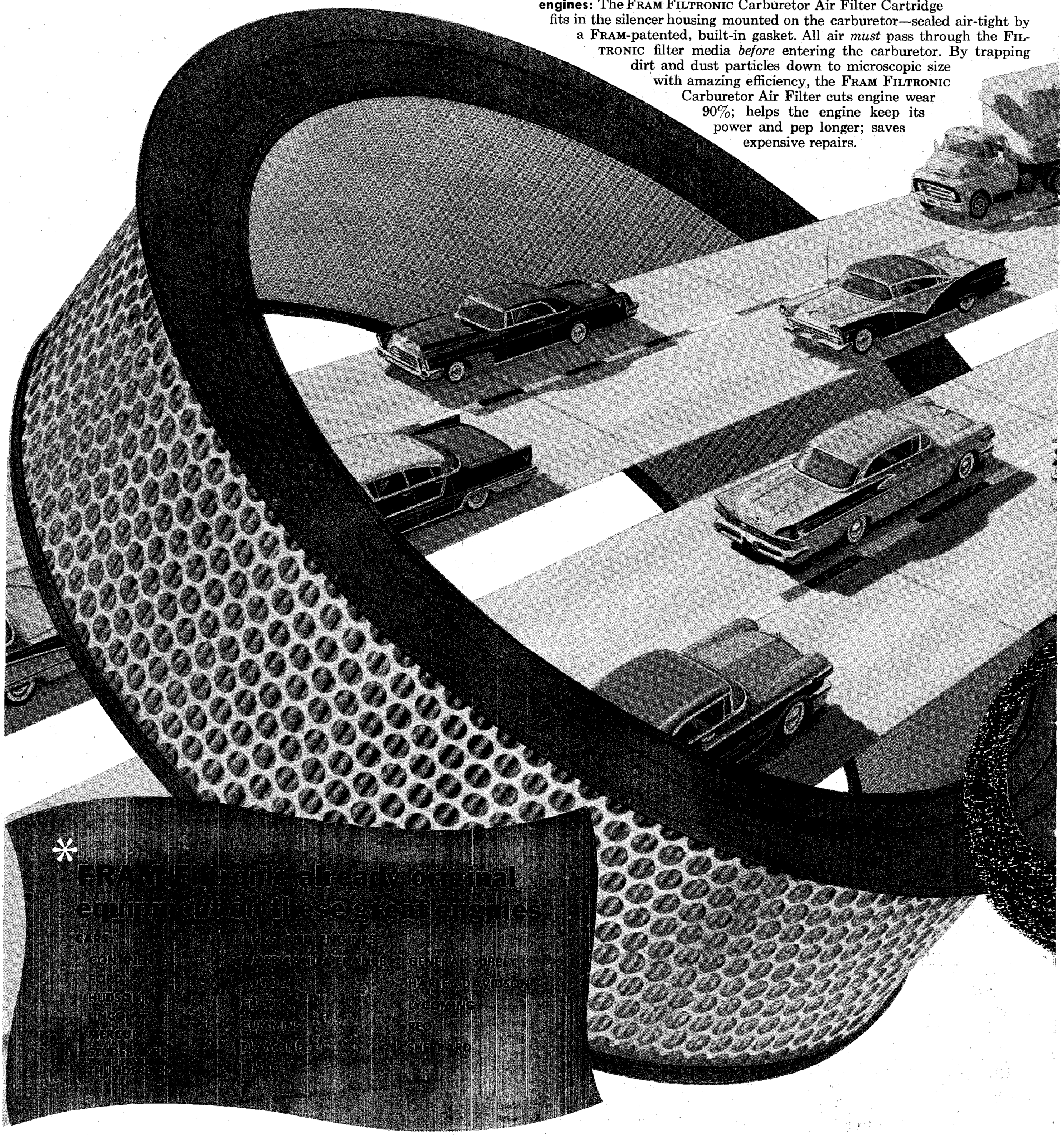

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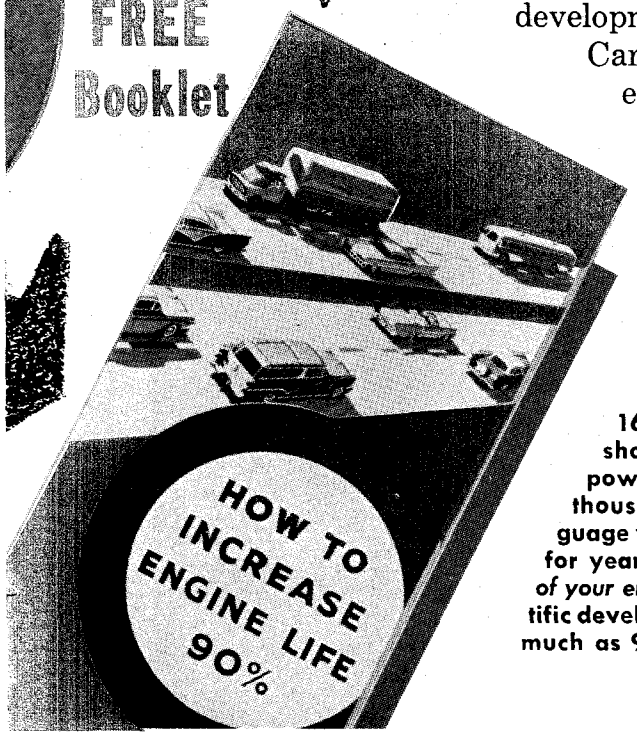

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Inside the Asylum (Continued from Page 43)

chance of leaving—alive—in the first year is about fifty-fifty. If you stay two years, the odds against you jump to sixteen to one. And if you stay over five years, the odds against you are worse than ninety-nine to one.

The first few months, then, is the time when a new patient should get treatment. But at the time of our visit fewer than a third of the patients on Ward 8 were getting treatment. Ten were receiving the new tranquilizing drugs, and ten were getting electroshock therapy (EST). Two were receiving individual psychotherapy—a one-hour interview with the doctor once a week. Three were going to the occupational-therapy shop. And that was all. Why? The ward doctor would like to put more patients on the new drugs, but the hospital can't afford it. She gives electroshock to all she thinks would benefit. She has no time to give more individual psychotherapy—she takes care of three wards, 209 patients. (Hydrotherapy is no longer used at this hospital; the equipment took up space needed for beds.)

After breakfast, the attendants bathe the seclusion patients and see to it that other patients scrub the seclusion rooms, mop the hall and clean the kitchen. They hurry: Dr. Esther Handcock is due at eight o'clock to give electroshock.

"EST is still our mainstay," says Supt. M. R. Wedemeyer. A recent survey showed that 117 patients in the hospital were getting it. EST is a method of treating psychosis by inducing epilepticlike convulsions with electricity. Some hospitals also use Insulin shock, and a few still use Metrazol shock. Both have been abandoned at Columbus State. EST is cheaper than Insulin and, according to most authorities, less dangerous and frightening than Metrazol.

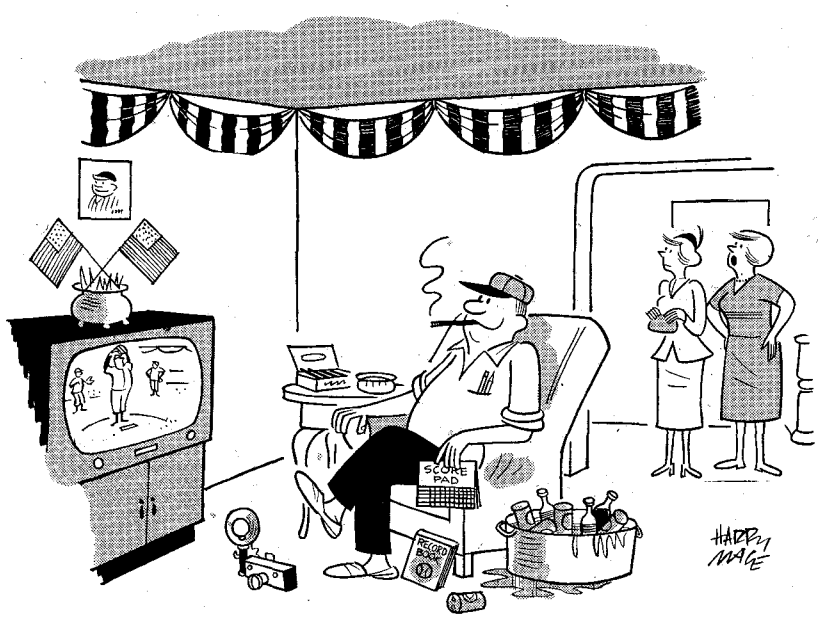
Patients at Columbus State get EST once, twice or three times a week, and in a few cases oftener. A total of 300 shocks is not uncommon. One patient at Columbus has received 427. Too much EST can produce epilepsy. Some patients break bones during EST convulsions. About once in every 2000 treatments, one dies. EST seems to work best on depressed manic-depressives and involutional melancholics. Nobody knows why EST works. Some doctors deny that it does work, and some regard it as torture. A few sanitariums refuse to use it.

EST is used principally for two purposes: To interrupt the psychotic process in acute new patients, thus permitting them to mobilize their own resources, and as a means of managing difficult chronic patients. It is this last use that is criticized. A patient may break furniture and hit people; shock quiets him. But this is not therapy, it is merely control. At its worst, EST is used as a punishment for misbehavior. It once was common gossip that "if you antagonize the attendant you go on the shock list." Increasingly, the new tranquilizing drugs are taking the place of EST for management purposes.

In some cases, doctors say, EST is a mind saver, even literally a lifesaver. It can break the tension that drives an acute depressed patient to suicide, or the tension that drives an acute excited catatonic into a frenzy that may end in death from exhaustion. Nonetheless, many doctors object to EST because they don't know precisely how or why it acts. Others object because it terrorizes the patient. At some private sanitariums and university hospitals, EST is given like surgery, with the patient anesthetized and specialists in attendance; and it is followed by intensive psychotherapy. But at most state hospitals this is a dream.

As Doctor Handcock greets Nurse Novak on Ward 8 this morning, she has a set smile on her face. Doctor Handcock is a small thin woman in a long white coat. She has been a ward doctor here fifteen years. She is a somewhat reserved person, keeping apart from the young residents.

The EST machine has arrived, a brown box on a wheeled cart. An attendant plugs it into a wall socket. Other attendants have put the thirteen EST patients into thirteen single rooms. (Seven on this ward are due for a treatment today; six have been brought here for treatment from other wards.) Now they are tying ankles to bedsteads, fastening strips of cloth to wrists, passing wide belts loosely across bellies. The cart halts at a doorway. Stretched out on the bed is a man of twenty-one. Three male attendants sit on the edge of his bed. Nurse Novak smears paste on electrodes attached by wires to the EST machine. Doctor Handcock, her teeth bared in a set smile, sets the dials—300 milliamperes and two tenths of a second. The nurse, who is wearing gloves, presses the electrodes to the patient's temples. One attendant seizes the patient's legs, another seizes one wrist; Stratton seizes the (*Continued on Page 85*)



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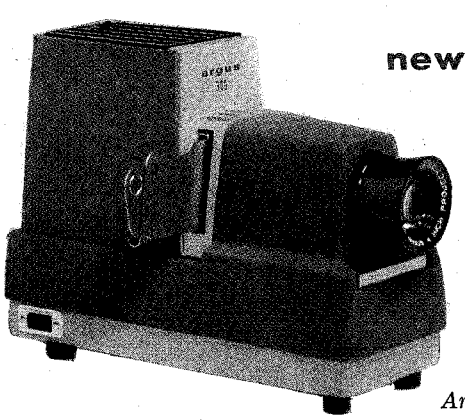

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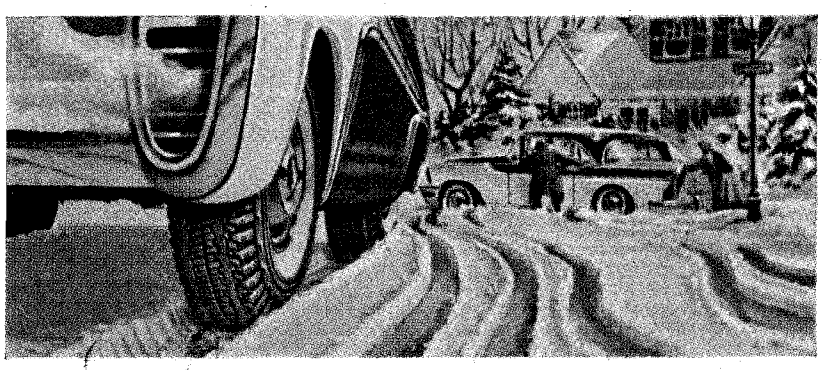
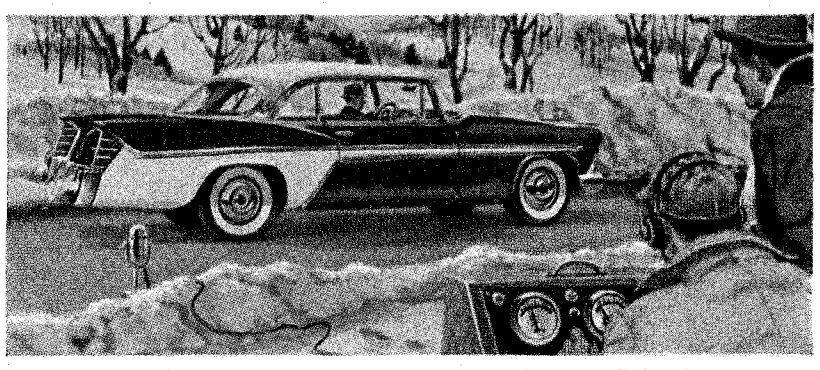


When the going gets slippery! Goodyear's new winter tire has a completely "tractionized" tread face that claws slick ice or hard-packed snow to give your car up to 55% better traction.



High-fidelity tests have proved that new Custom Suburbanites are much quieter than old-style winter tires. On cleared highways you roll along with a quiet, restful smoothness.

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GOODYEAR TIRES

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GOOD

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Now Goodyear brings you the *new* 3-T Custom Suburbanite. New because it has a revolutionary tread with wide, deep-digging "V-GRIP" notches and thousands of tiny traction teeth for better grip.

New because it rolls along cleared highways very quietly. New because its thick, tough tread and Triple-Tempered 3-T Cord body have more miles of wear built in—for many motorists, an additional season of use.

So make this winter far less wearisome and worrisome. Equip the rear wheels of your car with Goodyear's new 3-T Custom Suburbanites. They're available at your Goodyear dealer's now in black or white sidewall; tubeless or tube-type. See him soon, for safer winter driving. Goodyear, Akron 16, Ohio.

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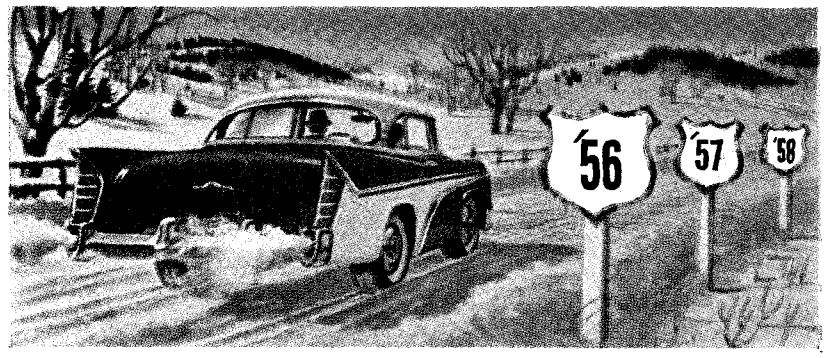

Months of extra wear! Pull through *several* winters safely and surely with new Suburbanites. A new tread design and tougher, long-lived rubber mean more miles of wear—a season more for many motorists.

YEAR

Suburbanite, T.M., The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Company, Akron, Ohio

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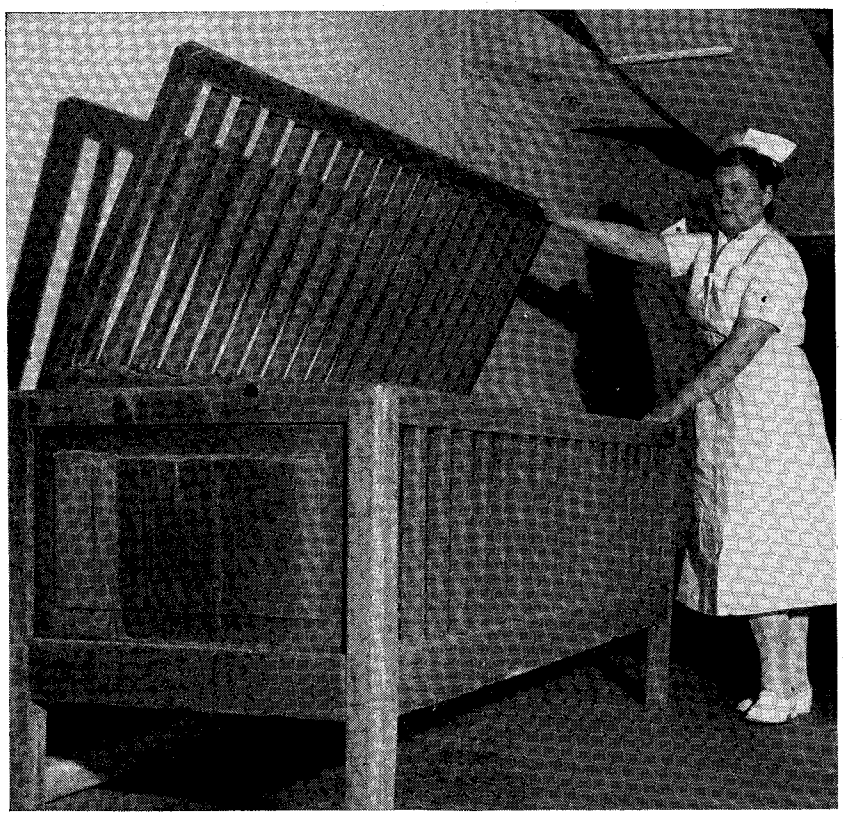
(*Continued from Page 81*) other wrist and claps a gag to his mouth.

Doctor Handcock pushes a button, but nothing happens, and she looks quizzically at the nurse, then back at the machine. She says "Oh," and flips a switch, then pushes the button again. Instantly the patient stiffens, his toes straighten out, the cords in his ankles go taut, then his legs lock like iron, then his whole body locks, until his arms are stretched tight and his head thrown back and his neck corded. The timer ticks away, then stops.

The patient begins to spit foam from his mouth, and suddenly he jumps convulsively, rocking the attendants. Then, moaning and howling in muffled tone through the gag, he leaps convulsively again and again, his knees and elbows jerking, his back arching, while the attendants hold down on him with all their strength. Gradually the convulsions subtor Handcock pushes the button. He shudders. But nothing happens. Doctor Handcock looks the machine over while the nurse, holding the electrodes, watches impatiently. "I guess I didn't throw it onto 'treatment.'" She flips another switch, pushes the button, and this time it works.

After EST, the ward settles down. A couple of patients are still banging scrub buckets in the hall. The library cart arrives, containing a few worn books and magazines; two or three patients stroll up to it. In the office, Attendant Stratton, a Kentuckian of forty-seven, formerly a construction worker, is hunched over a desk, making out his daily report on the condition of Ward 8 patients. The nurse is working on her own records. On the window ledge is a cigar box full of hypodermic syringes. On the door is a sign: NO PATIENTS ALLOWED IN THIS OFFICE



In a basement at Columbus State Hospital is this "restraining crib," once used for violent patients, now just a dust-catcher.

side. He had stopped breathing for perhaps half a minute, but now he begins again, his breath coming in blowing gasps through the foam on his lips; and soon he is sleeping deeply, snoring. The attendants tighten his straps and go on to the next room, while the nurse pushes the cart.

In the office the phone is ringing, and from the porch comes the sound of a paddle hitting a table-tennis ball. The EST team goes from room to room. One room is empty; the patient has fled. An attendant brings him back, a trembling white-haired man who says, "Please, doctor, I wouldn't like to have a treatment, my heart isn't good enough."

Smiling, Doctor Handcock bends over the machine. "You say that every time."

His face is red. "But listen to it, please listen to it," he pleads, and the nurse says, "Maybe you could listen to his heart, doctor; it makes him feel better."

Doctor Handcock, resigned, puts on her stethoscope and, after listening, says, "It's perfectly normal and regular, so if I were you I'd just forget it. It's just nervousness."

"Well, give me the lightest you can, will you?"

"All right; now please lie down." And the attendants take hold of him, and Doc-

UNLESS CALLED FOR. THIS MEANS EVERYONE.

The admonition is futile. A gnarled little man bustles in and complains that his room hasn't been cleaned. Stratton says it has been. The patient, whom we shall call Theobald Tuttle, says, "You're a liar. You're the biggest liar this side of hell."

Stratton just looks at him. Tuttle goes out and sits on a bench in the hall, saying loudly to another patient, "He's the biggest liar in the world, and he's about to get it, too, buddy."

Theobald Tuttle has been in and out of mental hospitals for twenty-five years. Originally he was a college teacher. After each siege of illness, he descended to a simpler social level—high-school teacher, then factory worker, then gardener. Each time he managed to get along for a few years, but he always returned. Just now the ward doctor would like to give him EST, but he complains of pain in his back. She asked for an orthopedic examination a month ago, but has not yet received a report.

A patient's wife comes in for a special visit: She has a check for $2100 she wants her husband to sign. He is a tall, worried Negro, and this is apparently his total wealth. He says, "I'm not going to do it." Stratton explains that the court has ap-

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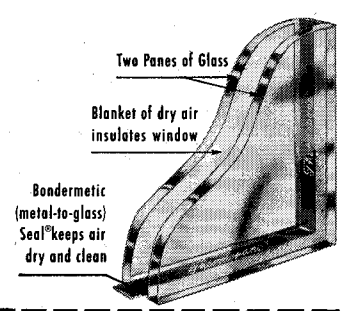

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pointed his wife as guardian. The patient is psychotic, but he understands the matter and he is determined. "She might skip town, check and all. If the court says she's my guardian, let her go to the court and get the check signed." Stratton sends her to the hospital's Social Service Department.

By now the privileged patients have gone out. Only twelve are allowed to go unattended. Only half of these choose to leave, for there is little to do—go to the commissary and buy candy, wander around the grounds, sit on the benches. Three go to the occupational-therapy (OT) shop. OT is woefully inadequate. Psychiatrists believe that performing a simple task with the hands, such as weaving or carpentry, often restores a patient's contact with reality. But at Columbus, which holds 2700 patients, not more than sixty or seventy go to OT regularly. There are not enough attendants to take them to OT, and there is only one trained occupational therapist. The superintendent considers OT at Columbus seriously weak. So is recreational therapy—dances, games, movies, roller skating, bowling, gardening. Day in, day out, the patients just sit on the wards.

Right now on Ward 8 they are sitting on the enclosed porch, an attendant watching to prevent trouble. Dr. Mary Lou Hippert, the ward doctor, has said, "Probably at least half of these patients could go outdoors if there were attendants to take them. But there aren't. The patients get out two or three times a year, to a picnic and a couple of ball games, and that's all." Disturbed patients can't be left unguarded. On the porch, a single attendant can watch 100 men.

Now, at 10:30, Doctor Hippert arrives for her daily visit to the ward. She is an attractive blond woman of thirty-eight, married, a nurse who got her M.D., went into private practice, and came to Columbus State in 1954 for psychiatric training. This morning she finds a patient waiting for her at the office door. He is young, slender, with sensitive features, and he says, "Can you transfer me to Ward Six, doctor? I want to continue my schoolwork. I've got all my materials, but there's no place to keep them here, and it's so noisy I can't study."

"We'll see," Doctor Hippert says. "Wait till I get through here." She goes into the office and asks the nurse how he's been. Pretty well, the nurse says. With trembling hands the patient shows a sheaf of blueprints to the doctor. She promises to transfer him.

Doctor Hippert asks the nurse how EST went this morning. All right, the nurse says. The doctor orders one patient taken off EST. Then, accompanied by an attendant, she goes to the seclusion rooms. In one, a lumpy man in dirty underwear is sitting on the floor. Doctor Hippert asks, "How do you feel?" No answer. He is fooling with a strip of cloth. "What's that?" she asks. He starts to reply, but his voice fades; he walks to the barred window and stands, gazing out. The doctor moves on to spend a few minutes in the other seclusion rooms.

Back at the office, the young man with the blueprints is waiting. "Would it be all right if I went to Ward Six right now?" She tells him, "A little later." She asks the nurse about a couple of other patients, orders one sent to the clinic for tests and hurries away to staff meeting, having been on the ward a half hour.

Lunch for the patients is beef, potatoes, tomatoes and gravy. After they have gone back to the porch, a studious-looking patient strolls into the office. Stratton hands him a list of things that patients want from the commissary. Once he was a brilliant law student; now he runs errands. He was studying for his bar examination ten years ago when he made his psychotic break—wired his parents, "Her name is Judy and she loves me." There was no Judy. The hospital gave him Insulin shock and EST, and a doctor invested an hour a week for more than two years in psychotherapy with him. All to no avail. He was a dangerous fighter. Lately Serpasil has calmed him, and the doctors think he might get along on it at home. But he has been here too long; he is afraid to leave.

At one P.M. Attendant Cooley puts a folding screen across the hall, for it is visiting time, and soon the visitors come, a half dozen of them, and the patients who are their relatives are brought to sit beside them in the hall behind the screen.

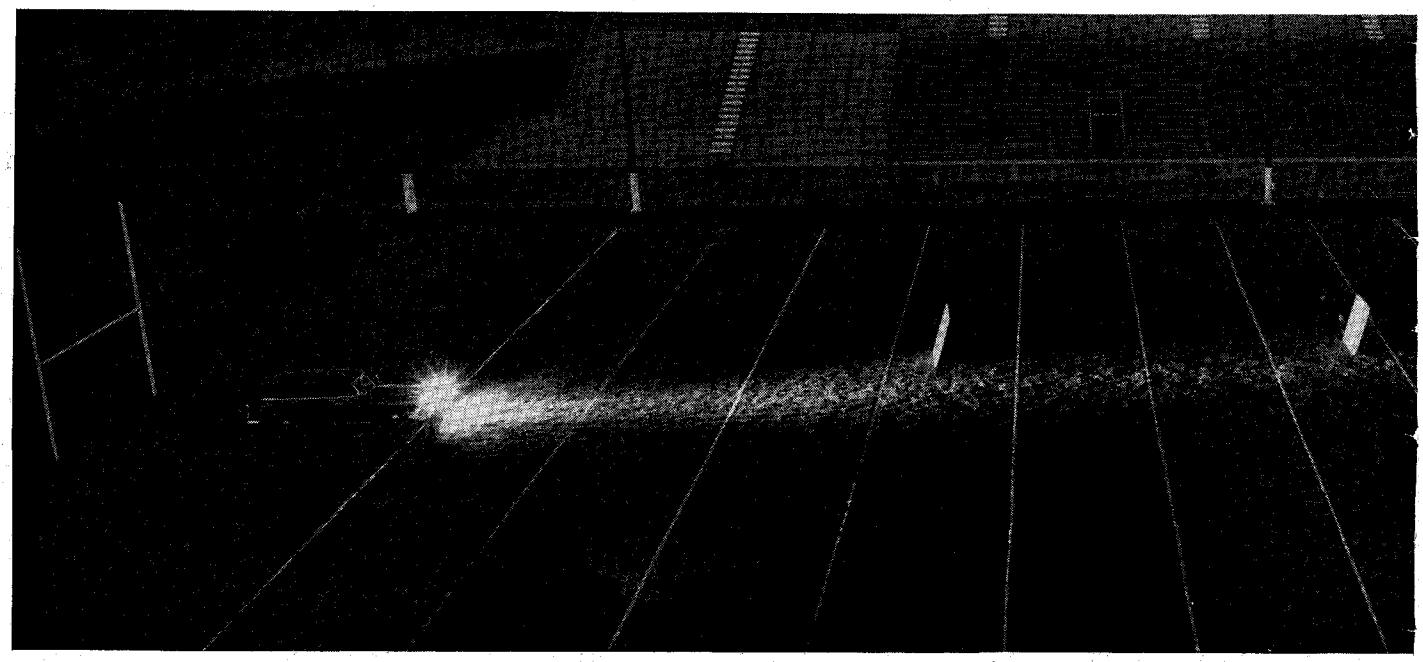
The nurse is making out her EST report, interrupted by patients who come in to talk. One is a tiny, shriveled old man who waltzes in and says to the nurse, "Hello, sweetie."

She says, "Hello, sweetie, how are you?"

"Sick in bed. Can I have some tobacco?" She gives it to him.

Theobald Tuttle comes in. "Did you say I was going to the clinic at one o'clock? It's one o'clock now." The phone rings; a patient is being sent down from a chronic ward, No. 12, where he has been giving trouble. The nurse asks Ward 12 not to fill the vacancy he leaves, and she and Stratton talk about whom they can send to 12. Doctor Hippert, of course, will decide.

An attendant brings in the patient from 12. He is a tense young man, a chatterer. "Hello, what's the story, what's cookin'?"



BEFORE-DARK PHOTO OF FOOTBALL FIELD—*where the after-dark Headlamp Comparison Test photos,*

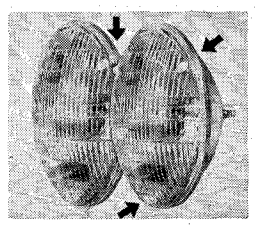
Now...twice the light for

LOWER BEAM OF NEW G-E *All-Weather* HEADLAMPS GIVES TWICE THE LIGHT 300 FEET AHEAD ON YOUR SIDE OF THE ROAD!

Why 300 feet? Because at 300 feet, and at normal speeds, you should see objects *clearly*. Good visibility at that distance is easy with *upper* beams—yet, traffic conditions force you to rely most on the *lower* beam. That's why G. E. redesigned its headlamp lens, upped the wattage, redistributed light in the lower beam. The "Headlamp Comparison Test" pictured at right, shows that you see better at this critical seeing point with G-E *All-Weather* Headlamps *— photographic proof that you can get twice the light for safer driving at night!*

See Better In Fog, Rain, Snow. The special lower beam filament shield in General Electric *All-Weather* Headlamps blocks uncontrolled upward light, reduces kick-back glare, helps you see better in fog, rain and snow.

Is Accurate Aiming REALLY Important? Yes! Road shock and vibration can cause headlamps to become mis-aimed. Aimed high, headlamps glare into the eyes of oncoming motorists. Aimed low, beams don't project far enough down the road. (If, at a point 25 feet ahead of your car, your headlamps are aimed only 3″ low, you get half the light you *should have* at 300 feet!) But G-E *All-Weather* Headlamps have Aim-right Gizmoes, (see arrows at right), that help dealers aim them quickly, accurately . . . even in daylight. So, for safer driving, better seeing in all weather, more accurate aiming, replace present headlamps with a *pair* of G-E *All-Weather* Headlamps today! General Electric Miniature Lamp Dept., Nela Park, Cleveland 12, Ohio.



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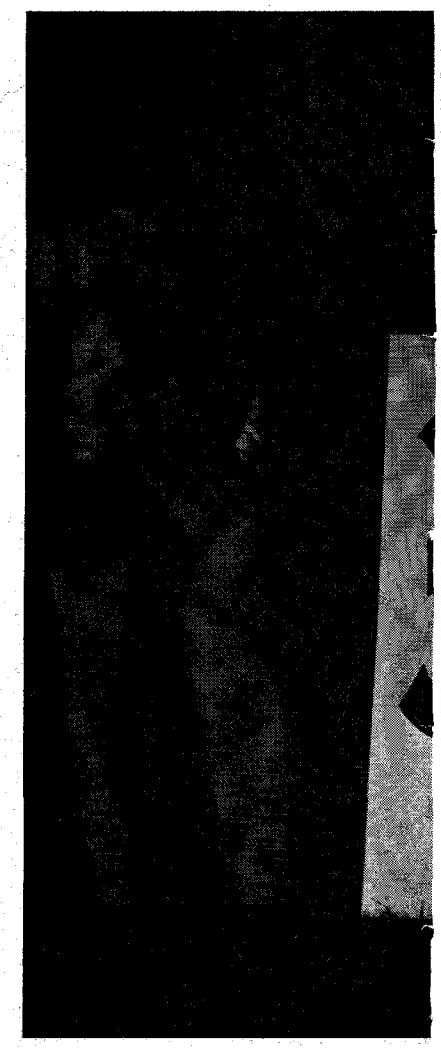

OLDER TYPE SEALED BEAM HEADLAMPS—

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Stratton, eying him, says, "How are you?"

"Well as could be expected. I've got a new toothbrush. I brush my teeth three times a day with my feet. Don't mind my swearin', it's just shorthand." His sweater is bulging with his belongings. Stratton asks the attendant from Ward 12 what's the matter with him.

"He wants to run off all the time. He's just a nuisance, and he torments the nurse to death."

Stratton tells the patient, "Go out in the hall and have a seat for a little while." He goes, but comes back. "How soon can I get out of here?" Stratton waves him away.

At two P.M. the three afternoon attendants come to work—Delmar McClaskey, a slender, clean-cut young man; Alphas Shafer, a loud, good-natured man standing six feet two and weighing 230 pounds; and Robert Rurode, a smaller, younger man. The nurse and McClaskey complete the shift change—count the medicines together, particularly the narcotics. McClaskey and Shafer make up the evening medications. At three o'clock the loud-speaker booms, "Visiting hours are over." After a few minutes Shafer goes to the screen and says, "Time to go, folks."

Three Negro women get up, and the patient they have been visiting shuffles back to the porch. The old man who was afraid his heart couldn't stand EST kisses his wife good-by. As she reaches the door he calls, "Watch crossing the street," and waits to see the door close behind her. He looks happy.

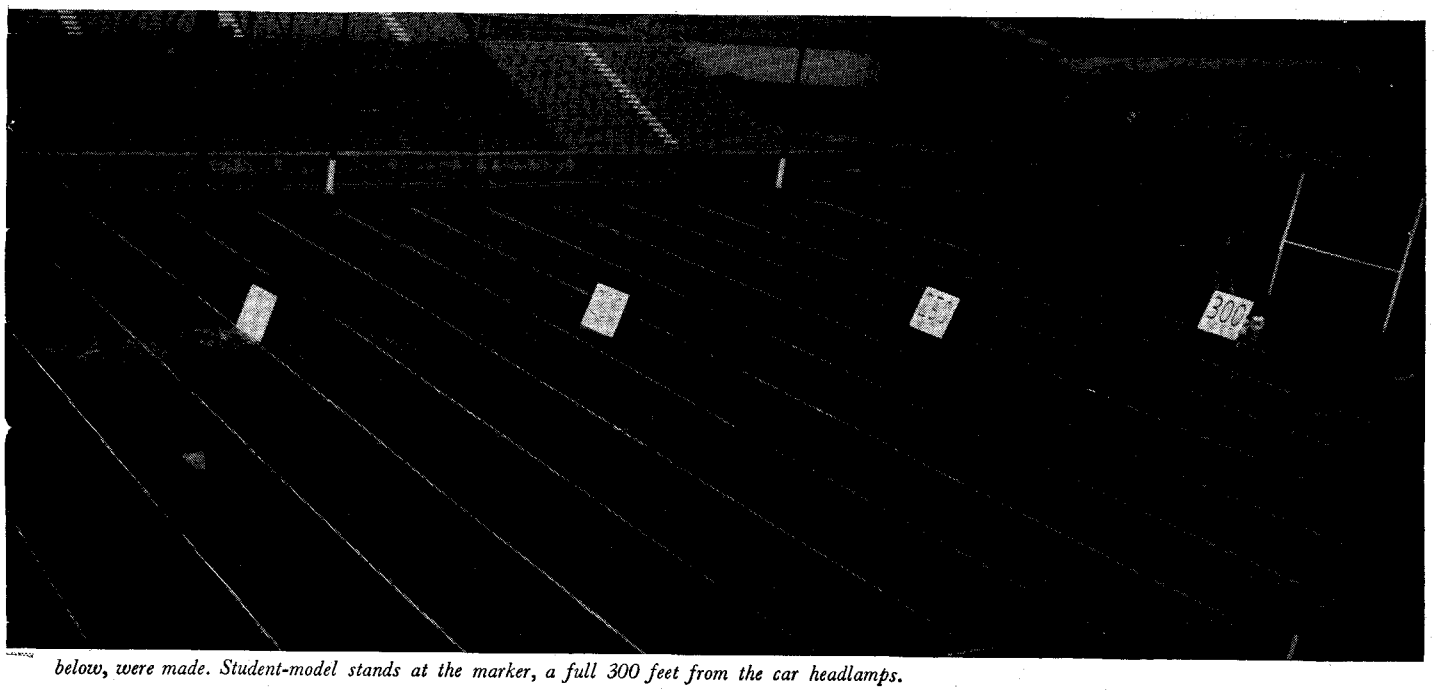
Shafer goes into the kitchen. It is 3:20. He unlocks and raises a panel in the wall. It opens into a dumb-waiter shaft. He pulls a chair in front of the opening, and plants himself there, remarking, "Otherwise they'd crawl down and get out. A fellow did that once."

A patient who works in the kitchen asks, "How's it going?" Shafer, big and comfortable, says, "Won't do no good to complain. How much bread we got?" Six loaves, the patient says, counting. Shafer pokes his head into the dumb-waiter shaft and hollers down for more bread. He banters with a friend below. Four or five patients are clustered around him, enjoying the moment. With a clatter the food comes up—trays of bread and chocolate cake, battered canisters of beans and coleslaw and meat balls. All fall to work dishing up supper, attendants and patients alike.

The evening meal is over by 4:10. As the line of men comes down the hall from the dining room, Shafer plucks five patients from it and leads them into single rooms. He remarks, "The ones that go prowling around at night, we put them to bed right after supper, so they won't get hurt." The six seclusion patients have been sent to bed already, and a patient, a shuffling old Austrian, is putting their clothes away. He never gets the clothes mixed up. Nobody can get him to leave the ward. He has been here thirty-three years.

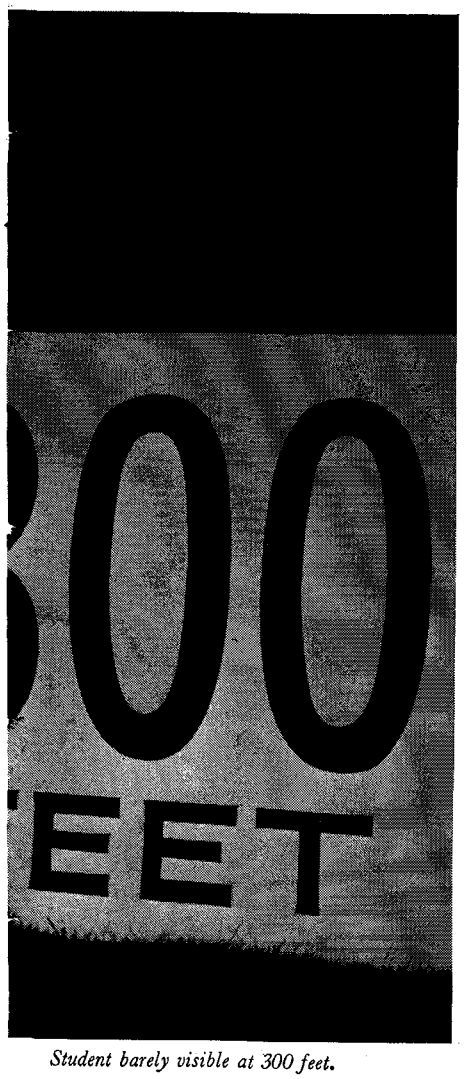
Shafer is scarcely back in the office when the new patient from Ward 12 comes in, asking for bed sheets. "Aren't there none?" . . . "Yeah, but they're filthy." . . . "O.K., I'll get you some."

As he talks, Shafer is filling a syringe. Out in the hall an enormous globular patient, a feeble-minded schizophrenic, is yelling. Jimmy Fisher first came here in 1932. He had been going out with a girl, but a chiropractor told him not to marry for a while because he was "too weak

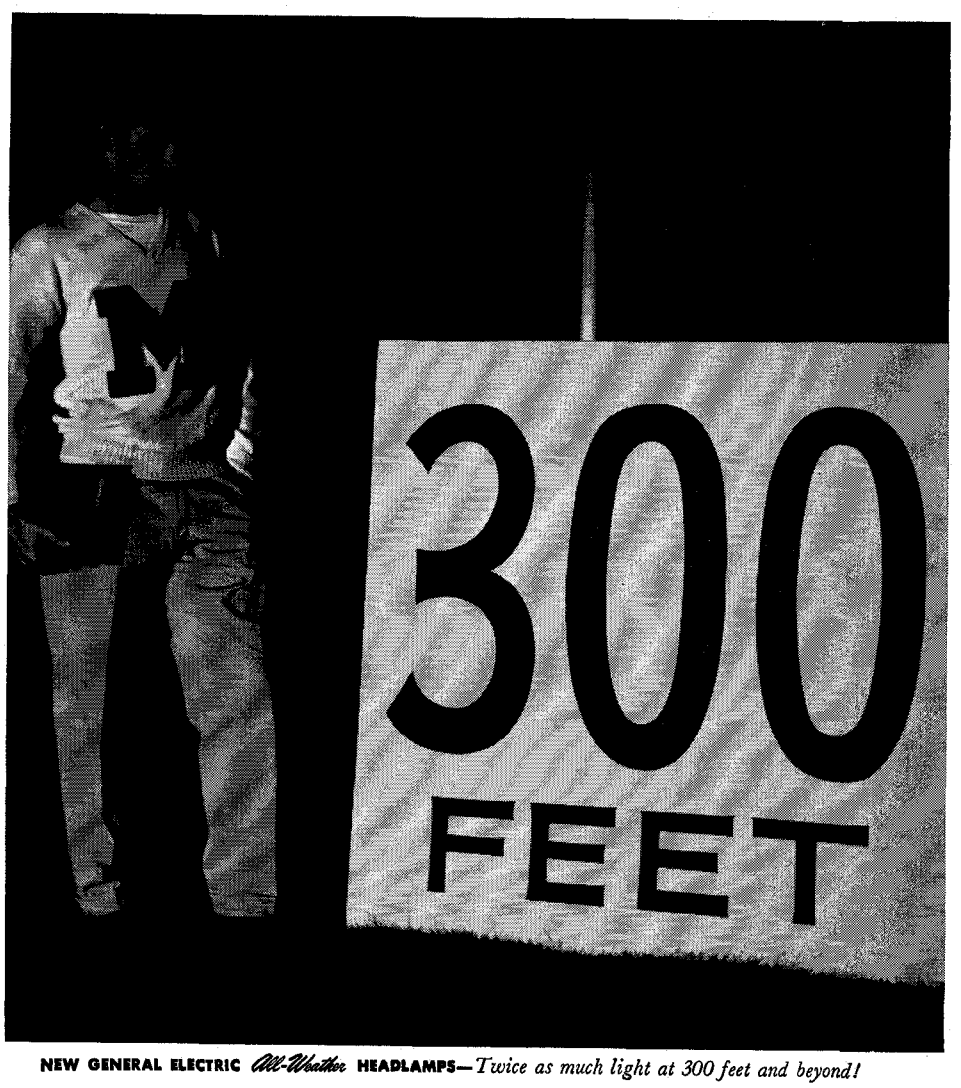


below, were made. Student-model stands at the marker, a full 300 feet from the car headlamps.

safer driving at night!



Student barely visible at 300 feet.



NEW GENERAL ELECTRIC *All-Weather* HEADLAMPS—*Twice as much light at 300 feet and beyond!*

Spring Cellar

By GLADYS McKEE

This was the color of
coolness,
Where the quiet, crystal
spring,
Silvered over the cellar
To keep what we would
bring—
Cream and fresh-churned
butter,
Milk in a deep brown
crock—
Carefully we would place
them
On the wide, the violet rock.
Man since has invented
devices
That are miracles set apart,
But none that a child will
carry
Long, long years in the
heart,
For this was the texture of
coolness,
Hill quiet, shade and water,
A sheltered ledge of violet
rock
And one bewitched
granddaughter.

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sexually." This worried Jimmy, as sex always had worried him, and he became depressed and wept and pulled the buttons off his clothes and finally came to the hospital. When he got out, he married his girl. She bore him a son, but the infant died in a week. Then she divorced him, and soon he was back in the hospital to stay. A dozen years later a doctor noted, "There is no record of any treatment and there is no mental improvement." Now Jimmy scrubs at the hospital and is paid two dollars a month.

The kitchen work is done, and the kitchen workers are in the hall, watching television. Some patients think television controls their minds, and won't watch it. TV substitutes for recreational therapy to some extent, but it is so passive that many doctors consider it harmful.

McClaskey, watching the television fans, says, "A few years ago these places were snake pits. Attendants beat hell out of a patient if he didn't do what they wanted. Sometimes the only way you can run a ward is by strength. But most of the time, if you stay on one ward, you get to know your patients so well that you can tell if one is going to blow up—he'll start talking to himself, or take his clothes off, or pace the floor, or won't eat. If you can spot him and put him in a room, the whole place stays quiet. I've seen some wonderful recoveries on this ward."

Shafer says, "We had one guy, he was bad; we put cuffs on him, he busted the door, he lay on his back and kicked us. Well, he got shock treatment and in less than a week we had him working in the kitchen, then in the OT shop, and he's home now. It's a funny thing, the wilder they come in, the quicker they recover." McClaskey says, "When I see a patient coming through that door, I like to see him coming through fighting, tearing the hell out of this place." (Doctors agree.)

It's time to take the patients to the movie. Only eight or ten wish to go; Shafer counts them as they are led out. Shafer, thirty-nine, a high-school graduate, got out of the Army in 1947 and bought a little farm near Gallipolis, an Ohio River town where the chief industry was a state mental hospital. But he couldn't make a go of farming, so he came to Columbus and, like many Gallipolis men, looked to the state hospital for a job.

Attendants get fifty dollars a week. They work forty-four hours. Some work here and hold down a factory job at the same time. This practice does not foster efficiency. A poor attendant can undo the work of a good psychiatrist. There are 248 attendants for three shifts on forty wards—two per ward per shift. More than half of them are women. Most of the male attendants are farmers or laborers. The hospital requires only that an attendant be a citizen, an Ohio resident and between the ages of eighteen and seventy. Not all can read and write. One is an ex-burglar, hired while on parole.

A little before seven P.M. McClaskey and Shafer leave the office and walk around the ward. Out on the porch about fifteen men are rocking or talking or staring into the night. In the kitchen everything is scrubbed and put away. McClaskey reaches behind the penicillin in the old-fashioned icebox and gets milk and cake for himself and Shafer. At 6:55 P.M. a buzzer rings, and Shafer lets the privileged patients come indoors; they're on time, as usual.

A patient comes to the office for a shot of Insulin for diabetes. Another patient complains that someone on the porch is throwing the table-tennis balls out the window. The attendants put the offender in seclusion. The new man from Ward 12 follows them back to the office and chatters until Shafer, tired of listening, says loudly, "I thought you wanted some sheets." . . . "I do." . . . "Well, there they are," and Shafer points to the desk where he put them long ago. At eight o'clock McClaskey calls the telephone operator to report all well, as he does every hour at night. If he weren't heard from, she'd send help.

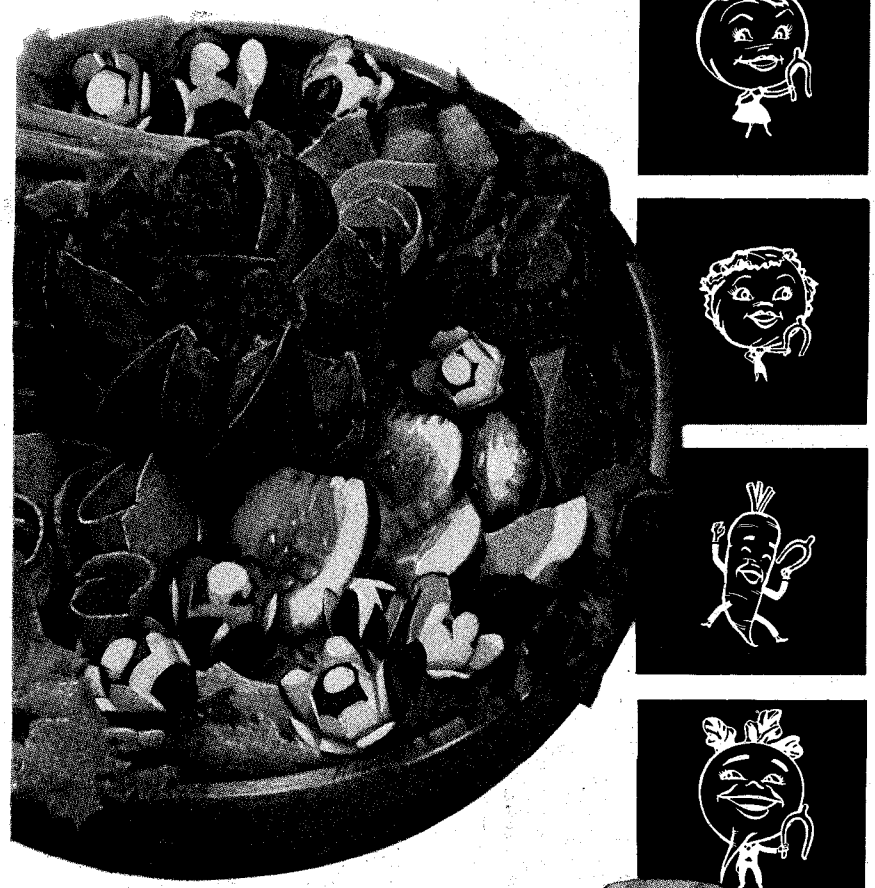
McClaskey likes his work. "The big thing is not to make the patients afraid. When a patient first comes here, he's afraid of the hospital. Well, if he's beaten he gets more afraid. If a person's fear keeps growing bigger, all the treatments you can give 'em aren't going to make 'em any better. You know, after you work here awhile you get a feeling for these guys."

At nine P.M. Shafer steps into the hall and yells, "Let's go, boys." Six men are still watching television. They go to the porch, Shafer and McClaskey following. Nearly everybody else is already in bed. Those undressing on the porch put their clothes in little heaps, then walk barefoot in their underwear to the dormitories. In the dim light the beds are ranked in long white rows. One patient has made a tent of his sheet, fastening it to the head of the bed, so that he is completely hidden.

The attendants check the seclusion rooms. The old Austrian is still puttering around in half-darkness. They leave him alone, and go back to the office to finish their reports. Except for the scratch of McClaskey's pencil, the ward is quiet. Outdoors the night is crisp. There is a haze in the air over the deserted hospital grounds, and on Broad Street night traffic rolls quietly by, and after a day on the ward it is the outside world which suddenly seems alien.

Editors' Note—This is the second of six articles. The third will appear next week.

what does a salad wish for?



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ITALIAN DRESSING

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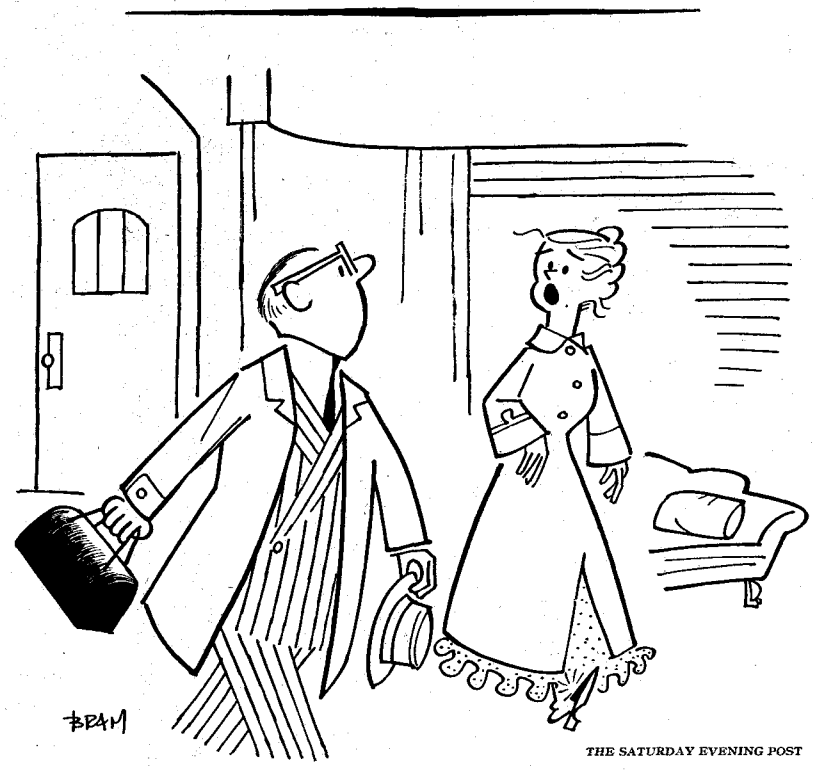

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"When he got up this morning he took an aspirin and some vitamins, then he took pills for his ulcer and pills for iron. Then after some cough medicine he took drugs for a cold, and when he lit a cigarette there was some kind of explosion."

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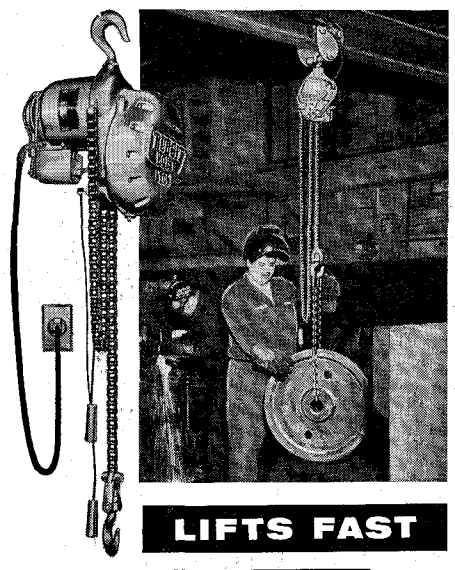

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Tugboat Annie Loses Command

(Continued from Page 29)

"I have no choice, right now," Price returned soberly. "And if things go well, we'll have business enough next season to keep you all profitably employed for months. But I'll take no excuses." He addressed Annie and Mr. Bullwinkle directly, "Any slip-up on this deal and the Navy's towing goes elsewhere! Got that?"

"Don't worry, cap!" said Mr. Bullwinkle briskly. "I'll keep her in her place."

Price ignored this. "And you?" he asked Annie.

"Yes, sir," said Annie, trying to sound meek. "I'll do me best."

"Pick up your barges at Pier Three in the Naval Stores Depot. They're big ones, and already loaded with equipment and supplies for Port Ragloff. That's the new Air Force and Radar Base on Ragloff Island in the Gulf of Alaska."

"What's the delivery date?" asked Mr. Bullwinkle.

"No specified date. Just get them there before the freeze-up starts, but in plenty of time for you to get out yourselves before you're iced in. Oh, one thing more! There'll be another barge, full of equipment to be repaired, waiting at Port Ragloff. You tow that back down here."

"Who does?" asked Annie quickly.

"Settle that between yourselves. It'll be a nice bit of extra profit. And don't forget," Price warned sharply. "Deviations or unnecessary delay in delivering up there will cost one or both of you fifteen thousand dollars apiece! Good luck"—he shook hands with them—"and good weather!"

They watched him go; then, as Annie and Mr. Bullwinkle were about to follow, Severn halted them. "Bullwinkle," he said, "if you'll stop in the outer office, Olive will fix up that note for you to sign. . . . Annie, I want to talk to you privately."

Uneasily Annie waited, while the door closed behind the now-swaggering Mr. Bullwinkle.

"Go ahead; say it!" said Annie defiantly, at length. "If I git in any more shenanigoats wid Bullwinkle, ye're gonna fire me when I git back. But I already promised ——"

"No, Annie," said Severn quietly. "I won't wait till you get back. Because I'm sending a substitute skipper with you. And if—in his opinion alone, mind!—you do anything connected with Bullwinkle that fouls up these deliveries on time, he will take over command of the Narcissus, and you're through!"

"Guess I can't blame ye, Alec," Annie said dully. "Who ye sendin'?"

"Well," Severn replied, "the Daisy's in dry dock for extensive overhaul. So ——"

"Oh, no!" Annie exclaimed, aghast. "Not Truthful Tomkins! Why, he's the biggest gasbag ——"

"He's a first-rate, reliable towboat man, Annie. Furthermore, he's wanted—and deserved—a bigger tug for a long time. So perhaps here's his chance."

"Yeah, a chance like a shrimp in a lobster vat!" said Annie, suddenly furious again. "I'll make darn sure o' that!"

She blew out of his office like a departing gale, slamming the door behind her; and not until Severn heard her heavy, indignant footsteps clattering down the outside stairs to the wharf did he relax and permit himself a tiny, satisfied smile.

The tiered, rain-blurred lights of Secoma faded astern in darkness and swirling mist, as the Narcissus and the equally large and powerful Salamander, each towing a huge, heavily laden barge, left the harbor at suppertime and headed north in the teeth of the steadily increasing gale. Forty-eight hours later they were still bucking it, but they managed to move steadily abeam on the long reach Alaska-ward, among the islands of the Inside Passage. And in the Narcissus' darkened wheelhouse Annie was at the wheel, waiting for Peter to relieve her while she went down for supper.

Presently he appeared.

"Bro-ther!" he grunted. "Better start the whistle, Annie. Fog's so thick out there, we'd be better off closer inshore where we'd hafta part the trees to see where we was goin'."

"Yeah." Annie handed over the wheel and pulled the whistle lanyard, and when the hoarse, blaring note had died away she continued, "An' if the wind keeps up we're gonna hafta put in someplace till it blows over. It's too rough to go outside the islands right now. What's fer supper?"

"Steak. And ya'd better get below quick, before Truthful Tomkins eats his way clear down to the bilges. I dunno where he stows it all." Peter looked at Annie curiously. "I hear tell he was sent along on this trip in case he has to take over."

"Posh-pish!" said Annie quickly. "That's on'y if Bullwinkle starts pickin' on me again. An' that," she added virtuously, "ain't gonna happen no more. I promised Alec ——"

> This may be a man's world, but the women are partly to blame too.
>
> CHARLES RUFFING

Peter tittered. "Beg podden?" he said.

"Don't be so smart!" Annie rapped. "I'm takin' no chance on anybody runnin' the old Narcissus, 'cept me."

In the protected warmth of the wheelhouse Annie had not realized how strong the wind had grown, but as she descended the steel ladder to the lower deck it filled her throat and made breathing difficult, while the rain lashed like birdshot into her weathered face. While she fought it, her mind jumped to when they would have to leave the comparative shelter of the islands and battle the full fury of the stormy ocean outside, with the dead weight of the sluggish barges wallowing at the end of the long towing wire astern. And so thinking, she staggered aft to the fantail to try to ascertain how her own barge was making out.

She could see nothing of it, however, in the rain and fog. Off to starboard she noted automatically, however, that the lights of the Salamander were faintly visible; and somehow, watching the other tug's steady progress despite the turmoil, Annie felt the sharp edge of her dislike of Mr. Bullwinkle dulling. The Salamander, like her own Narcissus, was something solid, dependable, in a stormy world, and she had not ever underestimated her rival's professional skill.

"Might almost like the big loghead, if he was a human bean," she muttered as she went forward again toward the messroom. "Long as he keeps his ugly snout outta my affairs."

As she stepped into the light and warmth of the messroom, Annie beamed with pleasurable anticipation.

"Them combustibles sure sniffs good," she began enthusiastically to Pinto, the cook; and it was a second or two before she realized that no one was listening to her. Instead, her grinning crew were intent upon the words of Truthful Tomkins, a tall, emaciated-looking man with pipestem arms, and skinny legs encased in faded dungarees. His face, above a scrawny, weather-lozenged neck, was pale and bony, flanked by prominent ears, but his small brown eyes were exceedingly bright, darting and inquisitive, giving him the appearance of a raffish old crow.

"Hi, Annie!" He had glanced up and seen her. "Take yore things off an' hear this! . . . Well, as I was sayin', boys ——"

"Would ye please mind," Annie interrupted with ponderous sarcasm, "if I axed Pinto to fetch me some grub whiles you're yakkin'?"

"Course not," he said hospitably. "Jist make yoreself to home. Well, like I said, I was up for my mate's certificate in front o' this mean, hard-boiled old steamboat inspector. Now, up to then I'd done putty good, which made him mad; so the next thing he asks is: 'It's night and a port and a stabboard light is approachin' rapidly. But the port light's to stabboard and the stabboard light's to port. What's the situation? Ya got ten seconds to answer.'"

Truthful paused to take a gulp of coffee, then started working on a huge slab of pie, pretending to have finished his story.

"Fer Pete's sake, give 'em the score, afore I do!" snapped Annie, exasperated. "I've heerd ye tell it forty ——"

"I'll tell 'em," said Truthful. "It was an airplane, flyin' low and upside down. . . . But even you don't know what happened next, Annie."

"Whatever it was, ye jest thunk it up," said Annie. Then, intrigued in spite of herself, she asked, "What did?"

"Old gimlet-puss give me another chance. 'One of me eyes is made o' glass,' he says, staring right at me, 'made by the best glass-eye maker in the world. Tell me which is the phony one an' you'll get yore certificate.' So I told him. . . . Pinto, more coffee!"

"Don't be stupid!" said Annie scornfully. "If the fake was as good as he said, how could you tell?"

"Nothin' to it, Annie. When I looked reel close I seen that one had the teeniest softer, kinder glint in it. So that was the glass one, o' course. . . . Pinto, where the heck's that jamoke?"

"Ye're pretty observant, ain't ye?" Annie said, after quite a pause.

"Ain't much I miss," said Truthful.

"Goody-goody-glumdrop!" said Annie. "Shif'less is on lookout, top o' the wheelhouse, an' the fog's so thick he can't see a dum thing. So, end of his watch, you'll relieve him."

"Wait a minute!" said Truthful. "I wasn't sent on board here to ——"

"You ain't in command yet neither," Annie told him forcefully. "So ye don't draw no more water than a toothpick, an' ye'll do as I say! 'Sides, it's doin' ye a favor, reely."

"How so?" demanded Truthful.

"Think o' the fun ye'll have tellin' folks later, how it was so freezin' cold up there that ye grabbed a yard or two o' fog an' wrapped it around yer neck to keep warm. . . . Pinto, more coffee!"

Slowly, Truthful got to his feet and put on his oilskins, his bright gaze, now deeply speculative, fixed on Annie. "I can see," he drawled, "we're apt to have quite a time this trip."

"Me an' us both, pal!" said Annie. "I kin see right now, ye're gonna be more fun than a barrel o' donkeys!"

When Annie, her capacious innards comfortably stuffed, returned to the wheelhouse a (*Continued on Page 93*)

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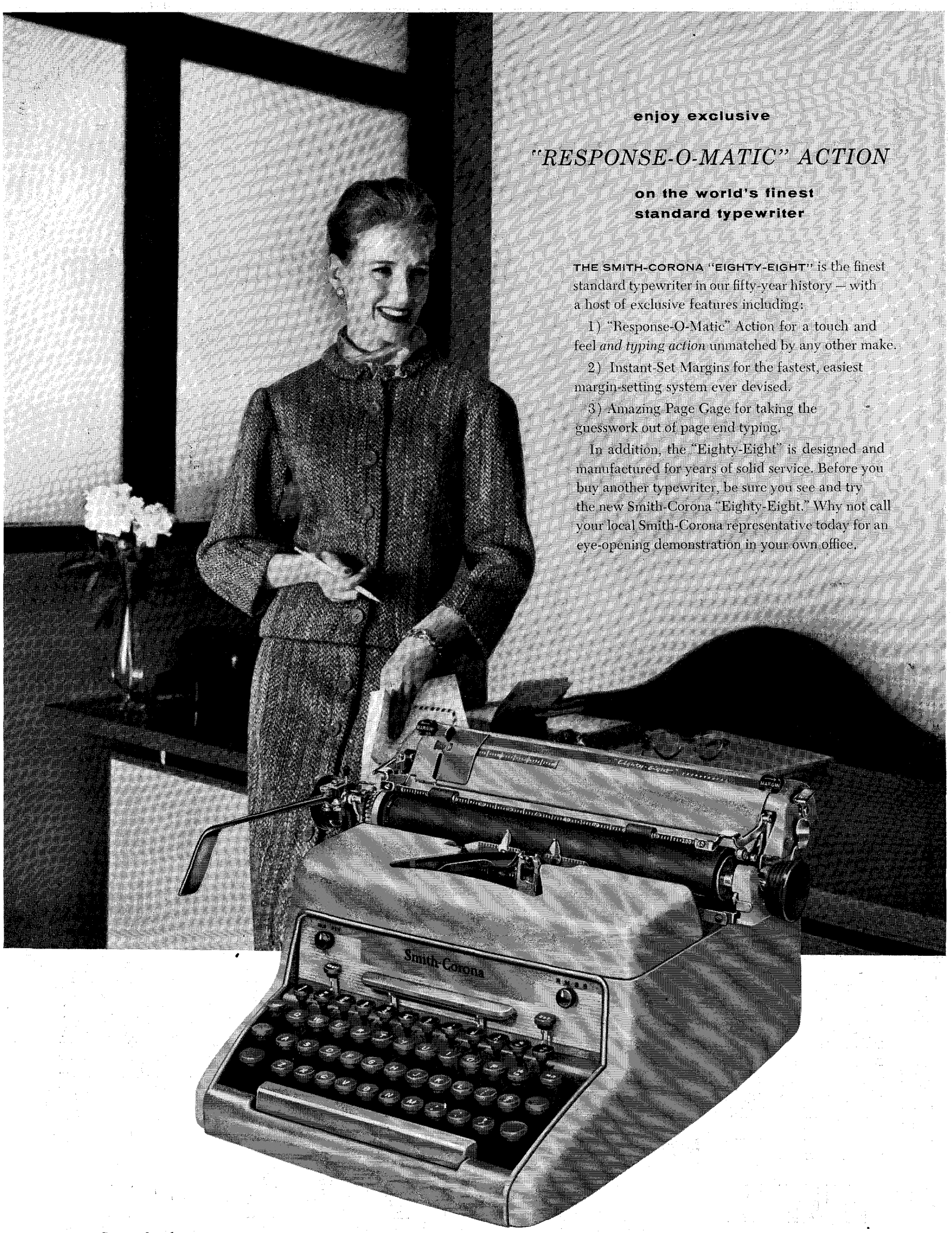

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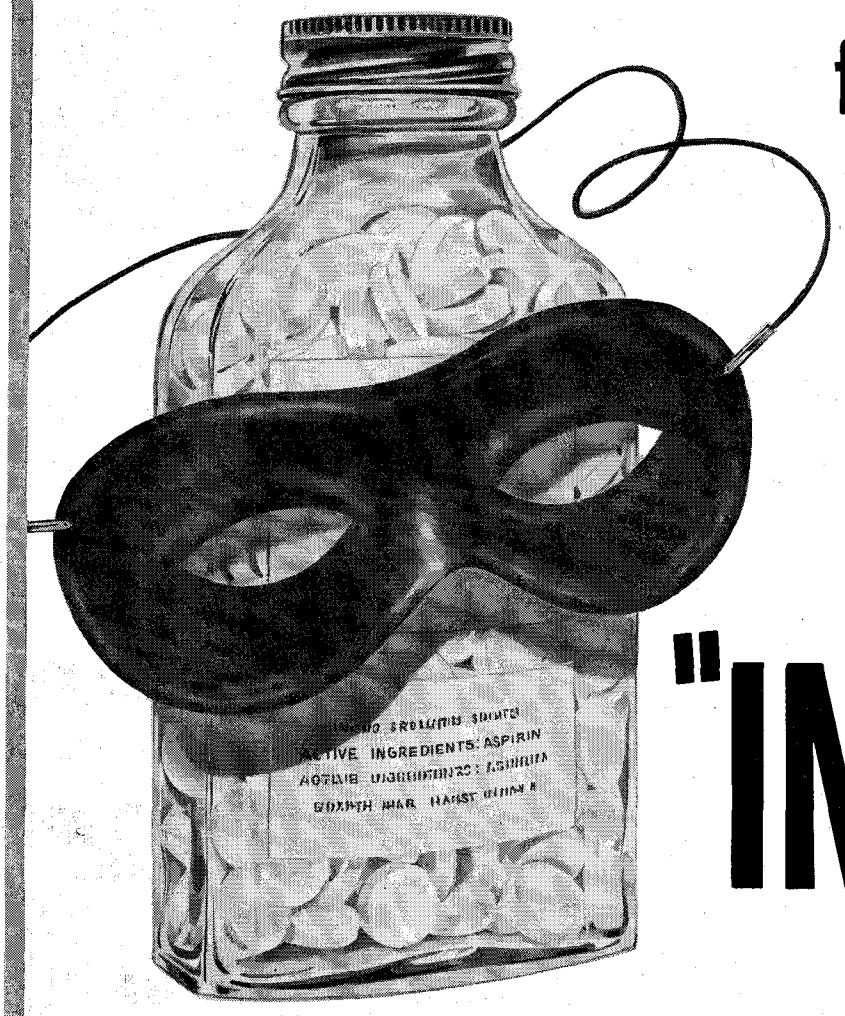

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(*Continued from Page 90*) half hour later, the wind had risen to almost full gale force.

"Where are we?" she asked Peter. "Clear o' Malcolm Island yet?"

"We passed it. And Fort Rupert's ahead, off to port. But in this stuff tonight we'll never see it. Annie, we gotta make up our minds ——"

"I know," said Annie, worried. "Whether to take a chance through Queen Charlotte Sound to the open sea or keep on up the Inland Passage. It's shorter outside, to Port Ragloff, o' course."

"We'll take a terrible washin' out there," Peter warned gravely.

"We're gonna have to take cover somewheres right here inside, if this gits much wuss!" said Annie. "An' what bothers me is the time element. Every day counts now, in case we git froze in someplace. I wonder what Bullwinkle's gonna do. Mebbe I better find out, Peter. Hold that fog whistle till I git through."

She staggered aft to the radio shack, and had Clem, the radio operator, tune in on the other tug's radiophone frequency.

"Tug Narcissus to tug Salamander!" said Annie, when the connection was made. "Kin ye read me? Lemme talk to Bullwinkle if he's sober enough."

"This is him," said Mr. Bullwinkle's well-known rasp. "And I can read ya like a book. A comic book. What ya want?"

Quickly Annie outlined the problem. "The glass is still droppin'," she said, "an' if it ain't eased up before long, we oughta keep on fer the lee o' them islands north o' Cape Caution. It'll take us a coupla days longer to reach Port Ragloff, but —— "

"You do that, dear!" interrupted Mr. Bullwinkle enthusiastically. "You take that calm, safe Inside Passage!"

Instantly Annie was suspicious. "Yeah?" she yelled. "Whiles you sneak out through Queen Charlotte Sound, so's ye kin be first at Port Ragloff an' grab that tow home, huh? Well, listen, ye big dumskull! I ain't lettin' you outta me sight!"

"Why, sweetheart!" he cried dulcetly. "I didn't know ya cared! Well, stick around, an', inside or outside, we'll slug it out together."

Troubled, Annie remained with Clem for a while, discussing the situation, and dictating a progress report to be relayed to Severn at Secoma. Then, half blinded by sheets of driving rain and spray, she returned to the wheelhouse, where she saw, to her annoyance, that Peter had been joined by Truthful Tomkins.

"Thought I telled you to relieve Shif'less on lookout?" she said shortly.

"At the end of his watch, you said," Truthful reminded her.

Annie turned to Peter and gave him a quick run-down on her conversation with Mr. Bullwinkle, while Truthful, clearing the moisture from one of the side windows, attempted, morosely, to stare out.

"But I don't get it, Annie," Peter protested as Annie finished her account. "Bullwinkle's a crackajack towboat man—let's face it!—and I just can't see him bein' fool enough to risk his tug an' tow outside, unless he had a very special reason."

"There's two," said Annie. "Port Ragloff has on'y one small loadin' dock an' whoever gits there first not on'y grabs that southbound towin' job but he kin hold up the other from goin' alongside till the freeze starts. Ye kin smell the frost right in that wind tonight, an' he'd like nothin' better'n to see me froze up in there fer the winter!"

"Possibly," agreed Peter dubiously. "But I still can't believe he'd take a chance outside. There's a hundred and fifty mile of open water; and that's plain murder!"

"Mebbe. Mebbe so," said Annie reflectively. "Anyways, if he does go out, we'll have to take a chance too. Meantime, we'll stick close to him. I seen his lights from the deck a while back, so he's still abeam. An' if he can take it out there ——"

"Annie." Truthful, who had continued to stare out the window, but whose stuns'l ears had missed nothing, turned and interrupted her. "Ever meet a snake called a sidewinder?"

"Look," said Annie, "I ain't in no mood fer any more o' your cockeyed antidotes. So git outta here an' relieve ——"

"No, this'll kill ya!" he said, with relish. "I a'most got et by one, once, but I'll tell ya about that another time. Point right now is, when a sidewinder wants to move ahead, he does it by snakin' from side to side, to fool ya about what direction he's gonna take."

"Listen," said Annie. "Why don't you go an' git yerself a job as a skeleton's shadder, an' quit annoyin' me?"

"Because," Truthful replied, after quickly peering out the window again and back, "I thought perhaps this sidewinder I told ya of might remind ya of somebody ya know."

"You poppin' yer buttons?" she demanded; then, sensing a deeper meaning, she asked sharply, "What ye gittin' at?"

"Ya said Bullwinkle's lights was right abeam of us a while ago?"

"Sartinly! Over to starboard there."

Truthful once more peered out the window. He said innocently, without turning: "I don't see no lights."

With a pachydermous bound, Annie reached the door, flung it open to a blast of screaming, freezing wetness and rushed to the rail. When she could clear her eyes of the stinging brine, she stared outboard, but all she could see was wind-tortured darkness and wreaths of billowing fog.

Annie rushed back to the wheelhouse. "Truthful was right, Peter!" she gasped. "Bullwinkle's switched out his lights an' took off!"

Grabbing the searchlight handle suspended from the deckhead, she switched on the beam. But of the Salamander and her tow there was no sign.

After a time Annie switched off the searchlight. "We gotta find out where he's headed!" she said desperately. "We jest gotta!"

"He ain't headed outside, Annie," commented Peter. "Otherwise he wouldn't ha' bothered to shake ya."

"He wanted you to head out like he said he was doin', though," Truthful said. "He tried to shame ya into that."

"Yeah! Knowin' I'd never make it, an' lose a lot o' time havin' to turn back! Lemme see, now. Where could he hole up that's big enough to take that barge an' hisself in, where they'd be safe?"

"He sure wouldn't waste any time down here," said Peter. "He'll prob'ly keep right on ——"

"—— up the Inside Passage, and makin' as much northin' as he can," put in Truthful eagerly, "hopin' that by the time he fetched Dixon Entrance the gale would be blowed out. Then he'd cut straight across the Gulf of Alaska."

"But after makin' that long detour he'd hafta fuel up again an' take fresh water aboard, afore he could risk the gulf. Didn't ye think o' that too?"

"I would have," said Truthful modestly.

"Sure gittin' in practice to take over, ain't ye?" said Annie bitterly.

"I aim to, if it's necessary. And I don't need no practice. Furthermore," Truthful added softly, "maybe this wouldn't ha' happened if you hadn't scrapped wi' Bullwinkle over the radiophone tonight. Severn ain't gonna like that. So if I was you ——"

"I didn't scrap wid him!" Annie rasped. "An' you ain't me! Ye're nothin' but a imaginary line drawed through a suit o' dungarees. So go git lost!" She turned back to Peter. "O.K., Peter. Swing over toward FitzHugh Sound. We'll go up the Inside Passage too."

On the long beat north among the islands parallel with the British Columbia mainland coast, Annie sought incessantly for news of Mr. Bullwinkle's Salamander. Then, finally, early one evening amid the maze of islands south of Dixon Entrance, she got it.

"I dunno if it was the right one," bawled the grizzled, moon-faced Eskimo skipper of a big purse seiner as it paused, rolling gunwales under, to answer her hail, "because the weather was pretty thick. But a big tug and barge appeared to be headin' in out of the fog as we was coming out o' Sawmill Harbor."

"Ye sure he wasn't goin' toward Dixon Entrance?" asked Annie anxiously.

"Dixon Entrance? You crazy? Even the seals is seasick outside, in this blow, and she's (*Continued on Page 95*)

"That must be the termite man now."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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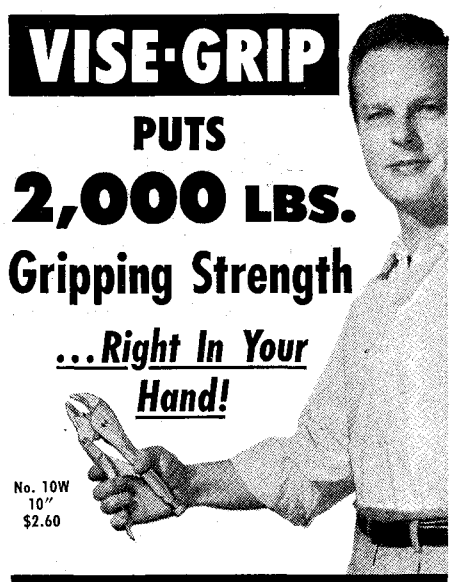

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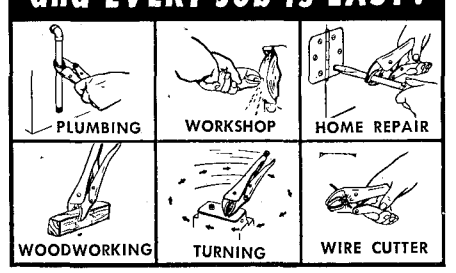

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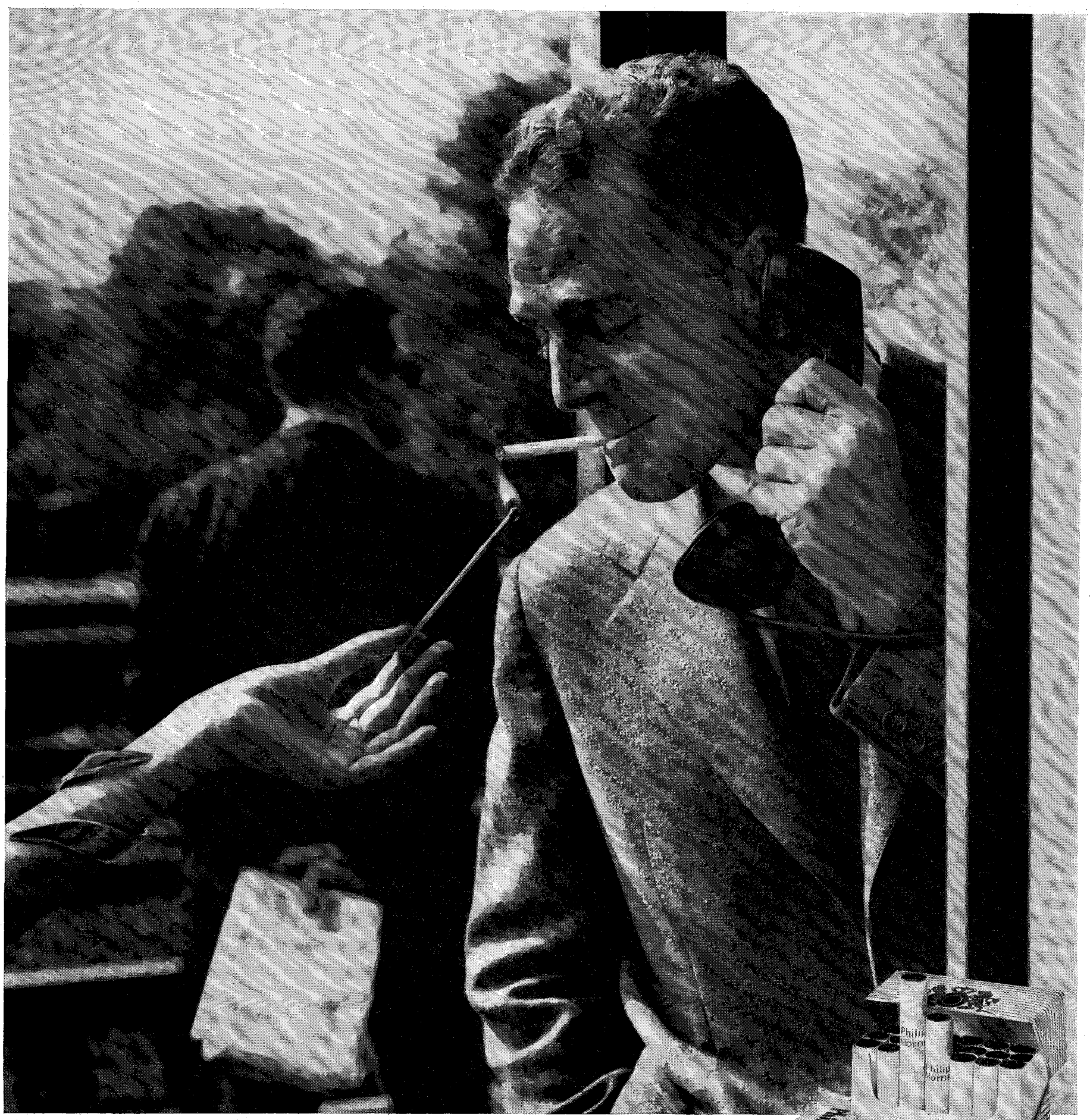

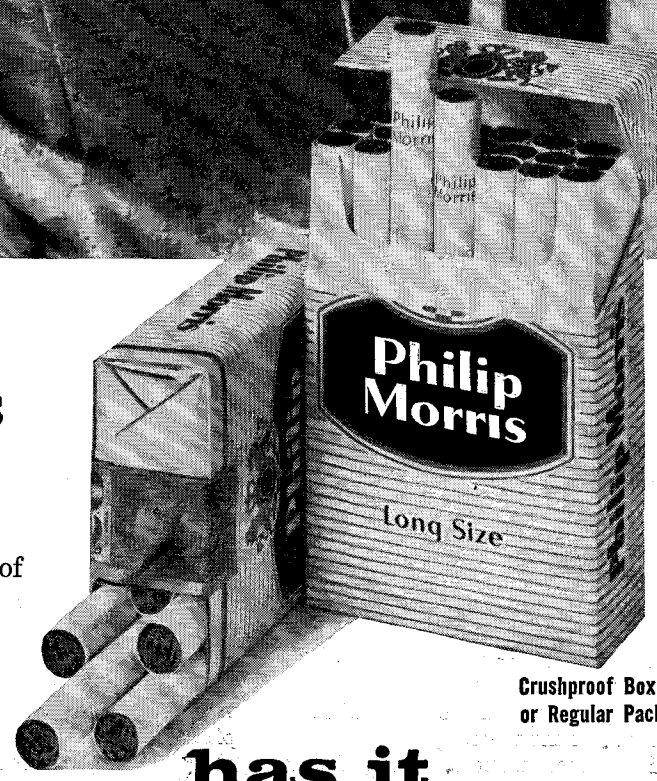

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(*Continued from Page 93*) good for another two-three days!" he shouted.

Annie waved her thanks, and the Narcissus dipped and plunged in the gathering night toward the distant, rain-dimmed beacons of Sawmill Harbor, a small logging, lumber and fish-cannery town at the end of a narrow bay set between stupendous cliffs.

It was dark and bitterly cold, with light snow flurries replacing the clearing rain, by the time the Narcissus had entered the port. And it was with dour satisfaction that Annie saw Mr. Bullwinkle's Salamander and her barge made fast in the adjoining berth.

She stood with Peter on the Narcissus' upper deck, and, as they watched, a door on the Salamander's salt-rimed main deck opened.

"There he is, the horse's rudder!" growled Annie. "Look, he's gittin' on the dock! I've a mind to go over an' kick —— Oo-oof!" For Peter's elbow had jabbed her violently in the ribs.

Annie, unable for the moment to speak, glared at him with angry astonishment, until his eyes flicked significantly downward to the deck immediately beneath the rail. Then, following his glance, Annie understood; for turned innocently upward and avidly eavesdropping was the face of Truthful Tomkins.

"Well, as I was sayin', Peter," remarked Annie loudly, and with instant presence of mind, "mebbe I'll sashay over after a while an'—ho-ho!—scold dear Horatio a leetle fer worryin' us about if he was safe or not. . . . An' as fer you"—she looked over the rail again and blasted wrathfully into Truthful's still-upturned countenance—"ye'd better keep that ugly old bag o' teeth, hair an' bones ye call a face outta my business, afore I stomp right in the middle of it!"

"It's for yore own good, Annie," he pointed out sadly. "After all, Severn instructed me that if you was to tangle wi' Bullwinkle again, I was to take ——"

"You was to—what, friend?" said the kindly, amused voice of the Salamander's master, who, attracted by Annie's explosion, quietly had crossed the dock. "Oh, I remember you!" he said, affecting artless surprise. "You're Tomkins, skipper o' the Daisy! But she's on the repair ways in Secoma, an' you're here, and Mrs. Blimp doesn't like that. I wonder why? Could it add up"—he turned to Annie with a grin—"that Severn sent him along to take over, 'case you started bein' disrespeckful to me again?"

"Look, Bullwinkle," said Annie hurriedly, "I ain't got no beef wid you. So ye double-crossed us the other night. O.K.! But kin you," she inquired reasonably, "help yer sneaky nature? Or mebbe it was jest a prank."

"It was no prank!" interrupted Mr. Bullwinkle warmly. "In our dealings, Fatso, I've learned to play fer keeps!"

"I don't blame ye," said Annie, resolutely unclenching her fists. "It must git tiresome bein' beat all the time. But look; le's make a deal right now. You leave me alone, an' I don't take nothin' from you. How's that fer bein' fair?"

"Suits me!" said Mr. Bullwinkle heartily. "An' to prove it"—he turned to put a comradely arm across Truthful Tomkins' shoulder—"how's about us goin' uptown together an' killin' a coupla fifths o' bait. We'll be here for a day or two, so *let's me an' you get better acquainted!*"

Grimly, Annie watched while they splashed joyously away together, coattails flying in the wind as they headed for the lights of the town.

"Ever smell trouble comin', Peter?" she asked as he stood silently beside her. "Well, take a good sniff right now."

"I know. They'll gang up all right. But all of us on the Narcissus are for you, Annie. So just watch yourself. You can take it."

"I'll hafta!" said Annie hoarsely. "Wid that kind of a setup I won't dare thump him now, if it kills him!"

Her resolution was not easy to keep, however, for during the ensuing two days, during which the gale continued to blow, but the sky cleared and a skin of ice began to form along the shore, Truthful Tomkins and the loudly gregarious Mr. Bullwinkle were inseparable. And when Annie encountered them they made it obvious that a close alliance had been reached; for the Salamander's master did his skillful best to goad her to violence while Truthful stood expectantly by, waiting for the explosion that would project him into her job. But with the obstinacy born of desperation, Annie refused to be drawn and either would stand, shaken with helpless fury, or, with a derisive twitch of her massive stern, waddle rapidly away.

Meanwhile, the enforced delay in the voyage, during which both tugs had been refueled and provisioned, was thoroughly enjoyed by their crews. Sawmill Harbor's shops and taverns were crowded, with

... ...

Tip to Travelers

If you take all the gadgets
Supposed to save space,
You'll end up requiring
A larger-sized case!

By Isabelle Bryans Longfellow

... ...

many an enjoyable brawl to flavor the tedium of waiting, while the more venturesome found excitement by last-minute dodging of the logging trains that, day and night, whistled and rattled along the middle of the wide main street.

At first Annie had accompanied her shipmates ashore, for she dearly loved a crowd. Particularly, she was drawn to the noise and conviviality of the Mother Lode, but since this was also the favorite oasis of the now openly and insultingly belligerent Mr. Bullwinkle and his bosom chum, Truthful Tomkins, she formed the bitter resolution to stay away, and thereafter confined her walks to the vicinity of the wharves.

On these, her invariable companion was Big Sam, the engineer, whose lumbago sharply restricted his visits to the town; and their favorite goal was a large but ancient steam tug, Cascade, at the shoreward end of the wharf. Annie remembered her from years ago on the Yukon, and this recognition was a passport to the friendship of her caretaker and part owner, Olaf Torgesen, a gnarled, tow-headed old philosopher with childlike, mild blue eyes, whose sole remaining ambition was to save enough money for a visit to his daughter in Skagway.

Realization of this devolved, however, upon the sale of his share of the Cascade—a most unlikely event, as Big Sam, after a professionally competent inspection, had discovered; for while the hull was sound, and the powerful engine, tail shaft and propeller remained in good working order, her tubes and boiler plates were corroded through and replacement costs prohibitive.

Despite the pleasantness of her visits with old Torgesen, however, and the calming influence they spread, Annie was impatient, anxious to get to sea; and by the third evening in port this possibility strengthened, for the Government weather forecast prophesied a slackening of the gale by midnight, with snow and probable icing conditions to follow.

To celebrate their prospective sailing, the tug crews enthusiastically had planned a last few carefree hours ashore, with Peter and the others of the Narcissus urging Annie to share their final fling. But reluctantly she had refused to take a chance.

"I've did good so far," she said, pardonably proud. "But if I was to go up there to the Mother Lode an' happen to take a cargo o' kelp squeezin's aboard, then run into Bullwinkle, I'd be li'ble to skin him alive an' use his pelt fer a toopay. No, I'll stop here. You boys go up an' have a good time."

Nevertheless, it was with utter dejection that Annie watched them go, envying their high spirits as they hitched a ride on a string of empty flats that the shrieking little logging locomotive was taking back to the sawmill on the edge of the town.

Restless and lonely as the early arctic darkness closed in, and chilled through by the bitter and still-high wind, she entered the messroom, where Big Sam was writing letters, and flopped in the seat opposite. He looked up.

"Maybe you should ha' gone ashore wi' the crew, after all, Annie," he remarked sympathetically. "You look as lost as a porcupine without its quills."

Annie shrugged dispiritedly. "I got this far widout tanglin' wid Bullwinkle," she mumbled, "in spite o' his prize monkey, Tomkins. If I stay away from them I'll keep both me temper an' me job."

"Yeah, guess you're right. We'll be gettin' under way in a few hours anyhow, and ——" He broke off abruptly, listening. "You hear somethin'?" he asked, puzzled.

"Sure do!" said Annie quickly. "Some boat's tootin' an air whistle out in the harbor! Come on, quick!"

Hastily Big Sam followed her to the rail and they stared seaward toward where, under the clear, star-hung and windy night, angry surf outside the harbor entrance still spouted and boiled.

Presently they again heard the series of distant, staccato hoots, and after a time there materialized, moving slowly toward them, a small, Diesel-powered fishing boat without lights.

"Put the searchlight on her, Sam," Annie directed, and a few seconds later the Narcissus' dazzling white shaft was cutting through the darkness.

"Has she taken a beatin'!" grunted Annie, who had followed Big Sam to the wheelhouse. "No small boats, no nets, most of her rail tore away! Must 'a' bin caught out in that blow."

"But look, Annie!" Big Sam replied tensely. "She shouldn't carry a crew o' more'n three-four hands, but there's over a dozen men on her deck!"

A few minutes later Annie and Big Sam were helping the small crowd of unshaven, haggard and exhausted men in wrinkled, brine-soaked clothing over the stringpiece of the wharf. They were, besides the fisherman's crew of four, as Annie's quick, solicitous questions brought out, the eleven-man ship's company of a coastal cargo and trading steamer, the Chilkoot, of Nome, Captain Burdett, master.

"We were southbound from Sitka when that gale hit," said Burdett, a tall, wide-shouldered man, with a strong, but drawn face and weary eyes. "It was too strong for us, so I cut across the south end of Horseshoe Island to get into that deep, protected bay there. The wind blew us too far inshore, though, and she stripped her propeller on the rocks."

"She sank?" asked Annie quickly.

"No, thank God! She scraped over and had enough momentum to pile up on the beach. It's a sand-and-gravel foreshore," he went on, anticipating their question, "completely protected by those high cliffs all around. That's where she's resting now, with practically no damage except the propeller and shaft and maybe a few sprung plates under her stem. And if it hadn't been for Captain Johanssen here, we'd be there yet."

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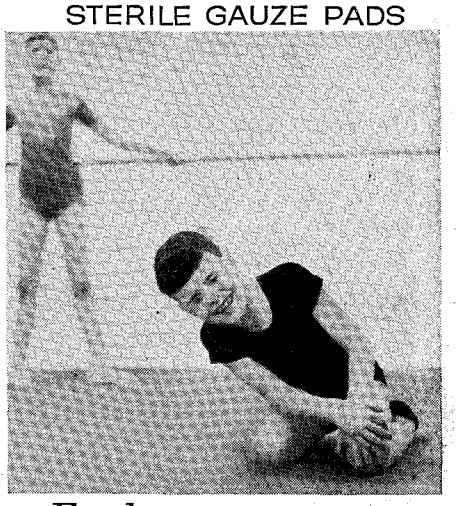

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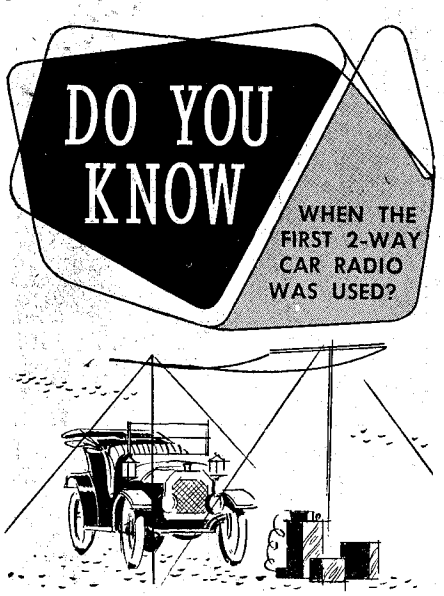

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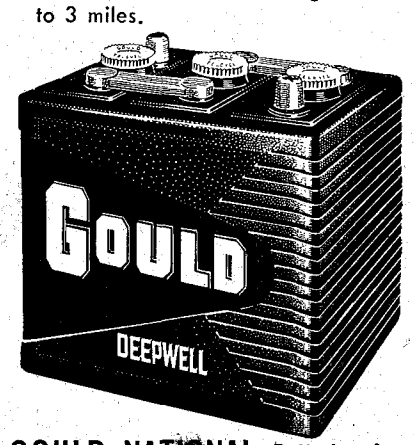

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"How'd the seiner find ya?" asked Big Sam. "Radio SOS?"

"Naw," volunteered Johanssen, broad and squat in his fisherman's torn oilskins, with tobacco-stained teeth, and eyes like chips of blue glass stuck in his leathery face. "His vireless vent out ven he hit. But ve vass coming down de channel soon after, looking for shelter, yust like him. He had his boat ofer by den, so ve picked dem oop."

"But why didn't ye stay up there where it was sheltered till the gale blowed itself out," Annie asked, "'stead o' takin' the poundin' ye must 'a' got, comin' here?"

"I offered him a thousand dollars to risk it," said the steamer captain. "My vessel's only two thousand tons, but she's crammed full of valuable cargo and she's got to be moved out pretty quick, before she freezes in and gets pounded to bits in the winter gales. What about this big tug of yours?" he asked Big Sam. "She could do it easy, and including the ship, there's over eight hundred thousand dollars at stake."

"I'm her engineer," Big Sam explained. "Tugboat Annie Brennan here's her master."

"That so?" asked Burdett with interest. "I've heard of you! Well, what about it? The underwriters'll pay big, and ——"

"Wish I could," said Annie with deep regret. "But I'm under contrack, doin' a towin' job fer the Navy. So's the Salamander along the way. An' since there's no lives bein' risked ——"

"Have to figure something else, then," Burdett said tiredly. "Well, captain." He turned to Johanssen, shook hands. "Thanks, more than I can tell you! See you in the morning."

"Where all o' ye gonna sleep?" said Annie. "I could ha' put ye up, but we're sailin' ——"

"We'll go over to the lumber mill. I know the superintendent, and he'll fix us up. Thanks just the same. Good night. . . . Come on, boys!"

They watched as, at the head of his weary men, Captain Burdett plodded along the wharf toward the town. Then Annie turned back to the fishermen. "Anythin' I kin do fer you fellers?" she asked. "Hot grub? Blankets?"

Johanssen shook his head. "Ve'll tie up at de cannery across de vay, dere. I deal vit dem." He stared after the retreating ship's company of the Chilkoot. "Too bad nottin' can be done for Captain Burdett. He ban nice falla, und dat ship o' his is big, rich plum."

"Yeah," said Annie, feigning casualness. "Sure is a shame. Good night."

A few minutes later the seiner was a slow-moving blob as it moved across the channel toward the cannery dock. Then Annie grabbed Big Sam's arm, hard.

"Let's git back to the messroom!" she said urgently. "We gotta find a way, quick, to do somethin' about this!"

In the messroom, with cups of steaming coffee putting warmth back in their veins, they discussed the glittering prize so tantalizingly out of reach. "It ain't total salvage, because her master came back here to git help. That means she ain't legally abandoned," Annie said. "But if she ain't pulled off soon, like Burdett said, she's sure a goner." She put her face in her hands. "A deal like this, what I could walk off wid right under Bullwinkle's fat nose—an' we're tied to that Navy barge! It would hafta happen to me!"

"He's in the same fix, Annie."

"I know. Not that he wouldn't knock off his Navy barge in a second if he got a smell o' this! Still, come to think of it, it wouldn't do either of us any good if we ditched the barges an' grabbed the Chilkoot. An' now that I can't have it, I almost wish he'd try."

"Why wouldn't it do any good, Annie? Look at that big profit! The underwriters'll give ten times what this job's payin' us!"

"So?" And suddenly Annie grinned wanly. "Well, Number One, we'd forfeit that fifteen thousand that Alec had to put up. Right?"

"The other'd be worth it."

"Number Two, the Navy's contracted both our time an' our sarvices. So if either or both of us salvaged the Chilkoot afore we fulfilled the Navy contrack, the Gov'ment'd be entitled to the award because it was earned in their time. An' that's what Bullwinkle's gonna find out if he tries to glom onto this!" She left her chair and paced heavily. "Sam, there's jest got to be a way to solve this!"

"For you?"

"Fer Alec. He's still me boss, ain't he? Listen"—she bent over the table, her heavy face close to his—"are you sure the tubes an' b'iler on that old Cascade of Olaf's can't be fixed up?"

"I told ya the other day, Annie. I could put her propellin' machinery in good runnin' shape in a few hours. But without tubes and a boiler to feed her steam, she's just no good! Why, old Torgesen even took the coal outta her and sold it. That shows ya how hopeless it is!"

"Yeah, guess ye're right, Sam." She sighed resignedly; started pacing again, then stopped. "Look, pal," she said morosely, "this whole deal's got me so beat down that I gotta relax somehow, afore I blow me topper. So mebbe I will sashay into town fer a while. Will ya come wid me?"

"Sure, Annie," said Big Sam cheerfully. "We'll go up to the Mother Lode and make big ones out o' little ones for a while. But remember," he warned, "no matter how much swamp juice you lap up, ya still gotta stay clear o' you-know-who."

When Annie and Big Sam entered the hospitable, smoke-thick interior of the Mother Lode, Annie's volatile spirits instantly soared. Feeling exceedingly jolly and benevolent, she even sought out Mr. Bullwinkle and the perfidious Mr. Tomkins, to bestow upon them her forgiveness and some wassail.

They were not hard to find, for around them were the noisiest and most hilarious of the bar customers, including crew members from both tugs; and if Mr. Bullwinkle's florid countenance was turned with fatuous admiration upon his buddy, it was with some reason. Truthful Tomkins, as a raconteur, was having a huge success.

"So there I was, gents," he was declaiming with a grin, "fishin' from that little boat. Cold, soakin' wet, an' not a bite from a sardine, even, all day. Then, just as I gave up, a big gray cod jumped into the boat!" He paused impressively. "So, know what I done?"

"Rubbed it in yer hair?" asked Annie genially.

Truthful Tomkins' eyes, first startled, then bitter, rested on her for a second or two. But he recovered quickly. "No, Mrs. Buttinski, I did not!" he snapped. "I just told that codfish, 'Oh, no, ya don't!' I said. 'If ya don't bite, ya don't ride!' An' I throwed it back."

"Pooh!" scoffed Annie, her good-humored disparagement so loud and prompt that the delighted audience forgot to applaud Mr. Tomkins' effort. "Somethin' better'n that happened to me an' Carl Hansen o' the tug Dupont, when we was fishin' one day. Jest like in that lie o' yours, Truthful, we'd had no luck neither. Well, Carl had just spit his chaw o' tobacco over the side, when all of a sudden the biggest sea-lion bull I ever seen surfaced alongside, wid a thirty-pound salmon in his jaws. An' he was so grateful when he seen that chaw that he throwed the salmon right into Carl's lap, then went after the quid. An' would you believe me ——"

"Aw, nuts!" cried the frustrated Mr. Tomkins. "I suppose ya throwed the salmon back in too?"

"Nothin' as silly as that," replied Annie complacently. "All that happened was, seein' we had hold of a good thing, me an' Carl give up towboatin' fer a spell, an' us an' that sea lion fished on fifty-fifty shares—an' a lay fer the boat, o' course—all the rest o' that season! An' if you kin top that one, my pilin'-bustin' friend," she shouted delightedly over the roaring laughter of the crowd, "I'll pay ye ten bucks!"

While she waited for the offer to be acted on, Mr. Bullwinkle had pushed himself angrily forward. "Listen, you old dugong," he growled to Annie. "Scram outta here before I bat ya one!"

But Truthful Tomkins, to whose face wounded pride had lent the color of an astringent (*Continued on Page 99*)

"May I see your ticket, please?"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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Expect a small "miracle"...when you play a Hammond Organ

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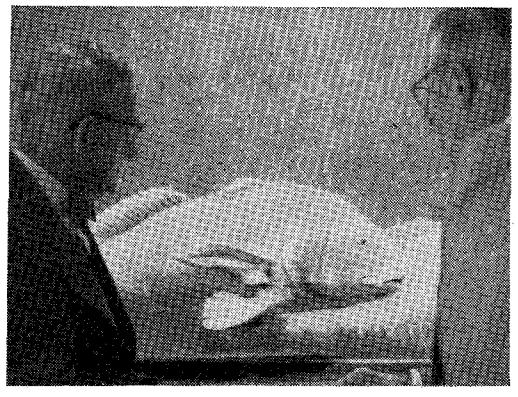
There's a little bit of **Wausau** in the new **Philadelphia** story

by Frank H. Weir, feature writer, The Philadelphia Inquirer

"Up in the hunting and fishing country of Wisconsin there's a thriving little city named Wausau. You've probably heard about it from reading 'The Wausau Story' in national magazines. It's the home of Employers Mutuals, an insurance company whose way of doing business stems from this refreshing, friendly community and its people.

"I'd heard that *wherever* Employers Mutuals people do business they bring along that Wausau way and spirit. Could I find it here in Philadelphia?

"From all the *many* places in which I found a bit of Wausau, I've selected two as being most interesting. One concerns our own great Philadelphia improvement and industrial expansion program...'Delaware Valley, U.S.A.' The other struck me as being pretty typical of people whose home base is up in good fishing country."

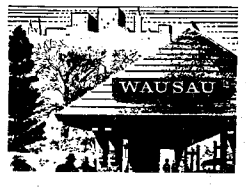


"Fish, like this Black Drum, were in danger when solid rock had to be blasted within 90 feet of the Fairmount Park Aquarium. Curator H. R. Lindaman was worried. But the Employers Mutuals' people showed him there was no cause for alarm. They worked with their policyholder, the contractor doing the nearby blasting, and measured each blast to keep the fish safe from harm. (A natural concern of people who come from Wausau, a sportsmen's paradise, they tell me.)"

"Director of Commerce, Fredric R. Mann, is a member of the Philadelphia City Planning Commission. He's been active in Philadelphia's improvement, dramatic, civic and industrial renaissance from the beginning so these new buildings he's inspecting along Pennsylvania Boulevard are quite familiar to him. Some of the companies working on this project are policyholders of Employers Mutuals. Wausau safety practices and low insurance costs are an important factor in the progress of this work.

Employers Mutuals' people also bring a 'little bit of Wausau' to the National Container Corporation which Mr. Mann serves as Vice Chairman. One of their plants has operated continuously since 1954 without a single lost-time injury. That's over a million man-hours. A good record. Good business too. They tell me it's the kind of plant safety work that lowers insurance cost."

Employers Mutuals, with offices across the country, writes all lines of fire and casualty insurance. We are one of the largest in the field of workmen compensation. For further information see your nearest representative (consult your telephone directory) or write us in Wausau, Wisconsin.



"Good people to do business with"

Employers Mutuals *of* Wausau

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(*Continued from Page 96*) tomato, quickly intervened. "Let her alone till I get her money, Bullwinkle," he said loudly, and the augmented crowd, sensing a contest, cheered, then quieted.

"Well, a good many tides ago," began Truthful, "when I was just a sprout pickin' up odd towin' jobs, I bought me one o' these little steam gigs, or tenders, they used to have in the Navy. Remember them? So one day on the way home after pickin' up hemlock deadheads to make a dollar, I was passin' Suicide Narrows with a flood tide pourin' in, when suddenly my engine quit. I was out of fuel!"

"Oh, man," someone murmured. "That current's about fourteen knots!"

"Sixteen," said Truthful quickly. "There'd been a earthquake the day before an' the channel got tilted a mite. Anyways, I was bein' sucked right into it. An' nothin' to feed the fire and work up steam with. So what did I do?"

"Survived—I guess," ventured Annie. "Though, lookin' at ye, it's hard to tell. How'd ye do it—stuff the firebox wid a few shavin's offa yer skull?"

"What I done," said Truthful, elaborately ignoring her, "I reached over the side an' got hold of a passin' dogfish and tickled its belly to make it bark. Then I grabbed the bark an' threw it on the fire, and in ten seconds I had enough steam to run a ——"

At that moment Truthful's voice was drowned out by the ear-piercing whistle of a passing logging engine with its train of rattling flats, and in that brief pause Tugboat Annie's expression changed swiftly from reluctantly admiring attention to Truthful's yarn, to a sudden tense alertness in her snapping blue eyes and an access of supercharged jubilation that, like a flash of inspiration, raced through her now-fast-clicking brain. What were his final words again? And what had happened just as he said them?

Mentally fighting for the connection that she felt would herald the birth of a brilliant idea, she was oblivious of the roar of appreciation that had awarded Truthful's effort. Then, suddenly, she had it! She knew! And, wildly eager, she looked around for Big Sam.

Before she could reach him, however, Mr. Bullwinkle blocked her way, his fingers digging into her arm.

"What's the matter, ya fat welsher?" he rasped. "Truthful won, didn't he? Well, where's his ten bucks?"

"Eh? What's that? Oh—yeah, yeah!" Quickly she dug into her wallet and fished out a ten-dollar bill. "Here, give him this! Buy him a drink! Here's one fer you too!" She stuffed more bills into his hand. "Buy everybody a drink!"

Thrusting him roughly aside, not even noticing his stupefied stare, she went again in urgent search of Big Sam and, when she had located him again, dragged him, nonplused, off to the comparatively quiet rest-room passage at the back of the noisy room.

"Have you went loco?" he demanded uneasily, but after a quick, cautious look about her, she brought her lips close to his hairy ear.

"I'm gonna ax ye one quick question," she croaked in a half whisper, "an' I want a fast, true answer, yes or no. Listen."

Big Sam listened, and as he did his broad face spread in an astonished, triumphant grin. Then he nodded, suddenly solemn. "Why, yes, Annie," he said. "That's easy done."

"If ye'd said no, I'd ha' slewed ye!" she grinned in quick relief. "Now listen hard again, because here's what we gotta do. I'm goin' back in there an' bandy a few verbs with Bullwinkle. He won't like it—or mebbe he will—an' Truthful too. Anyways, there might be a lot o' noise. But whatever happens, Sam, I kin look after meself, so you're to stay right here! Got that?"

"If you're gonna start somethin', Annie," objected Big Sam stoutly, "I want to be right alongside. An' besides, it'll lose ya your job. An' Truthful will take over the Narcissus!"

"I figger that. But you'll do what I tell ye!" she said fiercely. "An' there's Peter an' the rest in there if I need help—which I won't. Now then, after things quiets down, you go in—I'll be gone by then—an' tell both Bullwinkle an' Truthful all about the Chilkoot—where she's lyin', how easy she'll be to drag off—the whole works, except the fact that her crew an' them fishermen is back here. They fell right into their bunks, prob'ly, or the word would ha' spread."

"But if I tell 'em about the Chilkoot they'll both leave the Navy barges here an' make a beeline for Horseshoe Island!"

"Remember what I telled ye earlier, about the fifteen thousand dollars they forfeit, an' no towin' fee, an' the Gov'ment grabbin' the salvage money? Tell 'em that too. That'll stop 'em! From then on, it'll be a race atween 'em to dump their barges at Port Ragloff an' see who gits back fastest to the Chilkoot. An' it won't be Truthful. I'll make darn sure o' that."

"Ye mean ye want Bullwinkle to win over the Narcissus, Annie?" asked Big Sam uneasily.

"I wanna make sure Truthful will be last into Port Ragloff, to pick up that home-goin' barge, Sam," Annie grinned suddenly. "Because, if Bullwinkle gits there first, he sure ain't gonna stop to hook onto it—not wid the smell o' that Chilkoot salvage in his puss. That way he'll cheat hisself outta the towin' fee an' Truthful will earn it. An' somebody's gotta earn dough fer the boss, 'stead o' horsin' around like me. All set now?"

"One thing more, Annie: If you're stayin' here in Sawmill Harbor after they sail, I am too. Tim, my oiler, has his chief's ticket. He can handle things below."

"If things goes wrong, Sam, it'll cost ye your job too."

"O.K. There's other jobs."

"That, God bless ye," said Annie huskily, "is what I hoped ye'd say. An' I'm sure gonna need ye. Well"—she moved toward the crowded bar again—"here goes!"

Back in the bar, Mr. Bullwinkle and Truthful Tomkins were toasting each other in vast bonhomie with the beer that Annie had bought, and neither noticed her approach until she was standing quietly beside them. Then, ignoring their quickly hostile stares, she quickly plucked the glass from Truthful's fingers and dashed the contents full in Mr. Bullwinkle's face. And before he could clear his streaming eyes, she landed a roundhouse swing that knocked him flat on his back a dozen feet away.

Instant pandemonium broke out, it being the pleasurable impression that this was anybody's fight. Truthful Tomkins went down in the brawl.

"That's done it!" he yelled. "Yo're fired! Severn said if ya beat up on him again you was through!"

"So I'm fired!" Annie bellowed back with vast enjoyment. "I'm through! An' you're takin' over my Narcissus! Well, glory be! Both you an' Bullwinkle kin go plumb to ——"

The melee swept between them, but in the ensuing confusion another of Annie's piledrivers—inadvertently, no doubt—connected glancingly with the cadaverous, rage-distorted visage of Mr. Tomkins, who promptly disappeared underfoot, but his panicky voice rose high above the tumult.

"Ya hit me!" he yelled. "I'm bleeding! I ——"

"Don't be silly!" Annie chortled happily back. "Bones don't bleed!" And with a quick glance at the still-recumbent Mr. Bullwinkle, she butted her way through the furor and scuttled contentedly out the door.

Outside, the night was clear; cold and star-bright, with the last of the gale dying amid the pines and snows of the higher peaks; and in the frosty, invigorating air Annie proceeded at an elephantine trot back to the Narcissus, where she packed a couple of suitcases for herself and one for Big Sam and set them in the shadow of a lumber pile on the wharf. Then, by hearty cuffing, she awakened Shiftless, who was doing his watchman's stint in the warmth of the galley, and chivvied him, shivering, out onto the wharf, where, to his utter astonishment, she made him assist her in crowbarring a considerable pile of the adjacent stacked lumber over the edge of the wharf, from which it tumbled, with a tremendous clatter, down on the Narcissus' fantail.

"There!" she said, viewing with deep satisfaction the confusion of heavy, crisscrossed planks. "That'll make sure the Salamander gits the start she needs."

Then suddenly came the pound of running feet along the wharf in what seemed to be a hotly contested foot race, and there rapidly appeared the respective crews, bearing assorted lumps and abrasions, of the Narcissus and the Salamander, with Mr. Bullwinkle and Mr. Tomkins sprinting valiantly in the lead. And last of all, panting heavily, came Big Sam.

Annie stepped from the shadow of a concealing lumber pile, while the tugs' crews poured on board their vessels and made frenzied preparations for immediate departure, and it became continuingly evident that the race to get away first was still at full blast. And as Big Sam came abreast of the Narcissus, Annie intercepted him.

"It worked, huh?" she grinned.

"Perfect!" he panted. "I told them about the wreck, and they was all for streakin' right out to it and to hell wi' these barges, till I told them about havin' to forfeit the bond money and such. That cooled 'em all right, but they couldn't wait to get down here and under way. Still looks like a close race to me, though."

"Won't be," said Annie, beaming, and she pointed to the huge jumble of lumber on the Narcissus' fantail. "Time Tomkins has had all that lifted off, the Salamander will have a nice head start."

"Who dumped that there?" asked Big Sam, startled.

"I did," said Annie. "Wid Shif'less' help."

"Oh! Ya did, eh?" snarled Truthful's voice beside her. "Wait till Severn hears o' this! Takin' yore cheap revenge for gettin' fired, by fixin' it for Bullwinkle to get to that salvage deal before me! First thing I do when we get under way is get a message off to Alec about you! An' time ya get back to Secoma you won't be able to get a job as deck hand on a garbage scow!"

Annie ignored him. "Looka Bullwinkle castin' off an' hookin' onto that barge fer Port Ragloff, Sam," she commented softly.

This was enough, and soon Mr. Tomkins' hoarse exhortations were urging the Narcissus' crew to greater speed in getting the lumber back on the wharf. But long before they had finished, the Salamander and her charge had drawn away from the dock and were proceeding at a steady six knots toward the open sea.

Finally, and long after the Salamander's lights had disappeared, the Narcissus also got under way. It was the first time in many years that Annie's tug had sailed without her; and, as they stood watching, Big Sam's heart went out to her as she stood, massive, silent, staring.

"Don't take it too tough, Annie," he said gently. "It'll all work out O.K., maybe. And if it don't, well ——"

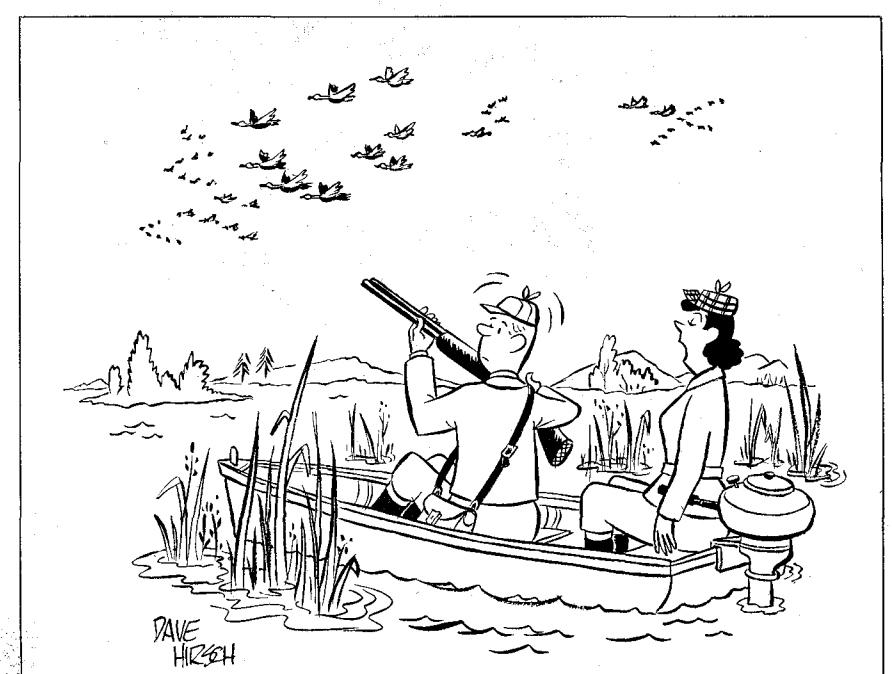
"What's that?" said Annie abstractedly. "Oh—sorry, Sam! I was jest tryin' to figger how much to pay to Olaf Torgesen. More'n enough to send him on that trip to visit his daughter, anyway, if all goes well. Then there's the small barge to hire, an' what to offer the loggin' company. An' I wonder, too, how much of a deadline we got, afore we try to make this deal pay off?"

"There's one important thing ya haven't mentioned, Annie," said Big Sam, and his eyes were worried.

"What's that?"

"How many hours it'll be before Alec Severn planes in here with his hair afire, after he gets that message from Truthful Tomkins. Now there's somethin', sweetheart, that'll really bear stewin' about!"

A few snowflakes drifted down from the oyster-gray sky and the air was bitter cold, presage of the deadly arctic freeze



"Try not to hit any females."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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which, almost in a matter of hours now, would wrap the coast in the relentless ice of the long, dark winter, when, four days later, Mr. Bullwinkle stood on the Salamander's deck as she surged fast over the calm, flat sea. Ahead loomed the black, precipitous crags of Horseshoe Island; and as he raised his glasses he paused for a moment to reflect amusedly back on the spectacle, a few days ago, of the Narcissus moving slowly into Port Ragloff with that big Navy barge in tow, and nothing to anticipate but a dreary run back to Secoma with a similar one at her tail, while his Salamander surged triumphantly past, bound for an incredible salvage prize.

Equally ludicrous were the blistering curses that the red-nosed Tomkins had hurled at him as the two tugs passed close aboard. Well, let him learn something! Get smart!

Even Annie had received a comeuppance long past due, and in future she'd show him a little more respect—although about her, he had to admit, you never could tell. Still, let her show a proper submission, and he might even put in a plug for her with Severn—another stupid old coot.

Yes, the world was a wonderful place this morning and —— But what was that creeping out into the open sea from a fold in Horseshoe Island's frowning cliffs? Instantly professionally alert, Mr. Bullwinkle expertly trained his glasses. He lowered them, looking puzzled; shook his head in sharp bewilderment; then looked through them again.

This time, when he lowered them, he did it slowly, as though in acute pain. Then he turned and in anguished tones yelped at his paunchy, pimpled mate, who was at the wheel.

"Jake! Jake, get out here!"

Alarmed, Jake left the wheel and took his turn with the glasses, and when he, in turn, lowered them, his mottled brow, in spite of the intense cold, was beaded with sweat. Wordlessly, he handed the glasses back, shook his head and morosely reentered the wheelhouse.

Mr. Bullwinkle followed him. "It ain't!" he said hoarsely, desperately. "It can't be!"

"So go ahead, be a stupe!" said Jake unfeelingly. "But if that ain't the Chilkoot bein' towed by that old wooden steam tug we seen alongside at Sawmill Harbor, I'll —— An' she's pushin' a barge alongside herself at the same time, with a smokin' locomotive on it."

"Locomotive? Did you say a loco——"

"Look fer yourself! You've got the glasses!" said Jake indifferently. "It's one of them little fifteen-ton, direct-connected loggin'-train jobs—they're small, but plenty powerful!—that Sawmill Harbor's full of. They burn hog fuel—which that barge is prob'ly full of ——"

"And she's spittin' steam!" cried Mr. Bullwinkle incredulously. "Steam as well as smoke! I kin see it!"

"Sure is," agreed Jake, after he had taken another turn with the glasses. "And she's feedin' the steam to the steam lines on that old beat-up tug while she tows the coaster." He took a deep breath. "And if that ain't the damnedest contraption I ever seen at sea, I'm a monkey's sitty-down!"

"But—the Chilkoot! It's the Chilkoot they're towin'!" Mr. Bullwinkle wailed. "Now who in damnation would ever think of a screwball thing like that?"

"A smart cooky," pronounced Jake, after another prolonged scrutiny through the glasses.

"Not—not —— Oh, no; not her!"

"Ye guessed right," said Jake succinctly. "There she is, large as life an' twice as ugly, standin' outside the wheelhouse o' that old Cascade. Wanna say hello?"

Within a half hour the Salamander was making an expert U-turn and, on the same course now, running abeam and within hailing distance of the Cascade, while, on the latter's opposite side, the barge-borne locomotive puffed and rumbled with the utmost efficiency while it compressed the life-giving steam into the old tug's innards through Big Sam's skillfully improvised connections. And astern, at the end of a long towing hawser, manned by a skeleton crew of her own ship's company and with Captain Burdett on his bridge, was Mr. Bullwinkle's rich, cargo-fat lost prize, the S.S. Chilkoot.

Mr. Bullwinkle stood on his bridge surveying this scene of prosperous, happy activity, while his numbed brain sought feebly to cope with the bitter magnitude of his disappointment. Nor did his spirits improve when there floated across the water the amused accents of his so recently discounted rival.

"Well, as I live an' breed," said Annie roguishly, "if it ain't the old monkey grinder hisself! Where's yer hurly-burly, chum?"

Slowly Mr. Bullwinkle forced himself to turn and face her. "Who'd ya hire to do yer thinkin' for ya, Fatso?" he rasped. "All this ain't your work."

"That's right," admitted Annie cheerfully. "It was Big Sam what figgered how to pipe the locomotive steam to the Cascade's engines. An' once I knowed that, all I done, I hired that dinky little lump o' pig iron from the loggin' company, an' rented the barge. An' ol' Cap'n Olaf Torgesen, what owns this tug—that's him at the wheel now, lookin' so proud 'cause she's at sea again—he wanted to lemme use her fer nothin'. An all in all ——"

"Why don't yer wear yer other head—the one that don't talk so much?" he said sourly.

"An' all in all, it on'y cost Alec five hundred bucks."

"Cost Alec! Hah!" exploded Mr. Bullwinkle. "Wait till he gets a load o' the way ya used me an' Tomkins as goats so's you could grab a salvage job o' yer own!"

"Tell him yerself," said Annie hospitably. "He took a flyin' machine up here soon as he got that squawk from your pet louse, Tomkins. . . . Alec! Come on out here! There's a case o' cute rigor mentis wants to see ye!"

Alec Severn, bundled in a heavy overcoat and a muffler over which his pink cheeks and little cherry nose peeked with the utmost cheer, appeared from behind the warm lee of the pilothouse, and stared with well-simulated surprise at the Salamander's master.

"Well, bless my soul," he cried, "if it isn't ——"

"Watch yer langridge, Alec," said Annie warningly. "He thinks," she supplemented, "wid that hundred-ant-power brain o' his, that all this is a trick I played on him."

"A trick? . . . Why, my dear fellow, you were hired, same as a tug of my company was, to perform a simple little Navy towing job. And just because Annie was astute enough to pick up some salvage on the side ——"

"Astute? There's guys in the pen for bein' astute! Why, she even cheated me outta that return towin' job!"

"You mean the one that Tomkins picked up with the Narcissus after you turned it down? He's joining us with it at Sawmill Harbor, where Annie will, of course, resume her old command. She's one of my most valued employees, you know."

"Yeah," crowed Annie, with only a sidewise glance at her employer, "I sure am! 'Specially when I promised to turn the salvage award over to the company kitty after Alec promised me me job back. . . . That right, Alec? I could ha' kept it all fer meself. I wasn't workin' fer you right then, remember?"

Severn coughed delicately. "I remember," he said. "Anyway, you're really happier this way, aren't you?"

"Yeah, Alec, I am," said Annie deeply. "In fack," she concluded, staring meaningfully across the water at the glowering Mr. Bullwinkle, "if I could on'y git a certain nasty black spot outta me eyes, I wouldn't be no happier if I was a queen wid a diamond tarara!" THE END

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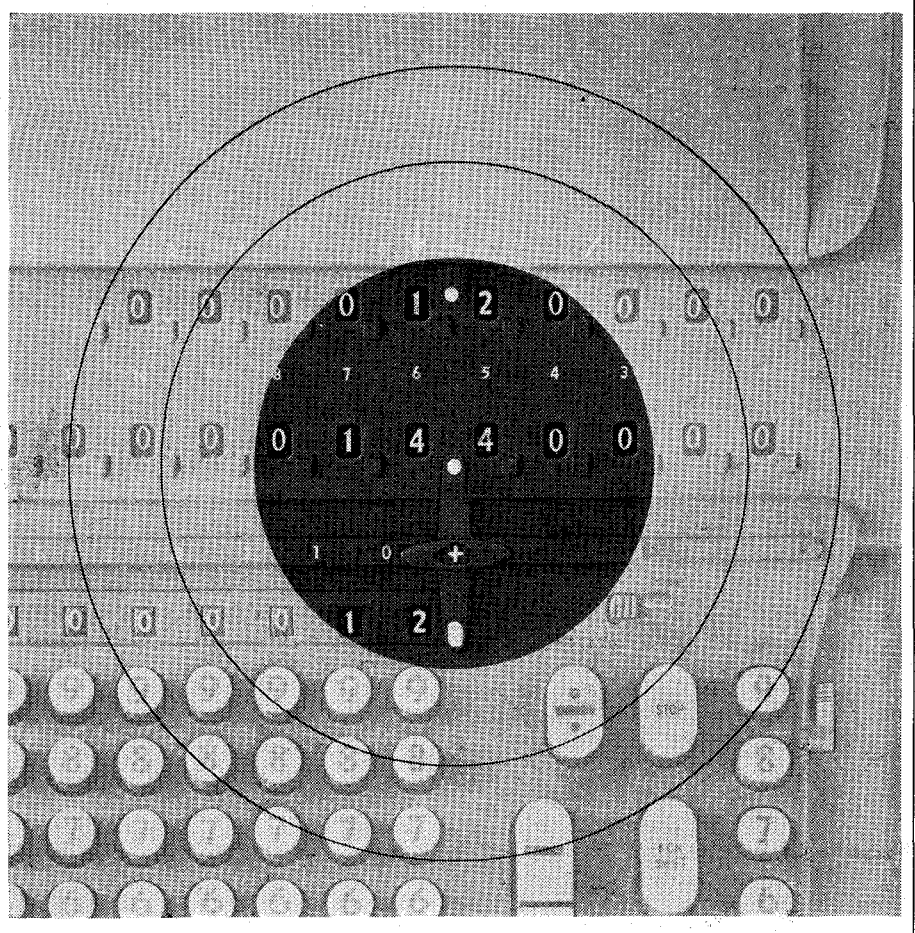

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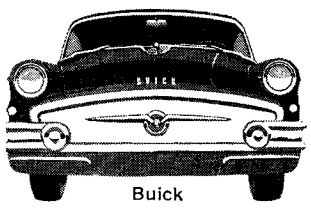
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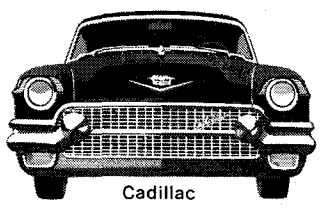
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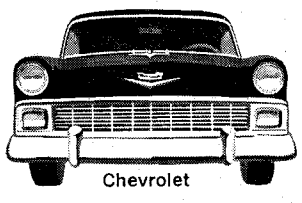
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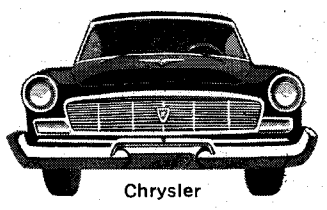
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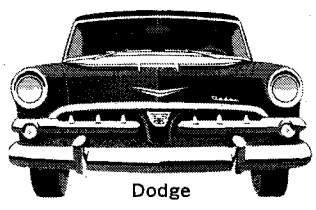
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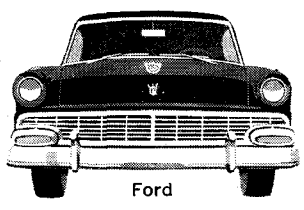
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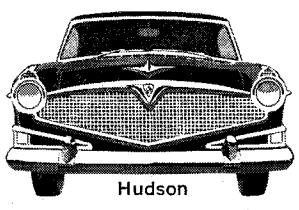
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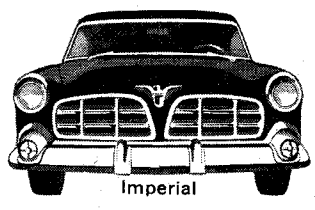
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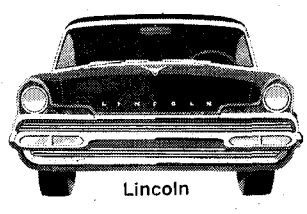
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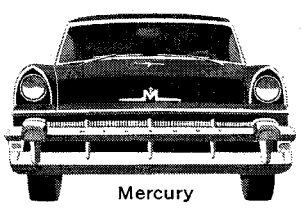
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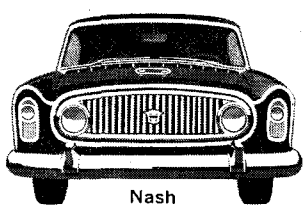
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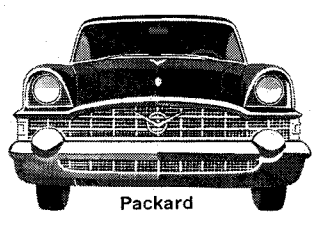
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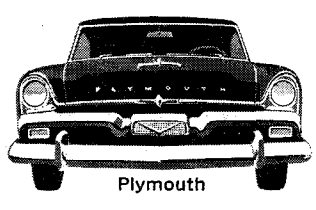
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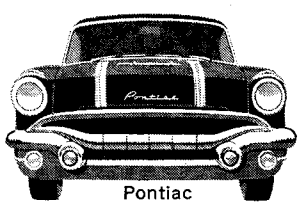
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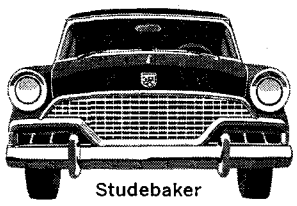
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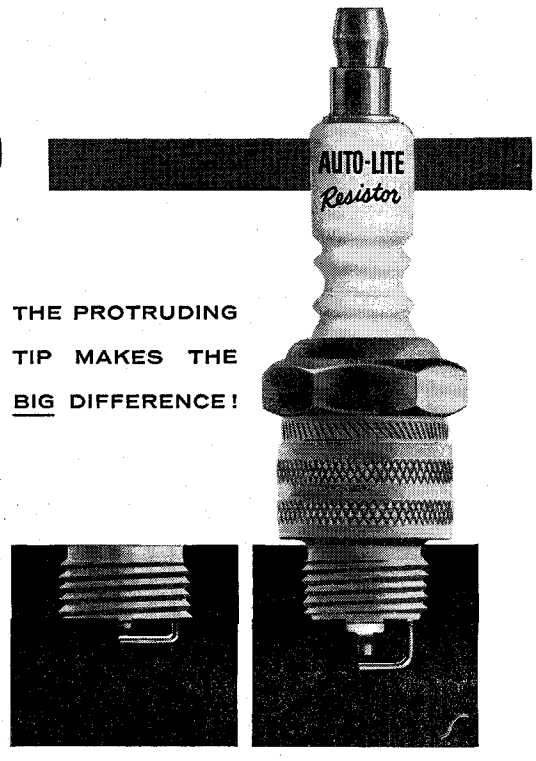

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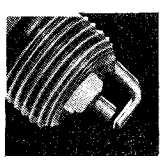
AUTO-LITE  RESISTOR SPARK PLUG WITH **POWER TIP**

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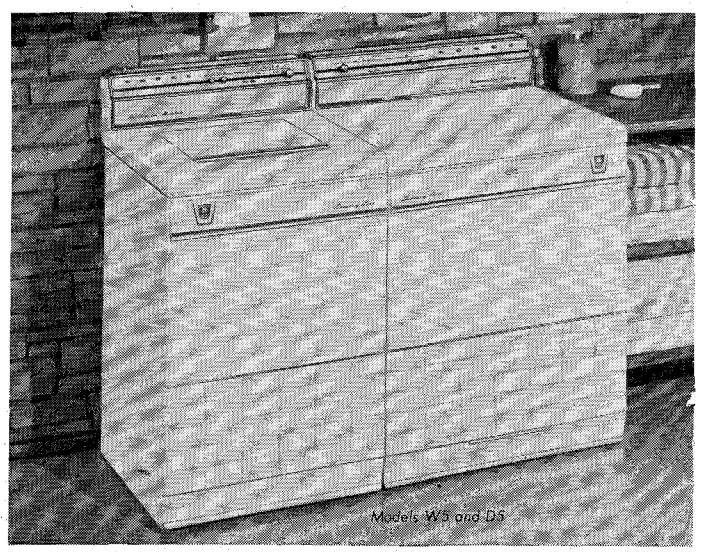
For two years independent consumer testing laboratories have rated Norge Automatic Washers #1. Now Norge has been improved with the first automatic conditioned-water rinse.

Backed by 5 Year Warranty—so that you can buy with complete confidence.

30 Day Satisfaction Guarantee. Your money cheerfully refunded if, after 30 days, you are not completely satisfied with the performance of your new Norge Washer.

Introductory Offer! Limited time only . . . 12-box case of regular Calgon free with purchase of every Norge Dispenser Wheel Washer . . . free box if you see a demonstration.

Matching Automatic Dryer—Norge Washer with Dispenser Wheel plus new Norge Dryer with 4-Way Drying and exclusive Hamper-Dor give you a perfectly matched washday pair for softer, fluffier, cleaner clothes, *the easy way!* See it at your dealer's!


Models W5 and D5

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ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Wheel automatically makes to 39% brighter, cleaner clothes

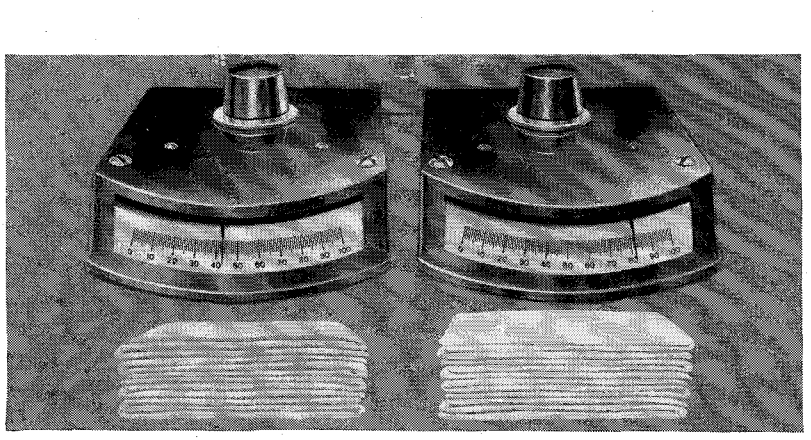
Banishes yellowing...graying...because it gives your tap water greater rinsing power than soft water, rain water...or even distilled water!

Look at your rinse water if you want to find the true cause of yellowing, graying, roughening, linting, and premature wear in your clothes. Regardless of your detergent, your washer, or your water—hard or soft—minerals in the wash and rinse water combine with soap or detergent residue to form soil-embedding film. This film keeps building up in your clothes and inside your washer. Plain water rinsing can't dissolve it. It can be overcome only by a new kind of rinse water made with Calgon® and mixed automatically in the 1957 Norge Washer.

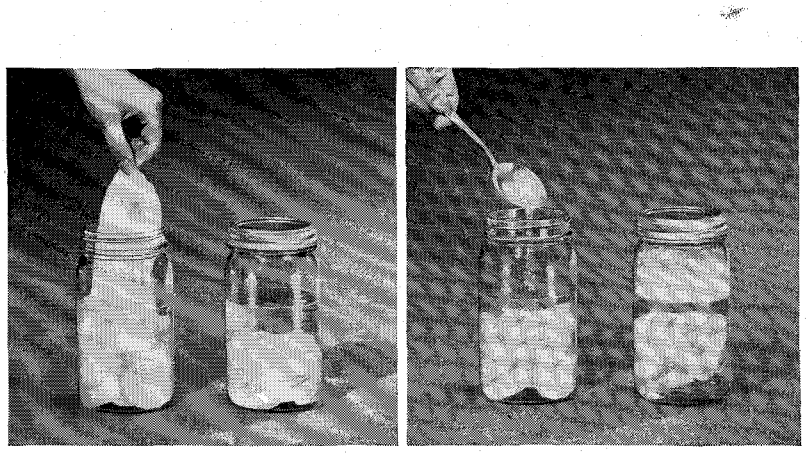
Those who know the inside story of washing clothes recognize the need for Calgon rinsing. Leading makers of automatic washers already give a sample box with new washers. Fabric manufacturers, too, know that Calgon rinsing is vital to synthetics like nylon, Dacron, and Orlon as well as cottons and linens. But up till now it has been impossible to add Calgon in automatic washers without stopping the rinse cycle.

The new Norge Dispenser Wheel means you can add Calgon automatically to rinse water by pre-loading the Wheel when you load your washer. When the rinse cycle begins, Calgon conditions your rinse water, locks up the minerals, and assures you a 100% perfect rinse.

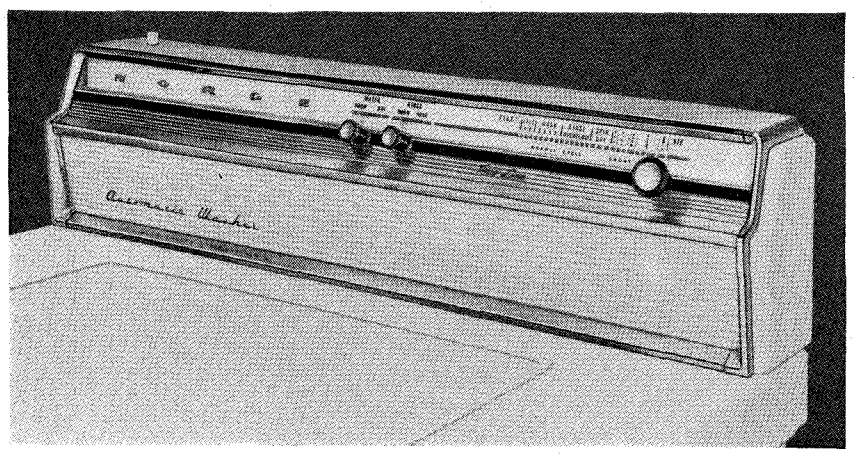
The famous Norge Super Rinse follows. Five separate purifying actions remove all lint, floating dirt, soap or detergent film, to give you the whitest, brightest, softest wash ever!



PROOF FROM THE LABORATORY. Amazing Reflectometer test registers diaper whiteness. Picture at left shows the amount of light reflection from diapers rinsed ordinary way. Right, the same diapers rinsed in Calgon. They're softer, fluffier, up to 39% whiter!



PROOF AT HOME. Discover the film that stays in your wash! Take a clean dry handkerchief. Put it in a mason jar filled with water. Shake vigorously. Now add a teaspoon of Calgon (which makes no suds) and shake again. Watch soap film suds itself away!



FIRST 100% AUTOMATIC WASHER!

The new Dispenser Wheel makes adding Calgon to the rinse as automatic as the rinse cycle itself. Now you don't have to make an extra trip to your washer. And there's more:

Hot or Warm Wash. Pre-select the wash water temperature you want according to the fabric. Save hot water—save your clothes.

Warm or Cold Rinse. Pre-select the rinse water temperature. Your Norge automatically delivers either a warm rinse or a cold rinse that saves hot water and lengthens life of new man-made fabrics.

Automatic Suds-Return saves hot water and suds for re-use.

Dual Time-Line Control. Your choice of two automatic cycles—regular for heavily-soiled family loads, short for small loads or extra-delicate fabrics.

NORGE®

NORGE SALES CORPORATION, Subsidiary of Borg-Warner Corporation, Merchandise Mart Plaza, Chicago 54, Ill.
Canada: Addison's Ltd., Toronto. Export Sales, Borg-Warner International, Chicago 3, Ill.

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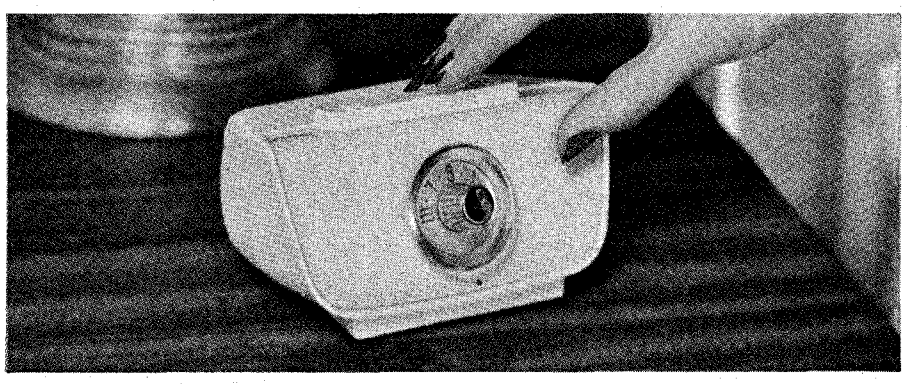
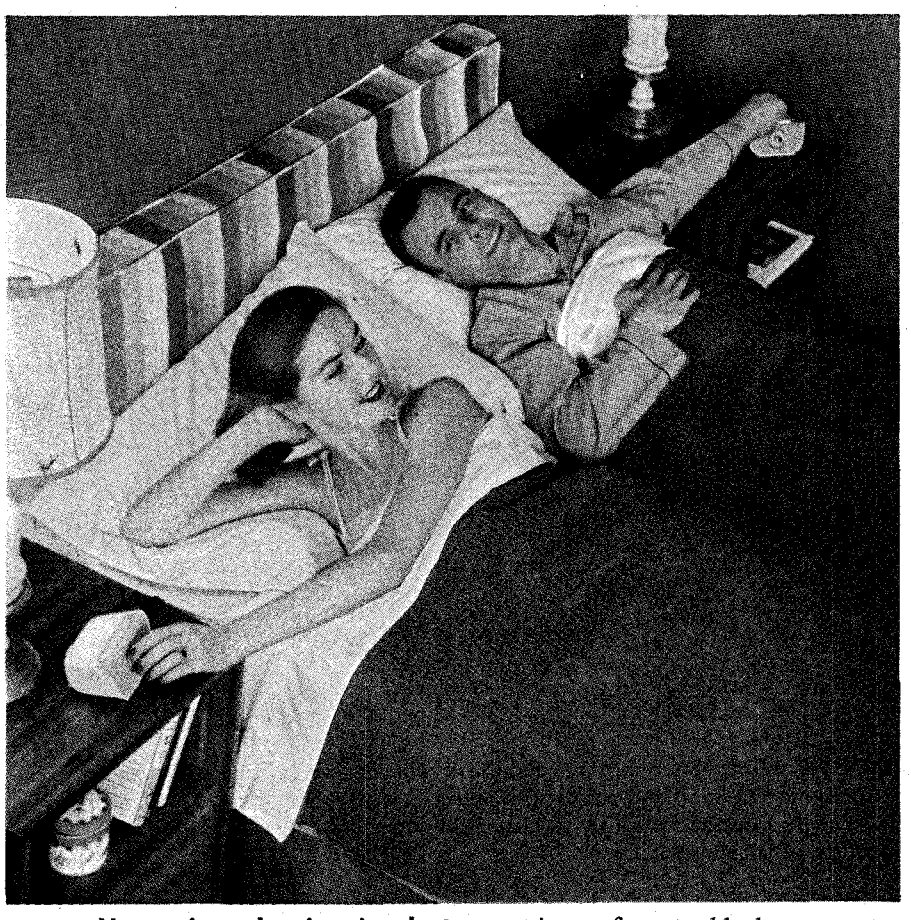
You're never cold, never too warm

with a G-E Automatic Blanket! New low prices from $29.95*

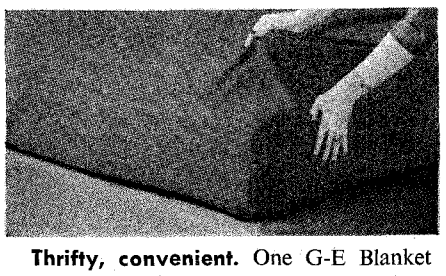


"As you like it" amount of warmth is chosen on the Bedside Control dial. Famous General Electric *Sleep-Guard* then maintains that warmth, adjusting to temperature changes automatically.



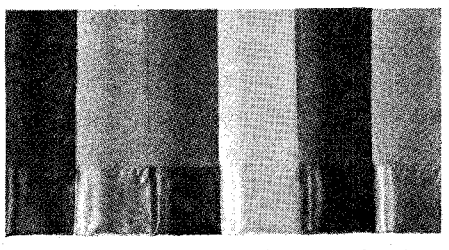
No precious sleeping time lost, no getting up for extra blankets. One G-E Blanket creates a perfect comfort-climate all night, automatically providing more, or less, warmth as needed.

More than 3,000,000 users have enjoyed the comfort of G-E Automatic Blankets.



Thrifty, convenient. One G-E Blanket takes the place of 3 ordinary blankets; bed-making is easier. Custom-Contoured corners have extra "give" for foot room.

Replacement or Refund of Money — Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping — If Not as Advertised Therein



Easily washed. Luxurious fabrics by Chatham, bindings by Skinner. General Electric Company, Automatic Blanket and Fan Department, Bridgeport 2, Conn.

*Manufacturer's recommended retail or Fair Trade price.

Progress Is Our Most Important Product

GENERAL ELECTRIC

How the Ladies Get Their Glamour

(Continued from Page 30)

or San Francisco, will induce a beau to send her a dozen roses. The mathematics of this operation may help explain why many flower lovers don't like to visit perfume distilleries.

Inside each perfume factory, by strolling around long enough to watch the whole operation, one comes sooner or later to a man with a job that everybody in Grasse, from the presidents of the great firms down to the lowliest plucker of jasmine or orange blossom, speaks of with reverence, mystery and awe. On the company books he is carried as a "creative perfumer," and his social-security card reads "perfume compositor," but he will be introduced to you simply as *Monsieur Le Nez*, "Mr. Nose." When I met my first Nose, I thought the title was a shop joke, but it is his true title, and he is as proud of it as Cyrano de Bergerac or Jimmy Durante. Not that the Noses of Grasse have prominent Schnozzolas; rather the contrary. Such men as Maurice Coeur, Jean Carles, Jean Thébaud and Marius Aimé, being Frenchmen and accomplished sniffers, have noses tending toward the aquiline, but otherwise quite modest beaks like yours and mine.

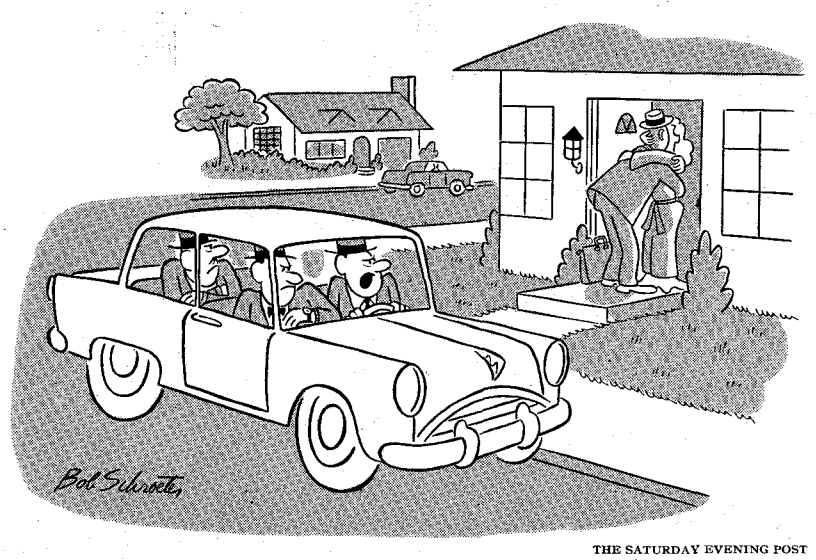
But this is merely the first illusion in an industry based on the triumphant creation of many illusions. These are no ordinary noses. Nor are the Noses trained chemists, although there happen to be two or three crack chemists who also have the "gift of the nose." When the ultimate decision is about to be taken on a new perfume formula, and there is a dispute between a firm's top organic chemist and the resident Nose, it is invariably the latter who decides whether the new perfume should be born. With a flick of his paper "touch" from the left to the right nostril, a summoning up of his "olfactory memory," and the Nose finally speaks with the authority that keeps the perfume industry in business—"Ah, that strikes a new note!"

For, in addition to his refined sense of smell, every good Nose has a sixth sense, a knowledge of what will probably make a perfume sell. Money has no odor, but there is much money in the right odors. Jean Carles, who is pointed out around Grasse as the man who composed "that perfume with the passionate fiddler in its ads," has actually concocted a score of great perfumes, and today drives around in a flashy American car. Asked what makes a perfume a hit, he replies frankly—"You never can tell for sure. I think talk of 'styles' in perfume is wrong, but the feminine mood is a tricky thing. Origan was such a famous perfume that for many years it dominated the market, and through its very success lost its exclusiveness. Arpège, although never a big seller in any one year, has kept an exclusive clientele for a generation."

What are the greatest perfumes known? The Noses of Grasse shy away from this subject—the firms they work for sell to all the top Paris houses, and it is a highly competitive business. Still, anyone who is around Grasse for long overhears a lot of reverent talk about Shalimar, Origan, Vol de Nuit, Chanel Number 5, Mitsuoko and Arpège, just to name those long established as classics. Folklore to the contrary, there are no truly secret perfumes, and any modern woman can purchase today a finer perfume than was ever known to any Egyptian queen, Roman empress or French royal mistress. I talked to Lucien Trébaud, a crack chemist who is also a Nose. He has taken the trouble to dig up and reconcoct the old formulas from the archives, and reports: "Even the alleged redolent perfumes of the nineteenth century, of Madame Récamier and the Empress Eugénie, were paler and more insipid solutions than what are sold today as plain eau de cologne and lavender toilet water. Two things—the invention of volatile solvents to extract the true essence of flowers, and the whole new field of floral harmonies opened up by synthetics—have brought about a twentieth-century revolution in perfume."

Here in Grasse the prestige that goes with being a Nose is tremendous, because it is based not only on the gift of smell but on one's supposed knowledge of the working of the feminine psyche. No man, least of all a Frenchman, is eager to deny possession of such a gift. There are several gay stories around Grasse about the high jinks of certain famous Noses in quest of the eternal feminine, including one who filed a whopping expense account in the pursuit of a gal from Marrakesh to Helsinki. This romantic aromatician was trying to concoct the perfect perfume for love in a cold climate. Most of the Noses I met in Grasse—there are some seventeen all told—belong to the World War I generation, and they take these stories in stride, with a smile.

Maurice Coeur, a handsome Frenchman in his sixties, is one of the best of his generation of Noses. His career is typical. Born in a small town between Grasse and Nice, he went to Germany to study in a (*Continued on Page 108*)



THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"Let's make sure no more newlyweds get into our car pool."

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...and give yourself a quick lift with this

fresh, clean taste!

With sparkling 7-Up on the job you just can't help but tick better!

Lift that gleaming, green bottle to your lips. Take it slow and easy . . . let 7-Up s-l-i-d-e down. Notice that distinctive taste—how fresh and clean it is. And when you've finished the last delicious drop in the bottle there's no sticky taste in your mouth, no come-back thirst. You really feel "high gear" again.

Special tip: 7-Up with your hamburgers and other snacks will make 'em taste even better!

Want TV adventure? TV thrills? See **"Soldiers of Fortune,"** *brought to you every week by 7-Up.*

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You like it...it likes you!

Nothing does it like Seven-Up!

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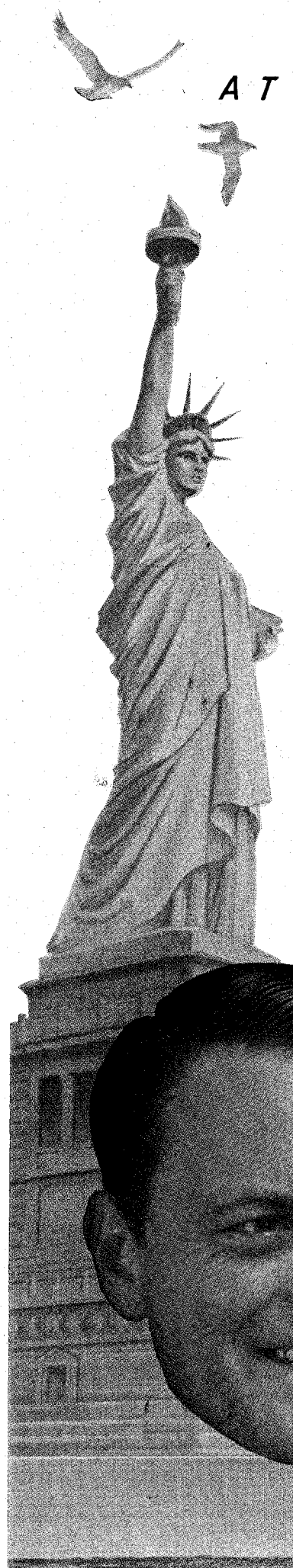
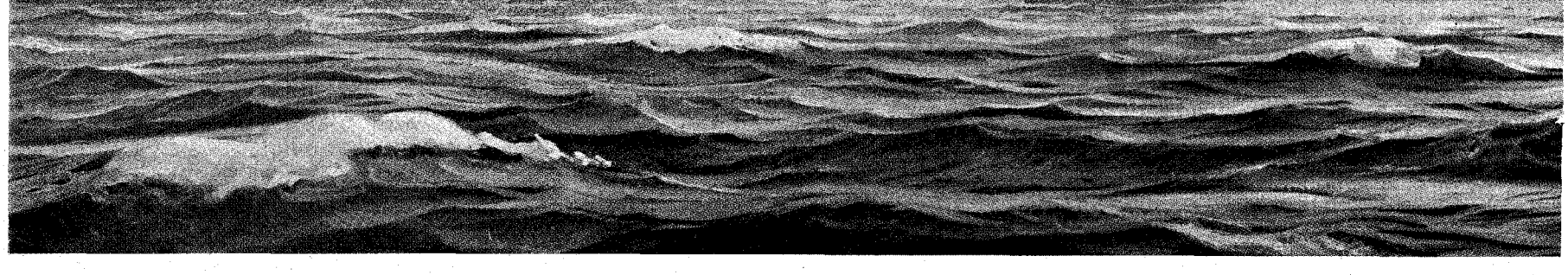
ATLANTIC CROSSED FOR FIRST TIM



You can telephone across the Atlantic as clearly as you call across town

"One of today's outstanding electronic and engineering achievements. Such a precise piece of construction that communications engineers speak of it almost with awe."

From an article on the new cables in the *Reader's Digest*



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BY TELEPHONE CABLES

New underseas telephone system provides stormproof service between this country and Great Britain and the continent

THE new transatlantic telephone system is a historic forward step in world communications.

For years you have been able to call across the Atlantic over the Bell System's radiotelephone circuits. Now an entirely new service has been added. It's over stormproof telephone cables.

By means of these cables, you can pick up the telephone anywhere in the United States and talk to Great Britain, France, Belgium, Holland, Switzerland, Denmark, Norway, Sweden and Germany as clearly as you call across town. And anyone in those countries can call you, too.

More service is available because the new cables are in addition to the Bell System's radiotelephone circuits.

So if you have been accustomed to telephoning across the Atlantic for business or for other reasons, we know that you will be pleased with this marvelous new service.

If you have never made an overseas call, we invite you to share a new and satisfying experience.

There's something quite memorable and reassuring about telephoning across the seas. And in telephoning home when you are abroad yourself.

It's easy to do—just tell the operator the country you want to call—and the cost is lower than most people think.

For $12 plus tax you can call across the Atlantic over the new cables or by radiotelephone.

IT'S EASY TO KEEP IN TOUCH WITH THOSE ABROAD. The daytime rate for the first three minutes from anywhere in the United States is $12, not including the 10% federal excise tax.... This applies not only to the nine countries listed above but to the 19 other countries in Europe reached by Bell System radiotelephone circuits. In most cases the rate is even lower at night and on Sunday.... Practically all other countries throughout the world can also be reached by radiotelephone.

Bell Telephone System

"Hello America"

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Start enjoying this new safe way to feminine daintiness

Only the Lady Sunbeam®

has the "compact" shape

and the exclusive **MICRO-TWIN** Head

Enjoy new freedom from nicks and cuts this safe, gentle, quick way

ONLY the Lady Sunbeam has the "compact" shape and the shaving head with one edge especially honed to shave the legs, and the other edge especially honed for underarm use. Ends muss and fuss, nicks and cuts of soap and blade. The Lady Sunbeam's gentle, sure performance eliminates underarm irritation caused by blade shaving and gives you a new easy way to keep neat, fresh, dainty. Your choice of 6 lovely colors.

Small as a compact—and fast, sure, convenient.

Lady Sunbeam ELECTRIC

Only $14.95

Also available in Deluxe white leather zipper case—slightly higher.

See Sunbeam Products demonstrated on the Perry Como Show, NCAA Football Games and Presidential Election Night, November 6, all on NBC-TV.

Look for the MARK OF QUALITY Sunbeam THE BEST ELECTRIC APPLIANCES MADE® Famous for Sunbeam TOASTER, MIXMASTER, etc.

SUNBEAM CORPORATION, Dept. 84, Chicago 50, Ill. • Canada: Toronto 18

© Sunbeam Corporation, 1956

(*Continued from Page 104*) Frankfurt am Main commercial school, traveled extensively in Spain and the Middle East as a perfume salesman, until one day in his early twenties his employers discovered he had that rare "gift of the nose." His new career was interrupted by the first World War—he served before Verdun, where he was twice wounded and won the Médaille Militaire—and on his return to Grasse he worked for thirty-five years for three of the best houses. He retired formally last year, but since a Nose ages well, he continues part-time work in his own special laboratory.

Looking backward, Maurice Coeur philosophizes on his own *métier:* "Like the poet searching for the blue flower, we perfumers are always trying to concoct the ideal perfume, the perfume that will please every woman born, and yet we know that it cannot exist. For there are differences in women that call for differences in perfume. Difference in class, from the dowager to the dancer; in age, from lavender-loving grannies to the orange blossom of love's first bloom. And many other differences."

How does a man get this soft work? There's a catch to it, of course. Not only is a Nose a natural but, like Maurice Coeur, it seems he has to be born either in Grasse or within flower-picking distance of this ancient hillside town overlooking the Côte d'Azur. Although there are many perfume houses in the world's large cities, most true Noses want always to be near the point of origin of the basic products. In the steep sloping hills and valleys surrounding Grasse, thousands of tons of jasmine, roses and tuberose—the three prime flowers that must be in all noble perfumes—are grown in abundance, plus substantial quantities of mimosa, geraniums, bitter-orange blossoms, irises, carnations, wild and tame lavender.

But these are all Mediterranean flowers, and can easily be grown all the way from Tangier to Tel Aviv. It is at this point that Grasse natives make their proudest pitch: "A plant or flower will always grow best at the northernmost limit of its natural latitude. Just as the best grape comes from Burgundy close to the northern limit of the vine, so, too, the best jasmine is grown here in Grasse. In the coolness of the evening, both vine and plant must put out something extra to survive, and this gives a finer perfume, a fuller bouquet." Although botanists take a poor view of this theory, many Noses insist it is true.

The town of Grasse dates from Roman days and probably got its name from the consul Grassus who lived here. The locals in Grasse sometimes pull the visitor's leg by tracing their descent directly from the Romans, who were indeed great horticulturists. It is probable that the Romans did plant gardens in this same area, but the real story of how the perfume industry finally settled in Grasse is more ancient and more circuitous.

As the Noses recount it, perfume, the instinctive desire of the human animal to smell nice by robbing nature of its odors, is almost as old as the race itself, its true origin lost in hazy antiquity.

Perfume proper, however—scent extracted from the essence of flowers—seems to have been discovered, or at least greatly advanced, by the Egyptians, who called it *Kyphi.* Perfume was found in King Tut's tomb, and also in a granite tablet in the breast of the Sphinx Thutmose IV. That rare beauty, Queen Nefertiti, was one of the first women to put perfumes on her eyelids, a different perfume for each lid. And Cleopatra, the very breath of old Egypt, made her own perfumes.

The Noses now tell of how suddenly, with the Dark Ages, perfume vanished from most of Europe for a good millennium. The art was kept alive, however, by the Byzantine Greeks in Constantinople, and the Alexandrian Greeks in Egypt. The Arabs improved the art of distillation, and perfume worked its way slowly from Arab-influenced Spain to France. But it was not until the 1500's that one Tombarelli, a Florentine perfumer to Catherine de Médicis, arrived with this queen in France, and decided Grasse was a fine place to plant posies.

Readers may recognize that this perfumed historical route is almost precisely the same as that of the practice of alchemy. The Noses of Grasse gave this reporter quite a jolt when they launched into a vehement defense of a seeming lost cause. Like most modern skeptics, all I had ever heard of the alchemists was that they were oddballs in pursuit of the elixir of life, and wasted a thousand years trying to turn lead into gold.

HOW TO BE SMUG

About two months from now, when most folks are scurrying hither and yon in hasty pursuit of Christmas gifts, you can be one of those lucky people who say "My Christmas shopping's all done!"

How? Simply by ordering gift subscriptions to THE SATURDAY EVENING POST with the handy order blank bound in most copies of this issue.

The POST makes a really wonderful 52-times-a-year Christmas gift for all your friends and relatives. It's packed with good reading—and it's economical, too. No need to pay now—we'll gladly bill you next January. Use that bound-in order blank now to do *your* Christmas shopping!

The Noses regard the alchemists as the true ancestors of the chemists, and as the first propounders of a theory that still intrigues perfumers today. To illustrate this, Maurice Coeur took down from his lab shelf an aluminum container half full of a greasy, yellow, pitchlike substance. Opening it, he laughed as I staggered back from the repulsive fumes.

"What does it smell like?"

"Well, it smells like—like ——"

"We get it from the glands of a nasty little Abyssinian animal called the civet," he interrupted; "a cousin of your American skunk. And yet it is necessary, in small quantity, in any fine perfume. We don't know why. We are still on the trail broken by the Greek alchemists. They had a 'theory of opposites,' whereby all things endowed with a certain apparent quality have hidden within them the opposite quality, and they sought to extract this opposite quality by phlogiston, the 'principle of fire.' The alchemists never did discover phlogiston, but they were indeed touching at the heart of the mystery of our craft.

"For there is real mystery in perfume. You have just smelled how repulsive civet is; now here is ambergris, a cancerous excretion from a sick sperm whale. Finally there is musk, which we get from a goatish little deer of the Tibetan Himalayas. From (*Continued on Page 110*)

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Most people are able to talk freely to their physician about every aspect of their treatment—*except one*. The question, "How much is it going to cost?" and of how payment is to be made, often leaves the frankest patient tongue-tied.

Many refrain from bringing up the subject out of a sincere respect for their doctor, supposing it somehow unbecoming to talk to him about money. Many professional societies are now trying to clear up this misconception. For example, you may have noticed a significant plaque which hangs in thousands of physicians' waiting rooms. It says:

"To all my patients — I invite you to discuss frankly with me any questions regarding my services or fees. The best medical service is based on a friendly mutual understanding between doctor and patient."

Sometimes, of course, your doctor cannot tell you, in advance, precisely what a course of treatment or an operation is going to cost. But you will always find him willing to discuss the subject, and to tell you if he can. Today more than ever before in medical history, the bill your doctor sends you can represent one of the really big bargains of your life — in terms of health, happiness and peace of mind.

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PARKE, DAVIS & COMPANY
Research and Manufacturing Laboratories Detroit 32, Michigan

Makers of medicines since 1866

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(*Continued from Page 108*) these ugly and revolting animal products comes a thing of beauty. We perfumers call them fixatives, because we know they give to a perfume its tenacity, its depth, its body. What is important to note is the distinct animal base and a blatant sexual overtone. We Noses know that these animal bases are extremely powerful, and give to perfume what Frenchwomen call its '*tirance*', its pulling power."

Every morning from Monday through Friday, bright and early, when his keen sense of smell is freshest and most alert, the Nose can be seen in his private lab in any of the great Grasse perfume houses. He wears a white smock and sits at a specially designed workbench, kidney-shaped, displaying several hundred small bottles and aluminum flasks. At his elbow are usually a pencil and pad, a slide rule, a delicate scale and several mounted clips for his "touches," which he waves under his nose, an inch to windward, like a baton.

There are, all told, some thirty-eight houses in the perfume business, some few even making and selling the finished product, or "confection." Primarily, however, the big business of Grasse is industrial-wholesale, extracting tons of high-priced flower and plant essences, which are then shipped to finishing perfume houses around the world. There are seventeen such firms in Grasse, doing an annual $40,000,000 business, 70 per cent export, united in the National Syndicate of Fabricators and Importers of Essential Oils and Natural Aromatics, cable address FLORAROMA.

With seventeen houses, there are therefore seventeen Noses in Grasse—at least one for each firm. The larger houses have, of course, more than one Nose, but these others are assistants. The head Nose is responsible for every odor in the joint. He must, for example, check the quality of every incoming shipment, and these arrive daily from every corner of the world—eucalyptus from Australia and Tahiti; attar of roses from Bulgaria and Turkey; rosewood from French Guinea; citronella from Formosa; geranium from the Belgian Congo, Morocco and Madagascar; gillyflower from Zanzibar; thyme from Israel; cuscus root from Java; mint and camphor oil from Japan; cinnamon from India; miniature oranges from Paraguay; ilang-ilang from Malaya and the Philippines.

In maintaining quality, a Nose simply falls back on his "odor memory," which can go back months, sometimes years, to the previous shipment. More difficult is the detection of adulteration. Sometimes wily natives in Ethiopia have an urge to slip grease, butter or petroleum jelly into civet, before packing it into buffalo horns for shipment. This swindle is not easy to detect by smell. So a Nose relies on another of his highly developed senses—taste. Since civet costs several hundred dollars a pound, the Nose puts a very small bit on the point of a pin. Pure civet has a horrendous smell, but a delicious, ambrosial taste, and this is a foolproof test.

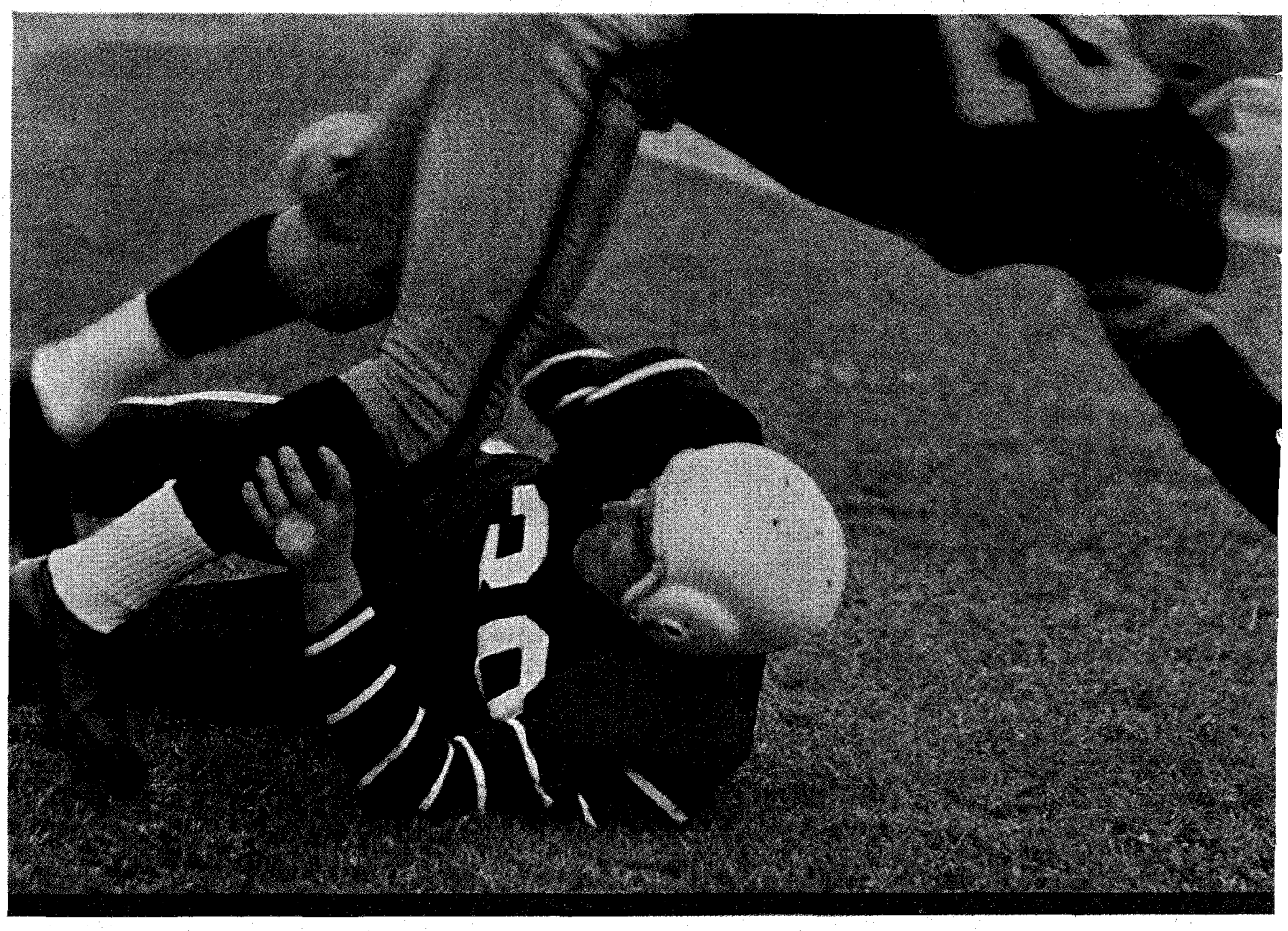
But these are just routine chores. In his shop alone, each morning the Nose turns to the pursuit of scent, always seeking a new formula, sometimes simple, sometimes intricate—something so elusive it may take months to discover. Or he may be working on a pet formula of his own, which his firm will sell to some special client or the highest bidder. If he concocts a hit number, the reward is rich in royalties and commissions.

It is fun to watch a Nose at work, but the newcomer is soon overwhelmed, partly by the cloying smell of too much *jasminum odoratissimum*, partly by a poetic vocabulary drawn now from music, now from painting. This perfume is resonant, but lacks "cachet," or distinction; a second lacks "finesse" or is too brutal or savage; a third is harmonious, but not "*pimpant*" (smart); a fourth is discordant; a fifth fugacious. This intricate jargon is dismissed by some as double-talk.

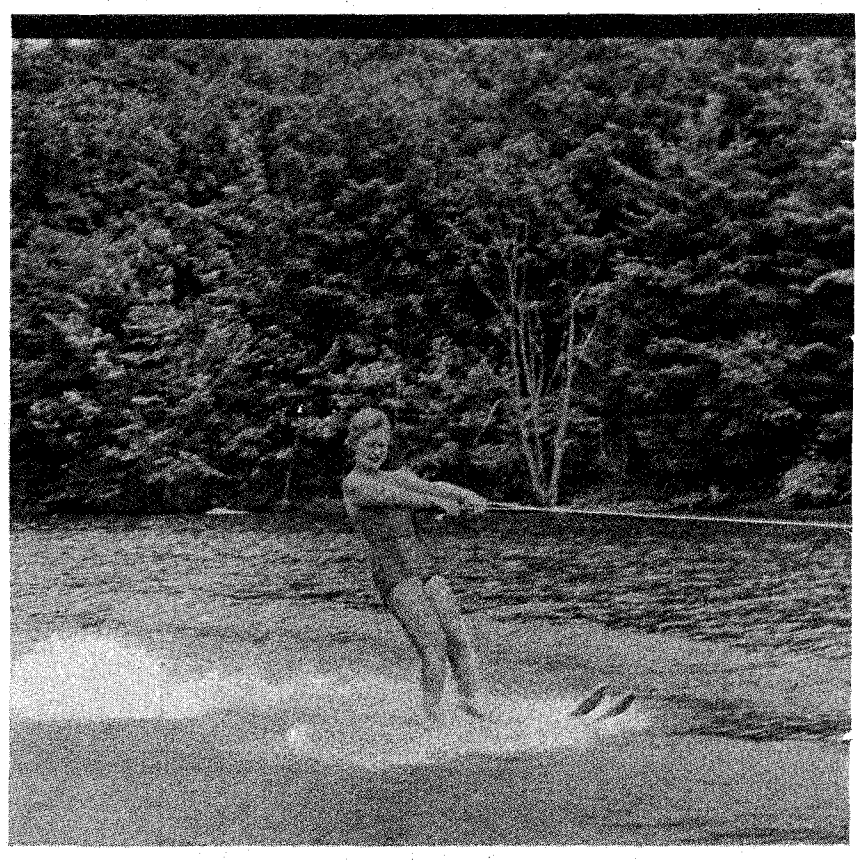
Not so, say the Noses. As the president of one of the best Grasse houses explained it to me: "The Nose is a master craftsman, and in his way a creative artist. An organic chemist knows better than Picasso himself what his oils and pigments are composed of, and yet he cannot paint a Picasso. A mathematician knows the scientific formula for the musical scale, harmonics and counterpoint, but it was Bach who composed the Toccata and Fugue. The language of the Noses comes from the arts, rather than the sciences, because the Nose composes, he works with a palette of smells from nature and chemistry, and he puts together odorous notes as a musician puts together musical notes. In a good perfume, there may be some twenty-five smells in the *mélange*. But it will be only two or three that give the fundamental accord."

So I went back again to tune in on the Noses, and sure enough the fancy language began to make itself precise. When a Nose concocts a new perfume, he is searching for three things as distinct as the movements of a symphony, and here seems to be the real, the fundamental secret of perfume and the perfumer's art:

(1) First comes the *odeur de tête*, the head note, a volatile smell that announces itself instantly and persists for several seconds.



The tackle...the tow rope...and th



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(2) Next, after the opening whiff has been absorbed and retreats, emerges slowly the *odeur du corps*, the body note which reveals the personality, the character of a perfume. The top perfumes will always have here some absolute essence of jasmine and rose, the flowery note, plus a whole gamut of minor smells from oak moss to patchouli leaves.

(3) Finally, after several minutes, and in some special perfumes only after hours, comes "*la queue*," or tail, "*la note finale*" which enrobes and fixes the perfume. This final note is struck by the animal substances, ambergris, musk, civet and castor, in minute quantity.

The Noses of Grasse are able to come up with a very simple answer to most of the complaints women readers may have had with highly touted perfumes, "just in from Paris"—about how the odor changes with time, seems weaker or different, turns or "sours." When a woman buys a perfume in a shop, almost always she puts a dab on the back of her right hand and inhales. So far, so good, say the Noses, since it is very true that the human skin, by its texture and individual odor, reacts chemically to the perfume, and vice versa. An even better method is to heat the sample by rubbing between the palms. But the fault of both methods is apparent. In a matter of minutes, after sampling only two or three perfumes, the feminine nose becomes jaded. Moreover, even if a woman chooses a perfume to her fancy, all she has really whiffed is the opening notes. She has missed "the body note and *la note finale*," often choosing an inferior perfume because the real quality product did not have a chance to show its stuff.

An easy remedy is simply to do as the Noses of Grasse do. When probing a finished perfume, a Nose atomizes it in an empty room, closes the door, goes for a short walk in the open air, and then, ten minutes later, strolls in briskly with a fresh-nostril curiosity. Nor is he content with that. Next he dips several "touches" in the perfume on trial, brings them home with him in the evening and displays them in his bed chamber. With the first fragrant hours of rosy-fingered dawn, a Nose will arise to pass final judgment. Many a perfume seems grand at midnight, but in the morning, no.

In women, there does seem to be one great common perfume denominator, or rather divide, more important than all others, and that is *carnation*, or skin color and complexion. The Noses insist that a blonde must choose a perfume that is flowery, nuanced on the lighter, floral side. The brunette and dark-eyed beauties should favor the heavier, or "cypressed," perfumes, stronger in animal scent, and woodland odors from moss. Chestnut- or red-heads fall about halfway between, depending on complexion. This leaves the problem of the suicide blonde, which the Noses regard as a metaphysical question: "Most false blondes betray themselves with false perfumes. Their hair says one thing and their skin another, and the perfume rebels at this sin against nature."

Finally, a few notes on the care and maintenance of the nose itself. The chief and common dread of any Nose in Grasse is a simple head cold, which puts him *hors de combat*. Other job hazards are cirrhosis of the liver from sniffing too much alcohol, or benzolism from the fumes of the factory, both sometimes calling for a cure in Vichy. A Nose has to work constantly but delicately—overwork blunts the sense. The sense of taste is also highly refined, most Noses must avoid garlic, spices and other strong odors. All this on working days—from Friday afternoon to Monday morning, a Nose can really let himself go, cigars, garlic, strong liquor or whatever.

It was only in my last days in Grasse that I discovered even a Nose has an Achilles' heel, a first-class frustration that puts these otherwise happy, happy men on the level with the rest of us. It all came about when I asked one Nose the innocent question, "What kind of perfume do you make for your wife?" This was the first time I heard an extrovert Nose stutter and stammer, but it was too late to withdraw the question. Just as no man is a hero to his valet, even those Noses who have launched a thousand perfumes, pleasing princesses and delighting duchesses, seem to be without honor on the home hearth:

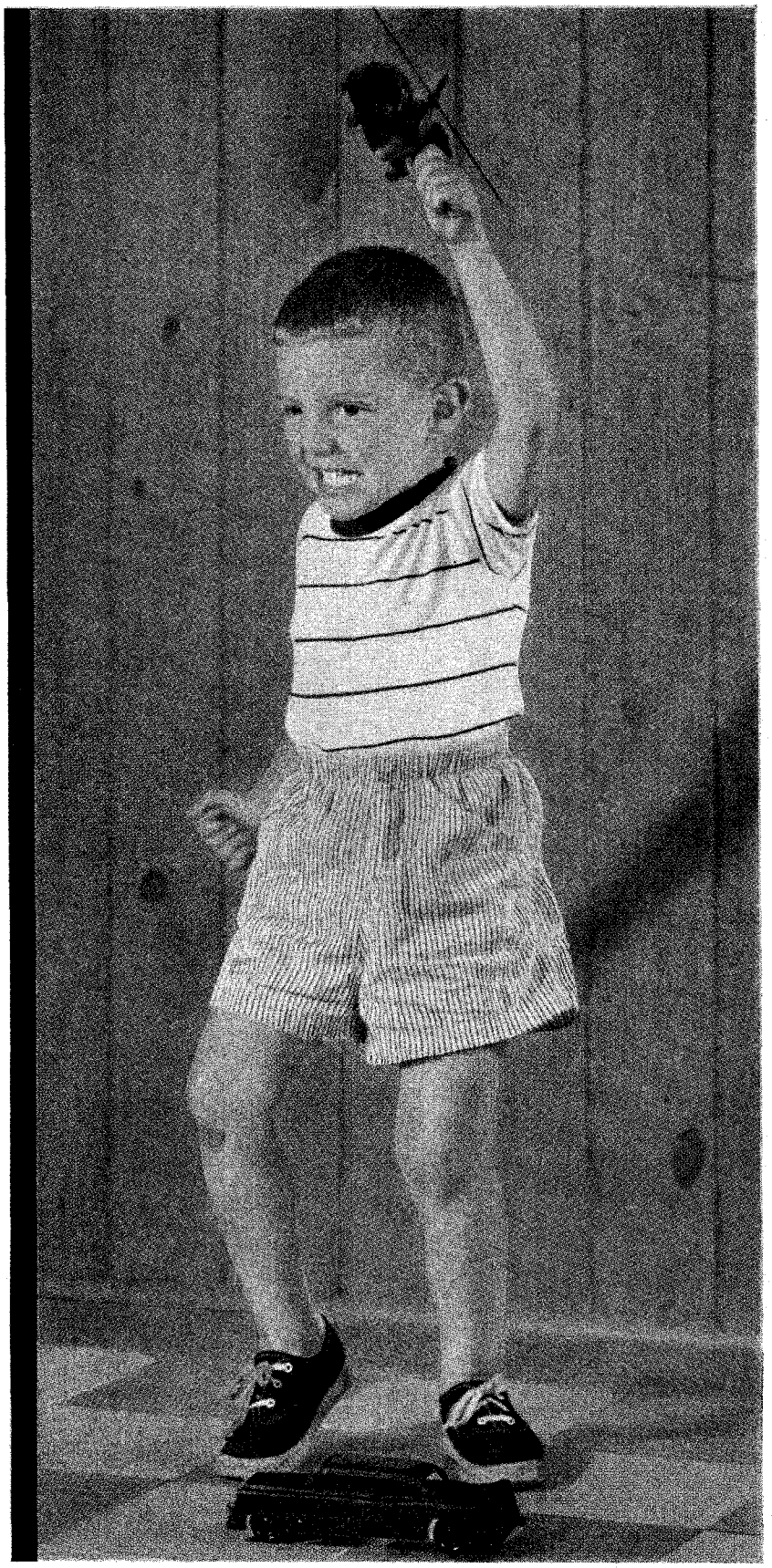
"Ah, for my *bourgeoise* I concoct the most ineffable of perfumes, put it in an ordinary bottle, and she turns up her nose. Then I drop into a perfume shop, pick up some trifle of a flowery thing in a fancy bottle, and she finds it ravishing!"

THE END

Local Showers

I ought to put some cash
away
To guard against that rainy
day,
But I can never save a dime.
It seems to sprinkle all the
time.

By Irene Warsaw



errible tot

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My Boy Charlie (Continued from Page 45)

Disappointment hit Charlie like a wave. *All right, fetch it. I'll butt through by myself.*

Suddenly the moon appeared over the pines, and in the strange light from the fires and the moon, Charlie split a twelve-foot pine log down its length. His anger at things seemed to make him all the more deliberate as, stroke by stroke, down the belly of the log, he split a hair-line trench. The log fell gently open. He picked up half in each hand and walked toward the fires. He shoved the logs which were already there, so as to move the unburnt ends toward the fire in the narrow flue. He peered in and trifled with the logs carefully, adjusting them just so. *There. That was right.* But uncertainty clouded his face, and he sat down, putting off looking inside at the thermometer. *Daddy would know exactly what the thermometer should be.* Charlie thought he was sure, but his father would know.

He stretched out full length on the ground, looking into the fire. He lit a cigarette and kept on staring. But instead of the deep, full fire, he saw those level acres lying down there between the Southern tracks and Mule Creek. That was the railroad piece. That was tobacco. There, in the white dirt, Luther Waverley had tobacco which stood on record among the few record crops of a lifetime of farming, tobacco which had made the man from the tobacco company gasp. "Mr. Waverley," he'd said, "I'll buy that piece from you as she stands now, at seventy dollars a hundred."

But no, Luther Waverley had decided to take his chances on the warehouse floor.

Charlie had caught his father down at the railroad piece three days before, and the two of them had just stood, dirty and sweating in the twilight, watching the purple dusk come down over row after row, seeing the dark goldy green get black with the falling night. Bright tobacco. *That's an all right name*, Charlie thought. He could see a lot of things about the leaves when someone said "bright"—they were thin and delicate, with many veins, perfect and more. They looked hardly real. "Daddy ——" Charlie had said, starting to ask a question. But he thought better of it. He was almost ashamed to speak, ashamed to look, because when you looked at a good crop like that, you were bound to seem as though you were thinking either of the Good Lord or your own sweat. They had gone on home for supper silently.

Maybe someday—but not for a long time, Charlie thought—*maybe someday, if I'm good enough, I can raise tobacco like that.*

Then he stood up and walked over to the barn door. On that side of the barn the moonlight hit full. Charlie put his flashlight into his pocket and opened the door. A cloud of warm, fragrant air enveloped him. He looked at the thermometer and decided he could prop the door open just a few inches. It was a little too hot.

Reaching up inside, he brought down a stick laden with pale leaves. He weighed it in his hands, and a shadow of a smile crossed his face. The leaves had weight. In the moonlight, they were large and light colored; something he, and no other man, had made. The car crept into his mind once more, but only in feeble comparison to this, his own first crop.

I don't need to stay here tonight, he thought. *I can bank the fires and prop the door, and by day after tomorrow I'll about have me a barn of 'bacco. But I will stay. Just in case. Them's all right leaves. I ain't ashamed.*

He stretched out on the wooden bunk under the porch, proud. He was asleep almost at once. The moon climbed in the sky and the whippoorwills chanted back and forth across the land. A doe walked quietly down to the creek nearby and sniffed the air. The heavy roasting smell of the leaves did not bother her. She bent to drink.

It was after midnight when Luther Waverley slipped out of the screen door. He couldn't sleep, thinking of the four young men out in the fast car. He lit a cigarette slowly and glanced up toward the barn.

"I wonder why Charlie's staying up yonder tonight. He don't need to," Luther whispered to himself.

He walked lightly up the little hill and looked down at Charlie's face. Then he stepped around the corner of the barn and checked both thermometer and leaves, as Charlie had done earlier. He smiled, and propped the door just a fraction wider than Charlie had done. Returning to the house, he saw headlights coming from down the road. He was in bed again when the car doors were closing.

By five the next morning, Charlie was wide awake. The new car, covered with its first night's dew, made the pine-log barns and stables look as if they had grown direct from the ground where they stood. It was a beautiful car, though, Charlie thought. "Shuh!" he said out loud, and got up. There was a lot to do today. He had to walk a mile and a half up the road to borrow a tractor. Somewhere down deep, Charlie was glad of that. It would mean he could slip into the house, wash and change clothes, and fix some milk and ham biscuits before the others got down to breakfast. He could be gone and busy while the other boys dressed and ate. He and his father and the four youngsters could be in the fields at work while the others were just leaving for the mill. He checked the fires again and went toward the house.

It was already hot by seven-thirty. The steam was rising off the creek bottom. The Murphys' mule started awake and two birds flew off. Down the road there was the sound of a tractor, and of laughing and shouting from the long flat wagon hitched to it. Charlie was driving the borrowed machine, feeling good, teasing everyone, and occasionally swerving from one side of the road to the other, rousing his passengers. They were almost at the old Leonard field, which lay a good mile nearer home than the railroad piece. Only Mrs. Waverley had stayed home.

One of Luther's ambitions, he had once said, was to own his own farm, his own tobacco acreage allotment. As things were, he had to rent several different fields from other people, and each of the landowners charged a fourth of the crop as rent. It took complicated bookkeeping to keep track of all the expenses and profits, as Charlie found out this year, when he rented a field of his own for the first time.

But Charlie and his father had agreed to work all the fields together, with the help of the four youngsters, only keeping separate the leaves themselves, as they became ripe and were cured. The packhouse was crowded with piles of cured leaves, and Charlie and his father jokingly avoided discussing the inevitable: this winter they'd have to add on to the packhouse, for more room another year.

Ahead of the tractor, but going more slowly, Harold, thirteen, rode one horse and led the other. The tractor picked up speed, and passed the horses with a flourish. Everyone shouted. Mr. Waverley reached for little Peggy Lou's foot to hold on to her as they turned. Charlie curled his toes around the tractor rod. Sally, her face like sunshine, rubbed her shin and put her hat on backward.

"Hey, Sally!" Mr. Waverley said.

"Sir!"

"Gal, you work today. No work, no eat!"

Mr. Waverley laughed as he spoke. At twelve, girls don't work so hard. Soon they were in the field, pulling the leaves.

"Ride me, ride me!" cried Peggy Lou. At six you don't work at all. She climbed into the long wooden sled as it paused in the row, and sat down on some fresh-pulled leaves. (*Continued on Page 114*)

"You certainly live near the golf course."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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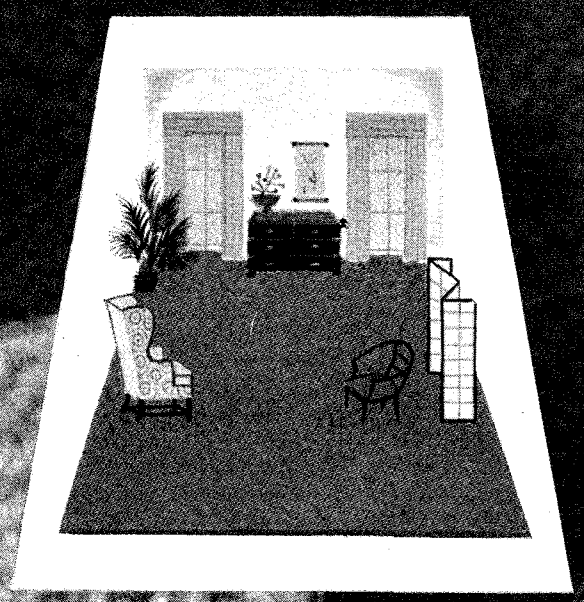

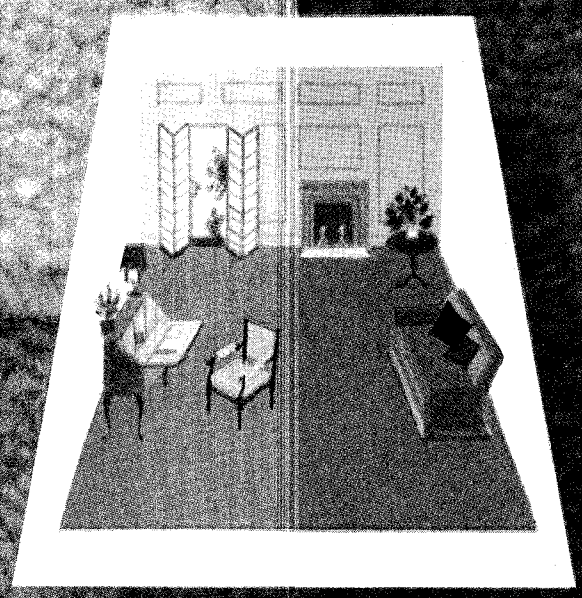

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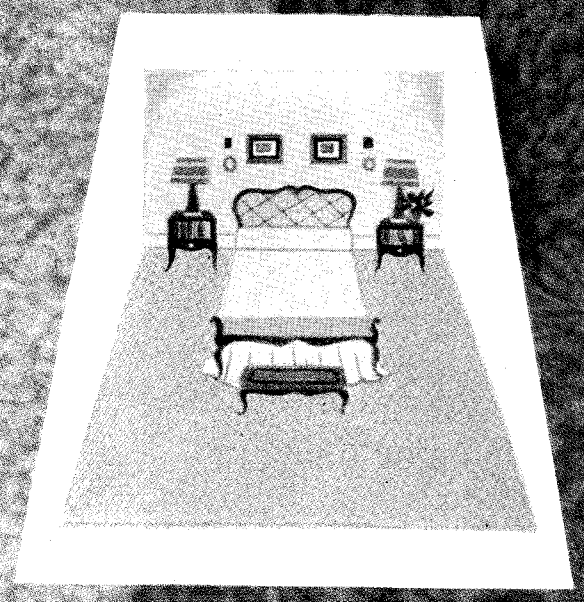

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(*Continued from Page 112*) Charlie's arm caught at her, friendly but impatient.

"Get off them leaves, puss! You crazy? You know better'n that. Bust 'em all, and then what'll they be worth? Here." He sat her up on the horse's back and put her fingers around the horns on the collar. "Up, Maud!" Horse, child and sled moved slowly down the row.

In three hours they had pulled all the remaining leaves in the field. Everybody had actually worked hard. All of them were dripping wet through heavy denim overalls and heavy denim shirts. Their faces were flushed and streaming, their hands black and sticky with tobacco wax. One horse had been used at a time, first one of the bay mares, then the other. It was too hot to use them both at once. First the sweat made dusty tracks down their flanks and withers; then their coats darkened with wetness and the harness stuck to their backs. The horseflies buzzed. Maud and Nellie tossed their heads and kicked out with their hoofs, trying to shake the flies off, and nobody passed the horse that was working without taking time to smash a few flies. Several times Charlie had caught a proud, wistful glance from his father. It had made him feel good, for he realized the new car was the last thought in his father's mind.

As slide after slide had been filled with the pulled leaves, it was dumped in the shade of the oak trees at the corner of the field. There were mounds and mounds of yellowish-green leaves.

They began to string. Charlie and Mr. Waverley strung the leaves in lightning motions on long sticks which would be hung in the barn. The four children handed the leaves, in bunches of three leaves each, to be strung. Charlie's hands were the fastest. He got annoyed at the others for not handing up to him fast enough.

"What you think you doing, Sally? Hand them leaves!" He flung a few back at her.

"It's hot," Sally begged.

"'Tain't hot. You wait. We can all sweat, but when daddy starts sweating, then it's hot." Charlie's face was almost purple, and there were no more pale dry patches on his clothes. He laughed.

"Hey, puss," Harold called to Peggy Lou. "Go over to Mrs. Thomas', get us some water."

"She ain't strong enough, Harold. Send Wilson. Then Wilson and one of you all can take the horses down to the branch. Reckon we ain't the only ones thirsty." Mr. Waverley paused a moment in his stringing, and stretched wearily. Wilson, eight years old, glared at Peggy Lou and trotted off.

Sally changed places with her father and began to string. Mr. Waverley sat on the wheel of the wagon to hand up leaves. Charlie kept stringing, seeing how fast and how well he could do it. Somehow the heat made him feel clean, and the black wax on his hands looked like work well done. Every muscle was relaxed, he felt. Last night wasn't bothering him any more; it hadn't, from the moment he awoke that morning and started his work. His heart sang, and he thought of joke after joke to tell.

At eleven, even the mockingbirds were silent. But the insects lived on heat. They hummed and whistled and chirped all around the field. The hills lazed in the dull heat. They shone in the dusty haze. The creek itself seemed asleep, a tiny yellow trickle. The soft-drink truck went down the distant road into town, and a cock crowed.

The Waverleys strung the leaves, and sang and laughed and sweated in the heat that seemed to emphasize the silence all around, rather than the sounds of their voices in the corner of the field. Charlie knew in his heart that where these leaves were hot and tender and heavy, those in the railroad piece were more delicate, more perfect and easily half again as big. He thought of his own leaves, there in the barn. Ambition rose in him like a star.

Finally the last of the three hundred sticks were laid on the wagon.

Harold begged to be allowed to drive the tractor home. Mr. Waverley wearily consented, and found safe niches for Peggy Lou and Sally and Wilson between the piles of tobacco on the wagon. He paused a moment to glance back over the field they were leaving, at a dark hump of cloud low down in the sky. He often rested afternoons if it rained.

As the tractor and the wagon turned the curve in the road, Charlie left the field, riding Nellie and leading Maud. *Look at them thunder clouds over the Baptist church,* he thought. *Come on, old gal. Don't want to get no wetter than I already am.* Mentally, he rehearsed where to put the newly pulled leaves out of the rain if it came. *Might be daddy and Harold will pull the wagon under the barn shed before they unhitch it.*

High up, the approaching clouds drifted in, gray and darker gray. In ten more minutes ugly pinkish and yellowish puffs raced under them. The wind rose, and the clouds of red and white dust lifted up and seemed to touch the sky. The air was heavy and close, in spite of the wind, and soon a purplish pall closed down on the land. The thunderstorm broke by degrees. Charlie began trotting the horses, and the first huge drops were pressed out of the clouds and fell, making dark splotches on the dust which clung to him and to the horses.

He heard the first sheets of rain before he saw them, and then they came into view, marching across the tracks, rising up the hill, engulfing him, and traveling on. The sky was inky black above; ahead, he could see nothing. The rain blinded him and the horses. Once he realized they were all off the road, because he couldn't hear the hoofs striking the pavement. He swerved to the left and again hit the pavement. He dug his bare toes into Nellie's mane, and the water there ran down between his toes and down his leg. Something in the smell of the air worried him. He clenched his teeth.

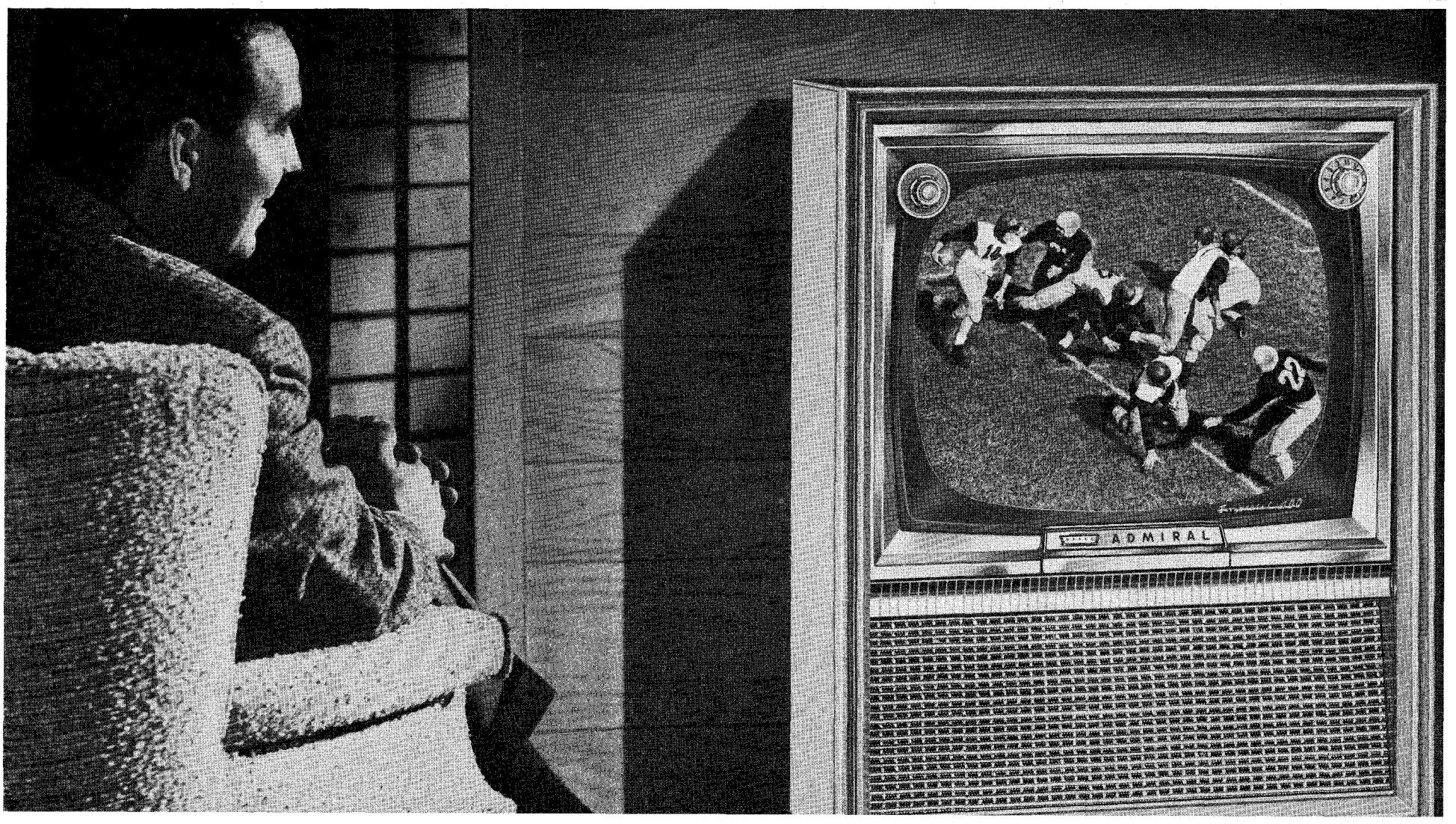
As he turned in at home the others were washing up. Mr. Waverley stood on the porch and watched the storm, soap covering his hands. He remained, forgotten suds dripping into the pan, and gazed at Charlie taking the horses to the stable. He was glad he had put the new leaves under the barn shed.

"Luther, dinner's on!"

Mr. Waverley started, then looked down. He rinsed his hands quickly, dried them and went in. Charlie ran in and upstairs. Seconds later, it seemed, he was back, clad only in faded, dry dungarees.

Mrs. Waverley was passing the dishes. "Snaps, Luther?" He took some snaps. The youngsters were talking, so that his silence was not noticed. But Mr. Waverley's gray eyes met those of his wife briefly across the table, and then they all looked out to see what it was they had heard.

Charlie and his father stood up and watched keenly. Charlie's face was a mask of dread. There was a sound of tumultuous splashing in the rain barrel. There was tapping on the tin roof of the tool shed. The door of the henhouse shut with a bang. Chickens were squawking outside and hurrying for any kind of shelter. Hundreds of small thuds came from the hard-packed yellow earth near the door. The windowpanes rattled and shook, and the Waverleys watched large, heavy white hailstones tearing at the zinnias and the



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scarlet sage, and pounding the fragments of the flowers into the dirt.

Charlie jumped up and ran out.

"Where's he going?" asked Sally.

Mr. Waverley turned slowly to look at her, and sat down to pick up his fork again. He seemed truly tired now. His eyes were old and a little grim, but he smiled. "He's opening the chicken house to let the hens in. If they was left out, they might start setting on hailstones!"

The older ones tried to laugh at this, but they quieted fast. The little ones giggled and began to race through their food, because this afternoon they wouldn't have to work, and the first one to get to the porch swing would get all the pillows. Mr. and Mrs. Waverley just looked and said nothing at all. Charlie came back, but he didn't bother to finish his plate. The storm was nearly over.

At four o'clock Charlie walked slowly down to where his father was looking at the bird dog, kept in a pen under some pines. Luther Waverley turned quietly.

"Son, did you recollect to give the mares some salt? They sweated mighty hard this morning. Can't let 'em get sick."

"Harold did. He said so."

Charlie lit a cigarette. It was his fifth in three hours—his tenth in five days. The sun shone benignly in a sky which was ignorant of its past—forgetful of its anger three hours earlier. It was ridiculously clear. Mr. Waverley threw some food to the dog.

"Daddy."

"What?"

"Don't you reckon it's time to go down and look at the railroad piece?" Charlie kicked at a nest of hailstones lying among some roots of the big pine. He wanted to shout everything he said.

"No rush to get down there. Go down directly. Ain't going to matter none to the leaves what time we get there."

Ain't going to matter none to them leaves what we do or don't do, Charlie raged to himself. Daddy didn't care. Charlie supposed that his father hated losing the money, if the hail had ruined the crop down there. But to Charlie it was more than just money. He knew how he would have felt if his leaves hadn't been safe in the barn, if the hail had got them. *Daddy's just like the others*, he thought, *just caring for cars and money and things.*

To Charlie, much more was involved. Personal ambition to be known as a good farmer; personal love for the glorious hot, heavy, sweating work outdoors; personal love for the lovely heavy leaves.

His heart yearned toward the railroad piece, the gallant piece of pale gray soil that had given of its best. And all daddy thought about, all the time, was the money. That was why he wasn't anxious to get down there now.

But pretty soon they went to the stable and put bridles on Nellie and Maud. They climbed up and started down the rocky driveway.

"Daddy, daddy! You done promised you'd shoot the gun with me today after work, and all afternoon you ain't done it!" Little Wilson streamed down the porch steps.

Charlie scowled at him. "Hush up, Wilson. You get back in the house."

But Mr. Waverley slid slowly off the mare and took from his wife's hand a pistol as she followed Wilson. "Ain't no rush, Charlie." He bent over the little boy. "Now, you hold it tight, Billy, and pull when I say." The shot rang out, and Wilson shouted, throwing his arm around his father's knee. He looked up and they both laughed.

"Come on in, son." Mrs. Waverley took the gun and opened the door. "Daddy's got something to do. I'll give you a hot biscuit."

Wilson ran, and the pink sunshine touched his mother's fair hair as she went slowly through the doorway and drew the screen shut.

The trees dripped in the late afternoon, and birds sang a little uneasily in the thickets. Yet everything was bright, and the air was washed clean, and the lespedeza in the fields smelled like all the sweet things of summer. Luther and Charlie said nothing to each other, but both of them waved a greeting to Mr.

... ...

Healthy, Wealthy and Grumpy

It isn't that I have to rise,
Which causes me to glower,
But, rather, that I must get up
At such a surly hour!

By Tom Talman

... ...

Potts as he took his cows in. Their faces were composed, their eyes calm. Only Charlie's knuckles looked tortured.

Slowly, in single file, they went down the hill and across the fields, down toward Mule Creek and the railroad tracks that paralleled it. The creek had risen seven feet in the storm, but was going down now. It rushed and swirled, in thick yellow whirlpools, carrying black sticks and branches with it.

"You reckon we lost a lot, daddy?" The question burst through the last jagged edge of Charlie's composure, but his father's calm had almost kept the question unasked again, as it had often during the long afternoon.

"Can't tell. We got right many leaves in the barns already, but I kind of figured we'd get a couple thousand, maybe three, from this piece, in a good market." Luther spoke softly, as though he were afraid he might betray his disappointment in a louder voice. He plaited strands of his mare's mane absently. The horses, well loved, well blooded, walked as if on eggs, feeling the preoccupation of their riders.

Charlie bit his lip. *Why don't daddy say what's worrying him? Why isn't he mad or something? Looks like, to me, I'm the only one who cares a hang what the crop does. I reckon daddy's getting old.* Charlie glanced keenly at his father. He felt a sudden sharp pang of terrible sadness, for now, more than ever before, the face of the man for whom Charlie would have cheerfully given everything he was or had—that face looked old and tired.

Sudden tears rose for a second to Charlie's eyes. *A few more years, maybe, and something awful may happen to daddy. I don't care how he feels. I don't care if he doesn't think my wanting to farm matters none. I'm going to stay and butt through somehow, and help him. He's got to slow down some. I'll make him show me how to do it all. Now. I've made up my mind for good and all.*

Luther and Charlie turned single file into the narrow muddy lane leading down to the railroad piece. They didn't speak. Only once Charlie looked at his father, riding up ahead of him, and saw his shoulders move in a deep sigh.

And then they were there. They let Maud and Nellie pull up in the grassy patch at the edge of the field. The two slid off the mares, leaving them to nibble.

Finally Charlie forced himself to look. The huge bright leaves hung in shreds from plants taller than a man. They had been over a (*Continued on Page 117*)

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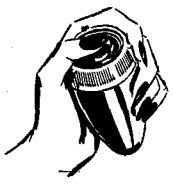

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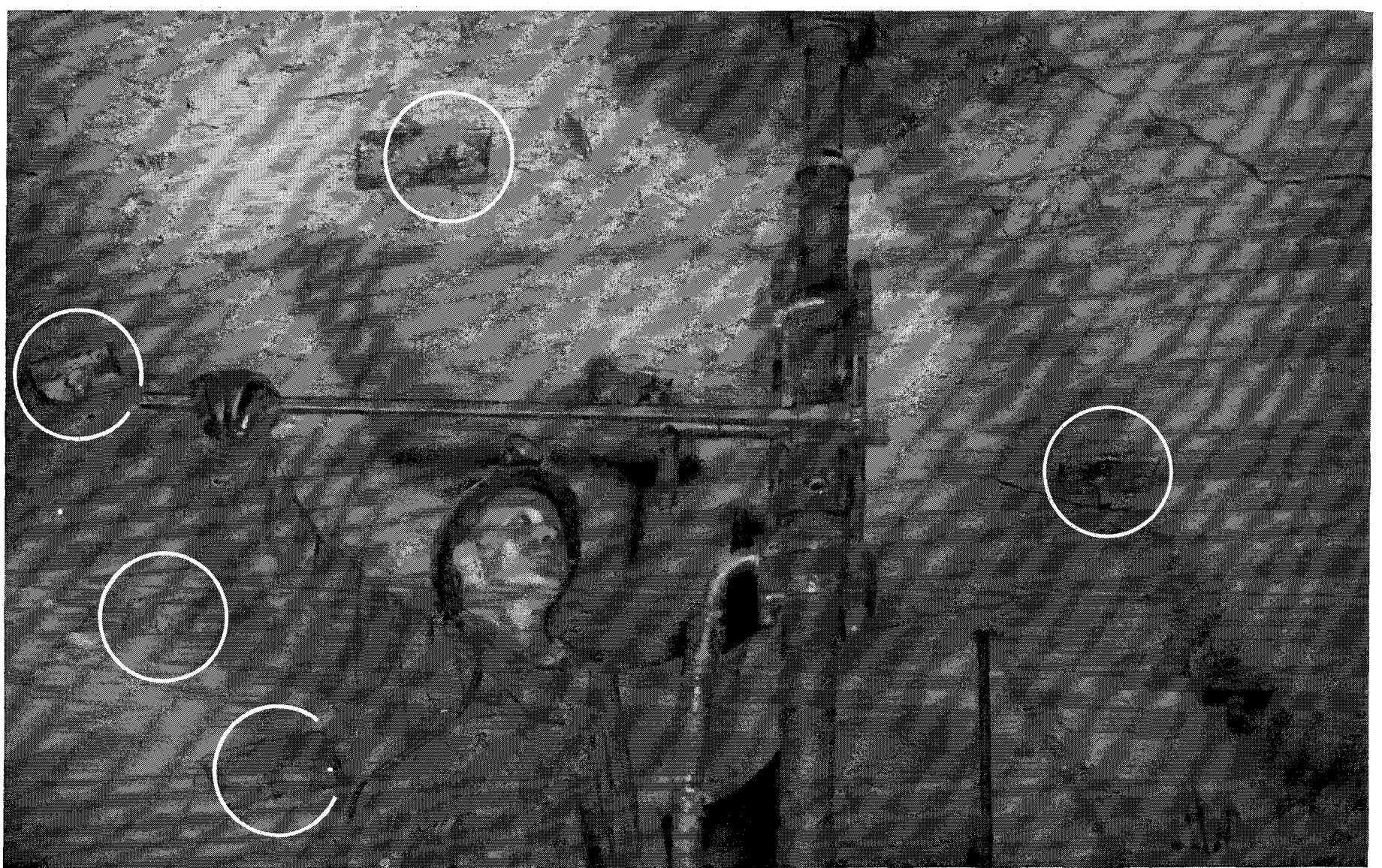
Formerly heavy timbers like these served as roof supports—a job now being taken over by "skyhooks."

"Skyhooks" replace timber supports in new areas of Inco Nickel mines



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"Skyhooks" are rock bolts. They support the roofs of tunnels, and other parts of new areas in International Nickel mines.

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(*Continued from Page 115*) foot long, with strong stems and tiny veins. For some reason, the worms had neglected the railroad piece all summer. The little sucker leaves at the tops of the plants had been carefully removed. Only a few had grown back, and only here and there a plant had held aloft the little cluster of pink petunia-like blooms.

The hail had broken the stem of almost every leaf. And every leaf was shot through with the stones. In between the rows the whitish soil was thick with leaves that had been torn cleanly off the plants. There were almost as many leaves on the ground as there were on the stalks.

Charlie and Luther Waverley just looked along the rows, lifting their eyes slowly until they saw nothing but the distant pines. They stood for several moments.

"Prettiest leaves I ever grew." Luther's face was reposed and set. His eyes were steady.

All my life I've wanted to be a farmer like daddy, Charlie reflected. *I thought he really cared. But he doesn't. That's why he thought so much of that car last night, and wouldn't even come to see the barn.* He glanced over at his father, standing there, looking calmly over the ragged field.

But then Charlie sobbed once. "Daddy, you wa'n't even going to send a slide in betwixt them rows, so's not to bruise the leaves none."

Luther gazed at the sky. Before Charlie's eyes, at the mention of what Luther had planned, and had had, twenty years seemed suddenly to fall on the lean shoulders, and in his father's face was at last written complete defeat, discouragement, loss. Luther sighed heavily—the saddest sound Charlie had ever heard, and his face trembled a little as he stared into the sky. "I reckon He done pulled more of my leaves in twenty minutes this evening than I could have pulled myself all year." Then, "Oh, Lord, they was so pretty."

"I could have told you this evenin' that's what I thought it'd be like down here. . . . Damn it, Maud!" Charlie turned quickly. "Get your big feet out of there!"

Maud had stepped in her rein while eating, and broken it. Charlie had tried hard to hold himself in. Now he broke and rushed at Maud, his eyes wet and angry. He ran his weight at her and jerked savagely at her bridle. She threw her head high and backed off in terrified surprise. She wasn't used to this. Charlie could not hit her. Instead, he put his arms around her neck, beaten, and leaned his head on her massive shoulders. His own shoulders quivered, and the muscles in his neck stood out taut. He clutched big hunks of her mane.

Luther Waverley came up to him. He put his hand on Charlie's back.

"No need either one of us grieving so, son. I'm wrong to let you see how it hurts me, 'cause a man ought to know better and set a better example for his boy after all his life farming—thirty, thirty-five years." Luther lit a cigarette and offered one to Charlie. They sat on the grass, smoking for a few moments without saying anything.

Thirty, thirty-five years, Charlie thought. *Of trying to buck weather. No wonder he's looked old twice today.*

When Luther spoke, it was as though he had thought hard about his words for a long time—all afternoon, maybe.

"I been wanting to set a good example, Charlie. You bound to believe that. I didn't want to run you away to some mill or other by interfering with you. I been so tired this summer. I was scared to death you'd leave me, too, so I was extra careful to keep my mouth shut. I reckon you done told me what you want to do now, though, and I can tell you this much: feeling bout 'bacco the way you and I do, Charlie, is all on earth going to pull you through a summer like this, when you work all night and all day too. I been so tired I couldn't sleep, but then I remembered I didn't have it all to do any more, 'cause you was helping out. Then I could sleep."

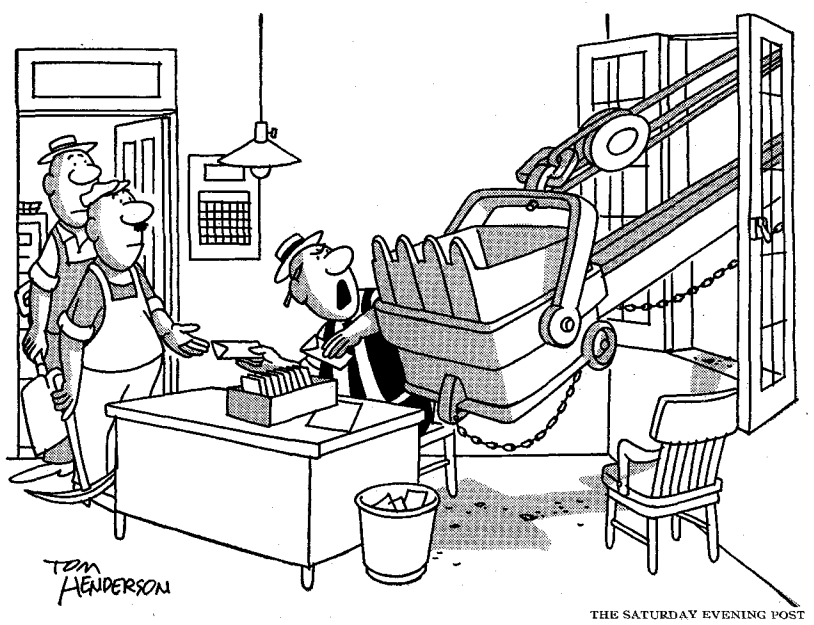
"Is that the truth, daddy?" Within, Charlie felt covered with light and warmth, and he understood all his father had never said, and why he had never said it. Without real thought, Charlie realized he would share his crop with his father now. Maybe he would always.

"Sure, son. Now we got to do an extra job on that 'bacco you got in the barn. Let's go back, unless you want it all to burn up." He rose slowly, but with strength. His voice was rough and searching for the words. "I'll help you. You done helped me."

Charlie got up, too, and breathed deeply, squaring his shoulders. His father handed him Maud's broken reins and laughed briefly. "You got your evening's work cut out for you," he smiled, "mending this here rein."

Charlie grinned back.

They went out toward the main road, and on a rise of ground Luther Waverley stopped to look back over his shoulder, his right hand leaning heavily on the mare's rump. Charlie looked back too. From this distance, the railroad piece didn't look quite so ruined. The breeze was ruffling the tattered leaves. THE END



THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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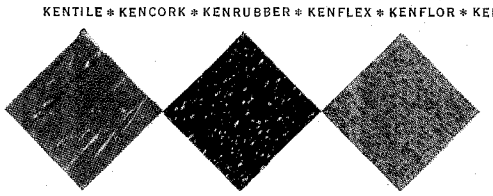

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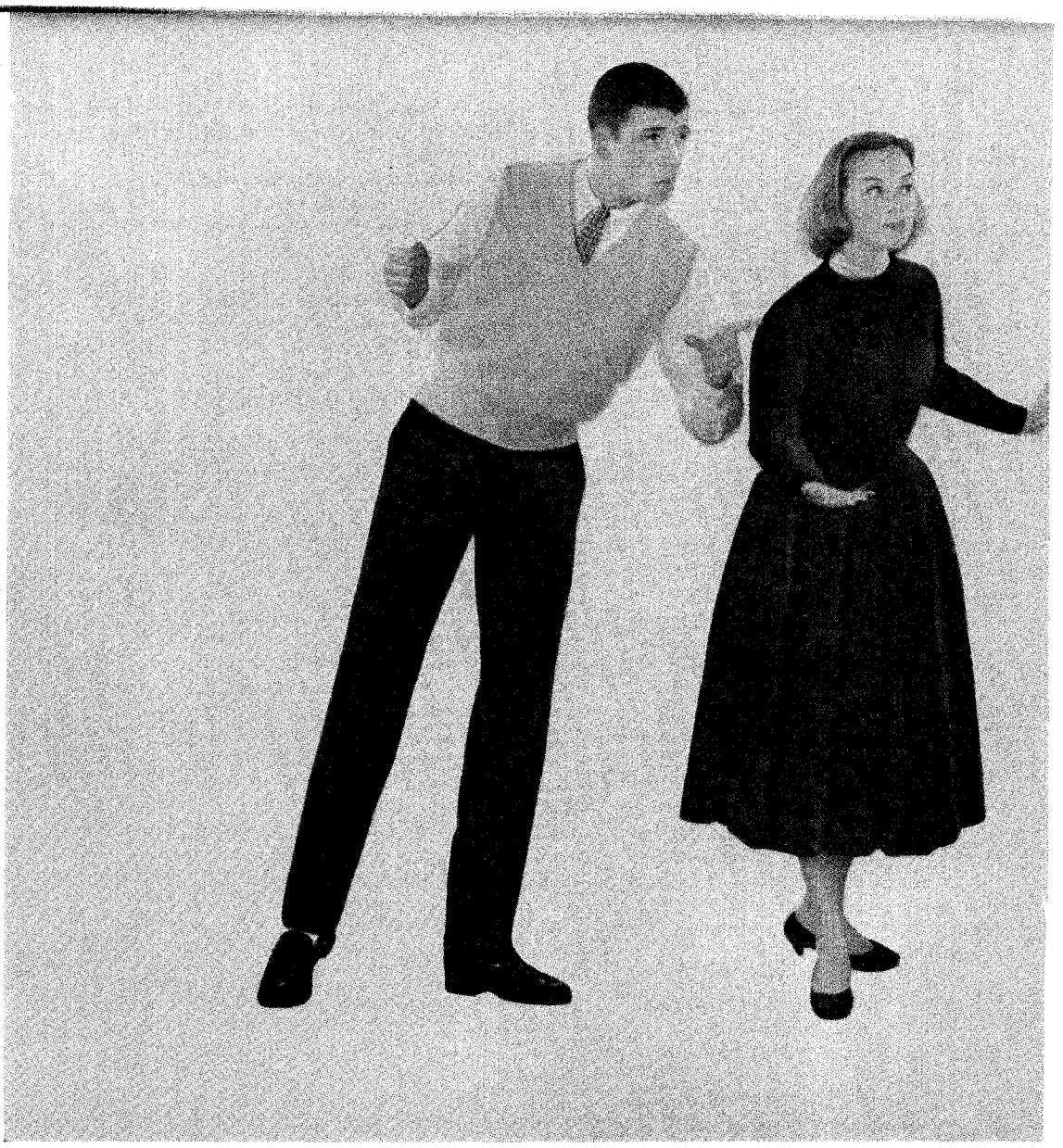

Caught! One family having fun — together — in their favorite get-together spot! Mom's just pretending to be put out; she knows her teen-agers love to stage a refrigerator raid, especially after an exciting game. And she knows that Pop just can't resist joining them for a late, late snack!

This kitchen is *planned* for family fun, and each red dot ● shows how electricity makes it a center of better living. The roomy refrigerator-freezer holds plenty of food for a hungry family; and you can bet that turkey was done to a turn in the built-in oven (never any stooping to see what's cooking)! The electric mixer provides Bob with a perfect super-shake, and Pop's coffee will be ready in a moment, thanks to the electric kettle. Cleaning up is no chore here, either — the garbage disposer and dishwasher see to that! Electricity provides cheerful atmosphere and proper working light, too.

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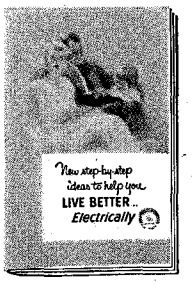

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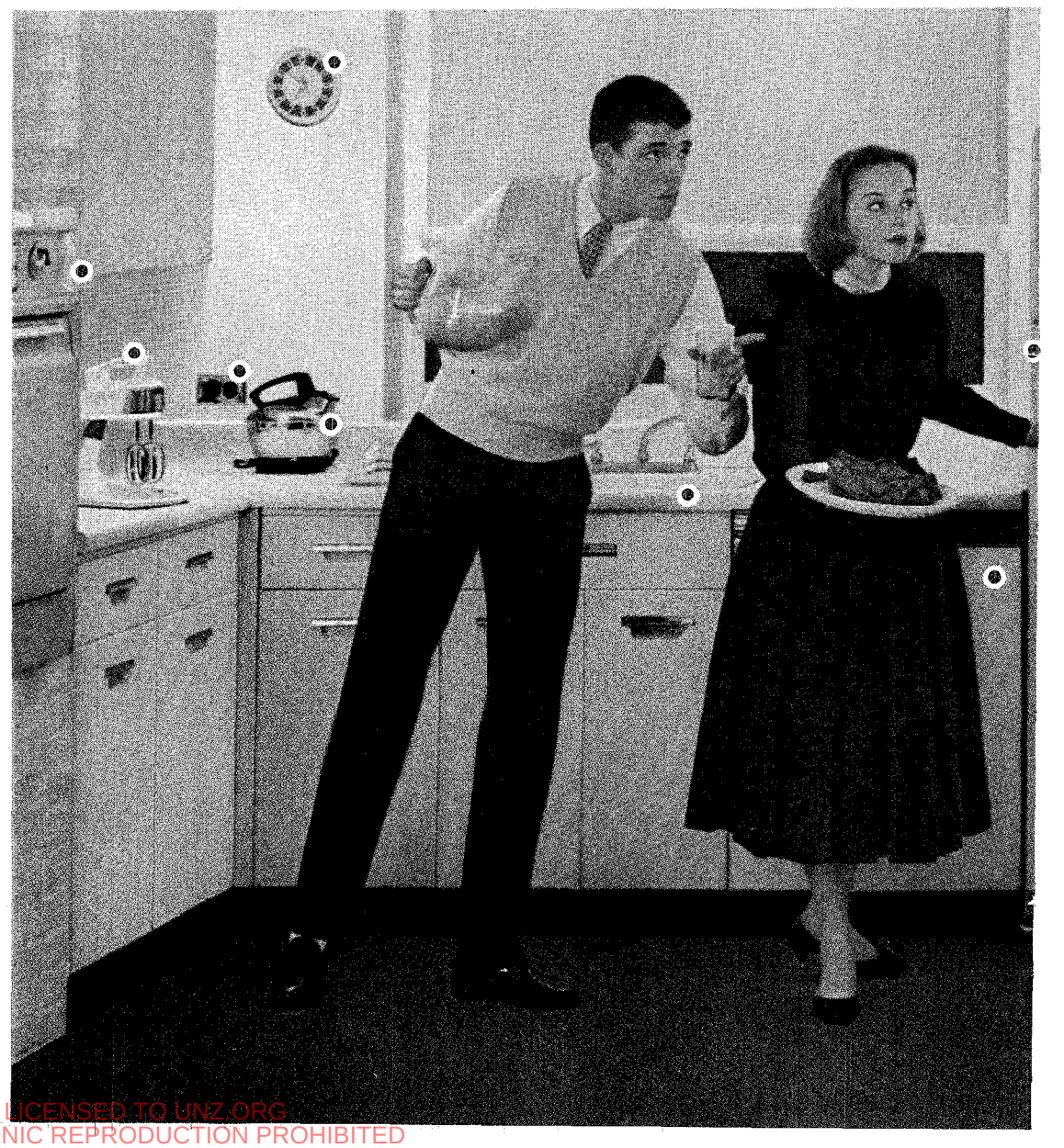

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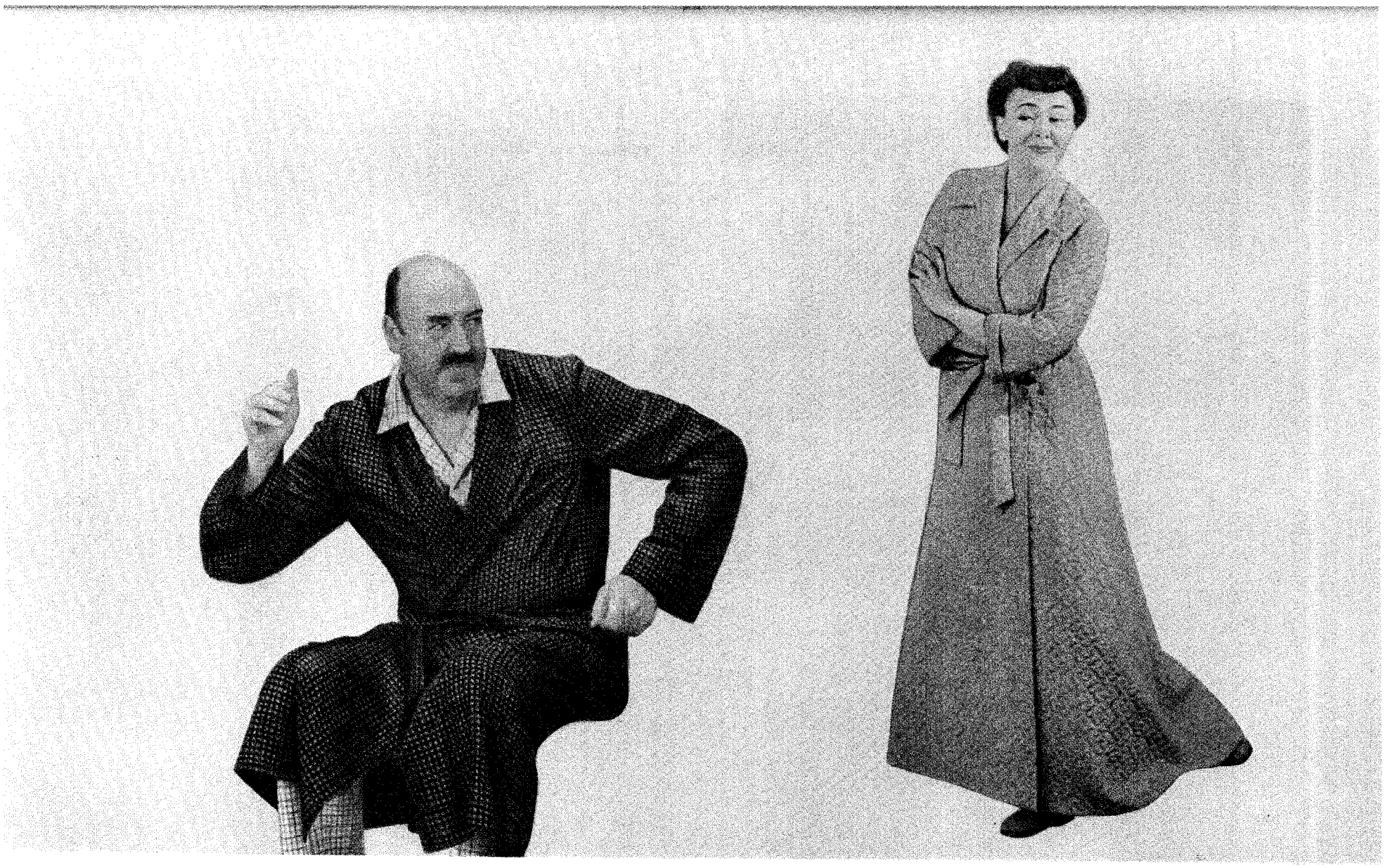

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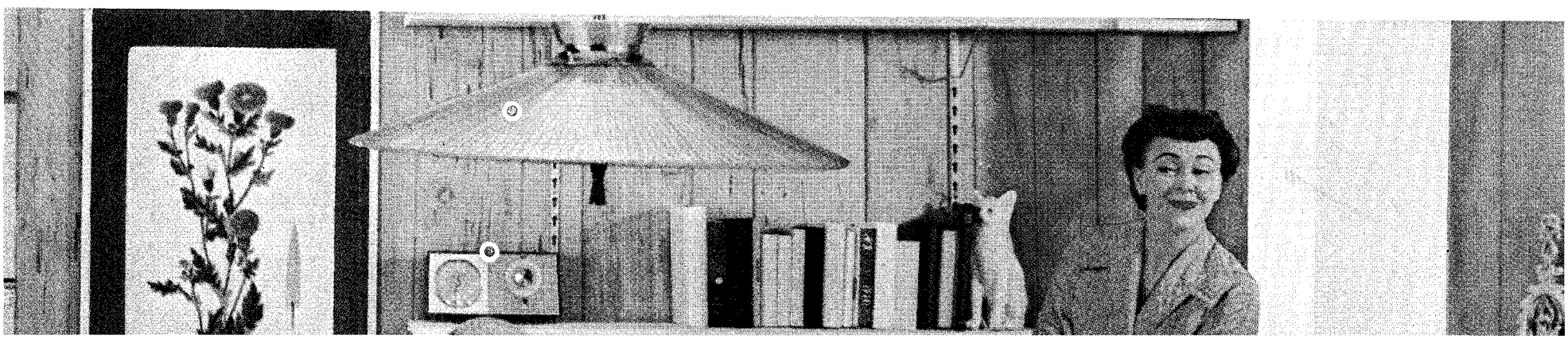

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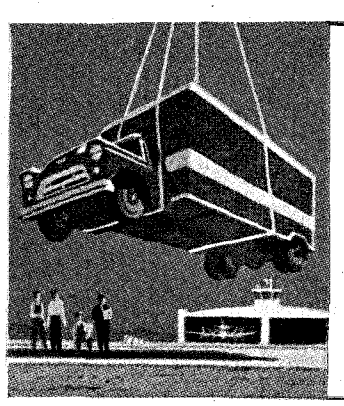

The Rayon Cord from only one tire is strong enough to lift this 12,000-pound truck . . . safely! Pound for pound, Rayon Tire Cord is as strong as steel.

Be sure you ride on RAYON—world's leading tire cord

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The Case of the Lucky Loser

(Continued from Page 57)

"Very well," Judge Cadwell said, frowning. "The court needs only to point out, Mr. Mason, the importance of these witnesses —— However, the court will make no comment on the testimony. Proceed with the case."

"Now then, your honor," Roger Farris said, "it appears that Myrtle Anne Haley, who was a witness for the People at the previous trial of this action when the defendant was indicted for negligent homicide, is at the moment unavailable. We propose to show that we have made every effort to locate her. Being unable to do so, in view of the fact that the parties to this action are the same as the parties in the other action—to wit, the People of the State of California as plaintiff and Theodore Balfour, Jr., as defendant—we wish to read her testimony into the record. I understand there is no objection."

"Any objection?" Judge Cadwell asked.

Mason smiled. "Not in the least, your honor. I am glad to have this done if counsel will first prove the witness is unavailable. This action on the part of counsel, using the identical evidence used in the other trial, shows the solidity of our plea of once in jeopardy."

"The actions aren't the same," Farris said. "The parties are the same, that's all."

Judge Cadwell stroked his chin. "Of course," he said, "that does tend to give force to the defendant's plea of once in jeopardy. However, the court has ruled on that, and that ruling will stand. Make your showing, Mr. Prosecutor. Counsel will be advised that any objection which counsel wishes to make to any question as contained in the transcript may be made at this time and the court will then rule on that objection."

Farris produced an investigator for the district attorney's office who testified that Myrtle Anne Haley had moved from her residence and had left no forwarding address, that he had talked with all of her friends and acquaintances, but no one knew where she had gone, that he had made every effort to find her and serve a subpoena on her, without avail. She had been employed by a subsidiary of the Balfour Allied Associates and she had left abruptly, without even calling for her last pay check. The intimation was strong that pressure brought to bear by the Balfour company had caused this prime witness for the prosecution to absent herself.

"Cross-examination?" Judge Cadwell asked Mason.

Mason shook his head. "No cross-examination."

"Very well," Judge Cadwell said, "I will grant the motion of the prosecution that the testimony of Myrtle Anne Haley may be read in the record, after that testimony is properly authenticated, there being no objection."

The court reporter was thereupon duly sworn and read the transcript of Myrtle Anne Haley's testimony.

With the manner of a magician bringing a startling trick to a breath-taking conclusion, Roger Farris called out in a ringing voice, "Will Mr. Banner Boles take the stand?"

Banner Boles came forward, held up his hand, was sworn, gave his name, age, residence and occupation, and settled himself comfortably in the witness stand.

"Are you acquainted with the defendant, Theodore Balfour, Jr.?" Farris asked.

"Yes, sir. Certainly."

"How long have you known him?"

"For some ten years."

"What were you doing on the nineteenth of September of this year?"

"I was working for the Balfour Allied Associates."

"Specifically what duties did you perform that night?"

"Mr. Guthrie Balfour was leaving for El Paso. From there he was going to Mexico. It was part of my assignment to see that he got safely aboard the train."

"You saw him on the train for El Paso?"

"I did."

"Who else?"

"His wife, Dorla Balfour."

"Where had you been prior to the time you went to the depot?"

"There had been a little social gathering, something in the nature of a going-away party at the home of Mrs. Florence Ingle, who is a friend of Mr. and Mrs. Balfour."

"And you had been at that party?"

"I had. Yes, sir."

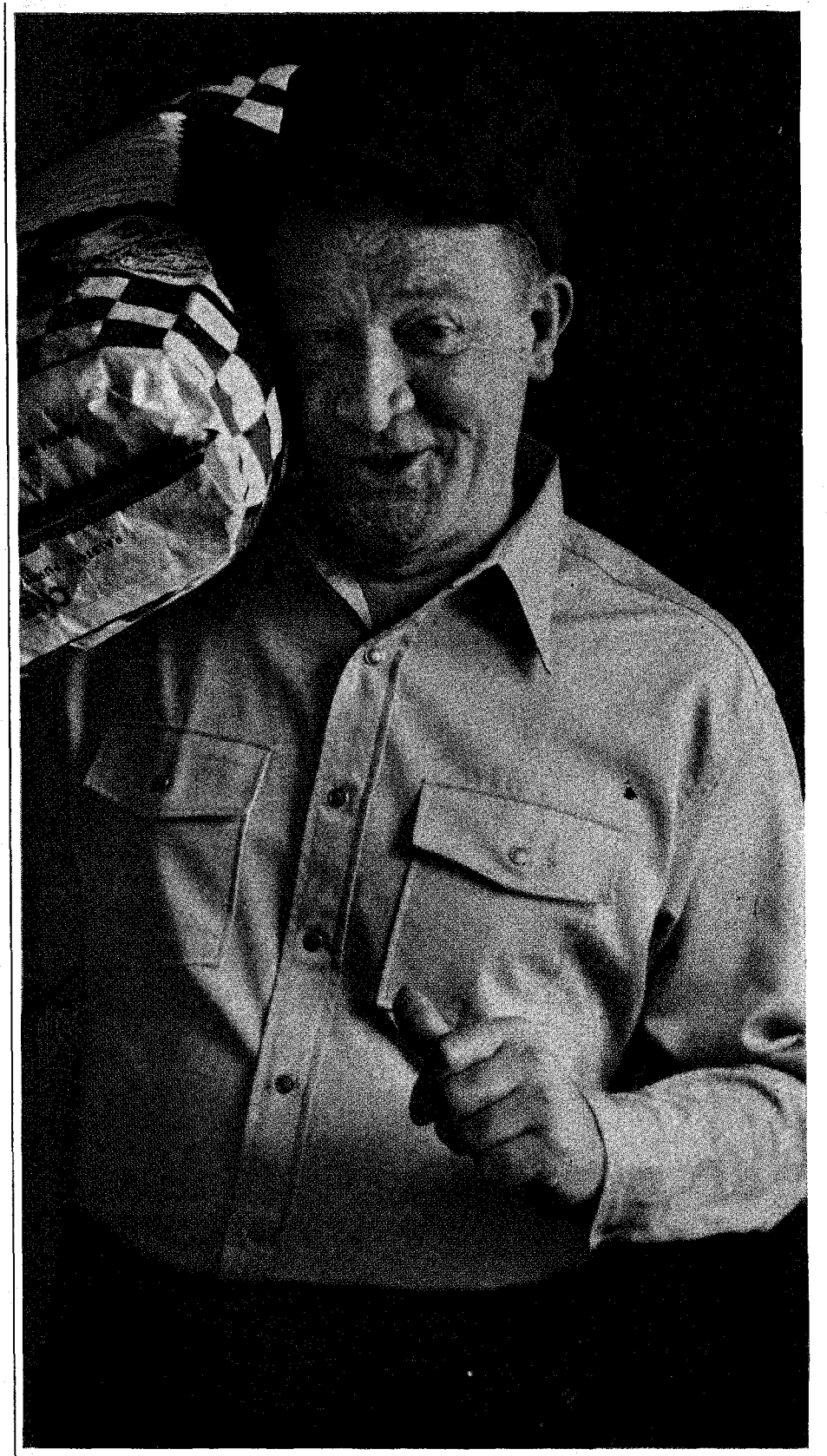
"And what happened after you escorted Mr. and Mrs. Guthrie Balfour to the train?"

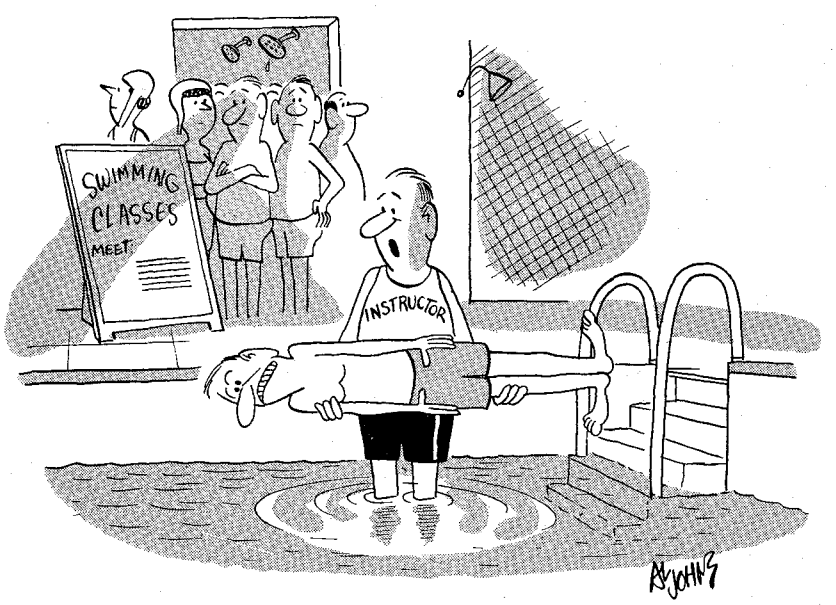
"I went back to my office."

"You have an office uptown?"

"Yes, sir."

"It is not at the Balfour Allied Associates?"





THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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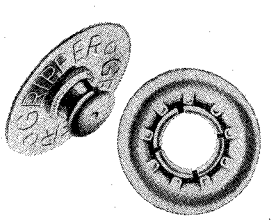

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"I have an office there, too, but I have an uptown office which is kept open twenty-four hours a day."

"For what purpose, may I ask?"

"I'm a trouble shooter. People call me whenever something goes wrong."

"And were you called on the evening of the nineteenth?"

"No, sir."

"You were not?"

"No, sir."

"I thought —— Oh, I beg your pardon, it was early in the morning of the twentieth. Were you called then?"

"Yes, sir."

"Who called you?"

"The defendant."

"Do you know where he was calling you from?"

"I only know where he said he was calling me from."

"And where was that?"

"It was a telephone booth at a service station at the intersection of Sycamore Road and State Highway. The service station was closed, but he was calling from the booth."

"And what did he say?"

"He asked me to join him at once. He said he was in trouble."

"What did you do?"

"I jumped into my car and got out there as quickly as I could."

"How long did it take?"

"About twenty minutes, I guess."

"Did you give the defendant any instructions before you left?"

"I told him to wait there until I arrived."

"Was he there when you arrived?"

"No, sir. He was not."

"Where was he?"

"I found him at home."

"That is, at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. Guthrie Balfour?"

"Yes, sir."

"That was where he was living?"

"Yes, sir."

"As a trouble shooter for the Balfour Allied Associates you knew that?"

"Yes, sir."

"And what did you do?"

"I didn't want to get everybody up. I wanted to find out if the defendant was home."

"In your capacity as trouble shooter, do you have keys for the residences of the executives of the Balfour Allied Associates?"

"I have passkeys I can use if there is an emergency."

"And did you use one of those keys?"

"Yes, sir."

"Where did you go first?"

"First I looked in the garage to see if the car the defendant had been driving was in the garage."

"You found that it was in the garage?"

"Yes, sir."

"What was its condition?"

"Well, I used my flashlight and walked around the car, looking for signs of trouble because, from the tone of voice in which the defendant had telephoned me, I thought he had been ——"

"Never mind what you thought," Farris interrupted sharply. "Just tell what you did."

"I looked the car over."

"What did you find?"

"I found that the right front headlight was smashed, that there was a dent in the right fender, and there were a few flecks of blood on the front bumper near the right-hand side—that is, I assumed that the spots were blood. They were red spots which had crusted and they looked like blood."

"So then what did you do?"

"So then I switched off my flashlight, closed the garage door, went to the house, inserted my key in the front door, opened the front door and walked upstairs."

"And where did you go?"

"To the room occupied by the defendant."

"You had been in that room before?"

"Oh, yes."

"You knew where it was?"

"Yes, sir."

"And what did you do?"

"I tapped on the door and said, 'This is Banner, Ted. Let me in.'"

"Did you receive any response?"

"No, sir."

"What did you do?"

"I went inside the room."

"And what did you find?"

"I found the defendant very drunk, in what I would call an alcoholic stupor, lying fully clothed on the bed."

"What about his shoes? Were they on or off?"

"They were on."

"What time was this?"

"This was about two o'clock in the morning. I had left the service station at one-fifty, and I guess it took me about five minutes to look through the garage and study the automobile."

"Now, when you say, 'the automobile,' what automobile do you mean?"

"I mean the automobile photographs of which have been introduced in evidence, the one having License Number Two-V-seven-nine-three-six-six."

"Did you have any conversation with the defendant there in his room at that time?"

"Yes, sir."

"Who else was present?"

"No one."

"Just the two of you?"

"Yes, sir."

... ...

Bird of Prey

By R. H. GRENVILLE

Sadness is a timid bird
On a naked limb,
For whom the leafless season is,
At most, an interim.

Despair's a wrinkled vulture,
Unwilling to depart
Until its cruel talons make
A desert of the heart.

... ...

"What did you do?"

"I had quite a time getting the defendant so he could wake up and talk."

"What did you do?"

"I took off his coat. I took off his overshirt. I took off his undershirt. I got towels, soaked them in cold water and put them on his abdomen and on his neck. I sat him up in bed and shook him. I put cold compresses on his eyes and on the back of his neck, and finally he became conscious, or wakened, or whatever you want to call it."

"He recognized you?"

"Oh, yes."

"And what was the conversation you had with him at that time as nearly as you can remember?"

"Well, I asked him what he wanted, and he told me he had been in a jam, but he had finally figured how to get out of it all by himself."

"What did he tell you?"

"He told me that he had been playing the horses pretty heavy; that he had run out of cash and had been using the credit that he had with certain bookmakers; that he had sustained losses and that those losses had piled up and the bookmakers had called on him to pay."

"He told you all this?"

"Yes, sir."

"How did he speak?"

"His voice was thick. He was quite intoxicated, but I got it out of him a bit at a time."

"Go ahead. Then what did he tell you?"

"He told me that he had received a couple of telephone calls from the bookie stating that he had to pay up or else. After that he said he had received an anonymous, unsigned letter saying that if he didn't pay up, they were going to send their 'collector.'"

"Did he tell you what he thought the bookies meant when they said that they were going to send their collector?"

"Yes, sir."

"What did he say?"

"He said that that meant someone to beat him up. He said that they got pretty tough with fellows that didn't pay; that the first time they beat them up and the second time they took them for a one-way ride."

"Go on," Farris said, glancing triumphantly at the jurors, who were sitting on the edges of their chairs, leaning forward, drinking in Boles' words with rapt attention. "What else did he say?"

"Well, he said that he had tried to raise twenty thousand dollars; that he didn't dare to go to Addison Balfour; that he had hoped an opportunity would present itself to speak to Guthrie Balfour before he took off for Mexico, but that, in the crush of the party, there had been no opportunity. He knew that he would have to approach the subject very tactfully. Otherwise, he would be rebuffed.

"He stated that he had some money that was in a trust fund which had been left him by his parents; that he had been trying to reach the trustee in order to get some money from him, but that the trustee was out of town on a vacation; that he was hoping he could stall the matter along until the return of the trustee."

"Did he say anything else?"

"He said that he had talked to one of his father's friends, a Florence Ingle."

"That was the woman who had given the party?"

"Yes."

"Did he say when he had talked with her?"

"He said that night. He said that he had asked her for twenty thousand dollars, but that she had been unable or unwilling to give it to him."

"Then what did he say?"

"He said that he drank more than was good for him; that he was rather intoxicated by somewhere around ten o'clock; that a young woman had driven his car home for him and had put the car in the garage."

"Did he tell you the name of the young woman?"

"He said that he didn't know the young woman's identity. But I thought he did. However, I didn't ——"

"Never mind what you thought!" Farris shouted. "You're familiar with the rules of examination, Mr. Boles. Kindly refrain from giving any of your conclusions. Tell us only what the defendant said to you and what you said to the defendant."

"Yes, sir."

"Now, what did the defendant say to you about having been brought home?"

"Well, the defendant said he had been brought home by this young woman; that she had taken his shoes off; that he had stretched out on the bed; that he had been pretty drunk and that he had gone to the bathroom and been sick; that after that he felt a little better. He suddenly remembered that the trustee who handled his trust fund sometimes came back early from a vacation, and checked in at a motel on the outskirts of town; that this man was an elderly man with poor eyesight who disliked to drive at night; and that, when he returned from a trip and it was late, he would stay at a motel on the outskirts of town rather than drive in. He said he decided to drive out and see if the trustee had returned."

"And then what?"

"So he put on his shoes, let himself out of the house (*Continued on Page 124*)

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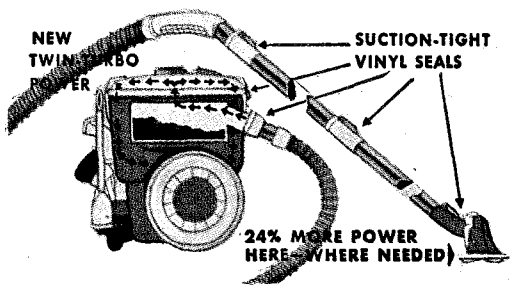

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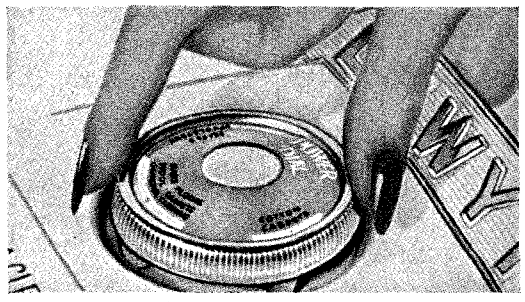

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(*Continued from Page 122*) and went to the garage. He said, however, that because of the threats which had been made and because of the late hour, he had opened his gun cabinet and had taken a twenty-two automatic, which he had put in his pocket."

"Go on. What else did he say?"

"He said that, when he reached the garage, he thought he saw a shadowy figure; that, because he had been drinking, he finally decided it was just his imagination; that he opened the garage door and stepped inside; and that, just as he had his hand on the handle of the car door, someone put his hand on his shoulder from behind and said, 'O.K., buddy; I'm the collector.'"

"Go on," Farris said. "What else?"

"He said he was frozen with terror for the moment, and that then the man who had said he was a collector hit him a hard blow in the chest, a blow that slammed him back against the wall of the garage; that the man had then said, 'That's a sample! Now get in the car. You and I are going for a little ride. I'm going to teach you not to welsh on bets.'"

"Go on," Farris said. "What else?"

"And then the defendant told me that almost without thinking and in actual fear of his life, he had jerked out the twenty-two automatic and had fired from the hip; that he was an exceptionally good shot; and that he had shot directly at the man's head. The man staggered back, half sprawled against the front seat. He was not dead, but was unconscious.

"The defendant said that he knew he had to do something at once; that he had lifted this man into the front seat of the automobile; that he closed the car door; that he jumped in the other side, and drove, anxious only to get away from the house, for fear that someone might have heard the shot. He said he drove down to the State Highway; that he turned left and stopped at the closed service station on Sycamore; that he called me from the phone booth there and asked me to come at once. He wanted me to tell him what could be done and how he could arrange for medical attention for the man in the car.

"He then told me that, after he had hung up and returned to the car, he discovered the man was no longer breathing; that he put his hand on his wrist and there was no pulse; that the man had died while he was telephoning. He said that changed the situation materially; that he had then tried to call me again, but that my assistant, who answered the telephone, assured him I had already left."

"Go on," Farris said, "what else did he tell you? Did he tell you what he did after that?"

"Yes, sir."

"What was it?"

"He said that he felt that the problem was simplified because he had only a dead man to deal with. He said that the shock had sobered him up pretty much; that he searched the body and took everything in the line of papers that the man might have—all means of identification—that he took the man's wallet; that he even took his handkerchief, so it would not be possible to trace a laundry mark; that he took his keys, his coins, all of his personal belongings."

"Then what?"

"He said that he ran the car out Sycamore Road and then got out and wrestled the body out onto the front bumper; that he drove as fast as he could and then suddenly slammed on the brakes; that the body rolled off the bumper and skidded and rolled for some considerable distance along the highway; that he then deliberately ran over the head, then turned the car around and ran over the head again; that he ran over the head several times, so as to be sure that not only would the features be unrecognizable but that it would prevent the bullet hole from showing."

"Did he tell you anything about a bullet being in the head?"

"He told me that he thought the bullet had gone clean through the head and was in the garage somewhere."

"Go on," Farris said.

"Well, the defendant asked me to take charge of things from there on. I told him that there was nothing much I could do; that he had already done everything; that I felt the best thing to do was to go and find the body and report the matter to the police, stating that he had acted in self-defense and in fear of his life; that this man had assaulted him first."

"So what was done?"

"I told him to wait there; that I would go and find the body. He described exactly where he had left it."

"And what happened?"

"I found I was too late. By the time I got there a police car was there, and I felt that, under the circumstances, I didn't want to assume the responsibility of notifying the police. I thought that I would wait until I had an opportunity to think the matter over."

"To discuss the matter with your superiors?" Farris said sharply.

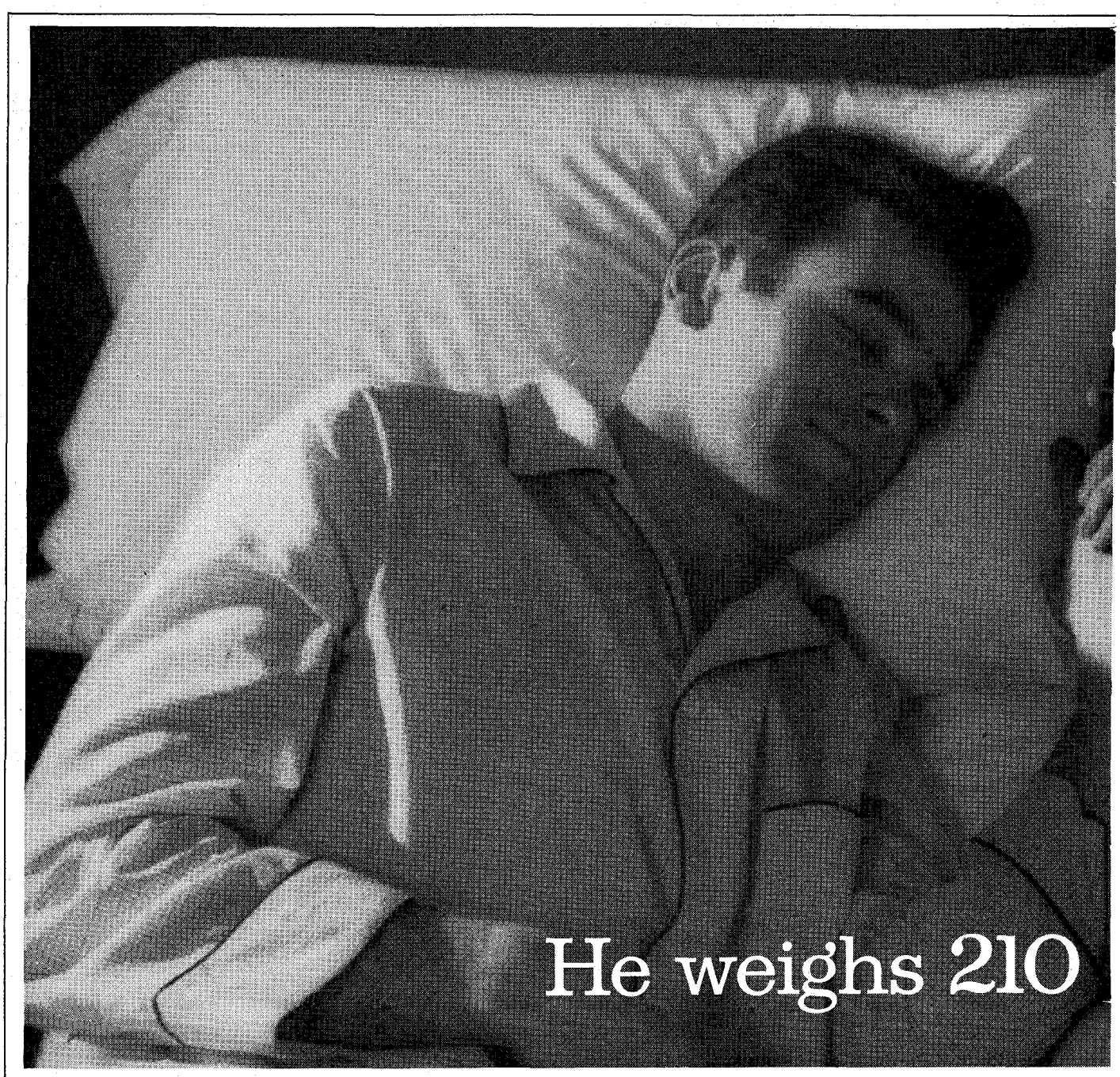
"Well, I wanted time to think it over."

"You realized that you should have reported this?"

"Yes, sir."

"And you didn't do so?"

"No, sir."



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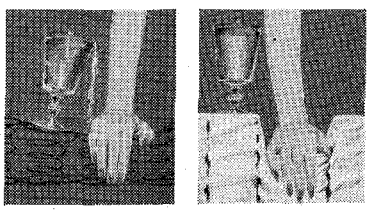

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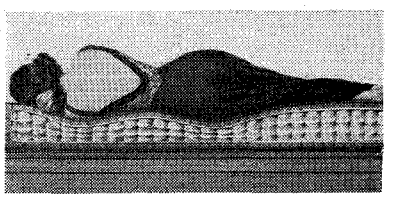

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"Why?"

"Because I am paid to see that matters are handled in—well, I'm a trouble-shooter. I didn't want to hash this thing up. I wanted to see one of my friends on the police force and see if I could find some way of making a report that would not be publicized. I knew that, if I reported to the police officers who were there with the body, there would be publicity; the defendant would be picked up and lodged in jail, and I felt—well, I felt that wasn't the best way for a trouble-shooter to handle an affair of that sort."

"So what did you finally do?"

"I went back and helped Ted Balfour get undressed and into his pajamas. He wanted some more to drink and I didn't stop him in the least. In fact, I encouraged him to drink, hoping that he might forget about the whole business."

"And then?"

"And then I took from him the papers he had taken from the body and went home and went to bed."

"And then?" Farris asked.

"And then I slept late the next morning. When I awakened I learned that police had already interrogated the defendant; that in some way they had learned his automobile had been involved in the matter; and that he was going to be prosecuted for an involuntary homicide with a car."

"So what did you do?"

"I did nothing."

Farris, with the manner of a television director who has brought his show to a conclusion right on the exact second, looked up at the clock and said, "Your honor, it seems to be the hour for the noon adjournment. While I think I have now concluded my direct examination of this witness, it might be well to have the noon recess at this time, because I would like to go over the testimony in my mind and see if perhaps I have left out a question."

"Just a minute," the court said. "The court has one question before we adjourn. . . . Mr. Boles, you have stated you took those papers from the defendant?"

"Yes, sir."

"What did you do with them?"

"I held them for a while."

"Where are they now?"

"To the best of my knowledge, they are in the possession of Mr. Perry Mason."

"What?" Judge Cadwell exclaimed, coming bolt upright on the bench.

"Yes, your honor."

"You gave those papers to Perry Mason?"

"Yes, sir."

"Has Mr. Mason communicated with the district attorney's office in any way concerning those papers?" Judge Cadwell asked Roger Farris.

"No, your honor."

"When did you give Mr. Mason those papers?" Judge Cadwell asked.

"I don't have the exact date. I gave them to him after he had become associated—that is, after he had taken over the defense of Ted Balfour. During the first case the attorney representing the defendant was Mortimer Dean Howland."

"You said nothing to Mr. Howland about those papers?"

"No, sir."

"Did you say anything to anyone at any time about having those papers other than to Mr. Mason?"

"No, sir."

"And you gave those papers to Mr. Mason?"

"Yes, sir."

"Mr. Mason!" Judge Cadwell said.

"Yes, your honor."

"The court ——" Judge Cadwell's voice trailed off into silence. "The court is about to take the noon recess," he said. "Immediately after the discharge of the jury, I would like to have counsel for both sides approach the bench. The court will admonish the jury not to form or express any opinion in this case until it is finally submitted to the jury for decision. The jurors will not discuss the case with others or permit it to be discussed in their presence. Court will now take a recess until two o'clock. . . . Mr. Mason and Mr. Farris, will you please come forward?"

Mason and Farris approached the bench, Farris trying to keep his face in a mask of grave, judicial concern, as befitted one who is called upon to be present at a time when a brother attorney is subjected to a tongue lashing. Judge Cadwell waited until the jurors had filed from the courtroom.

Then he said, "Mr. Mason, is this true?"

"I doubt it, your honor," Mason said.

"You what?" Judge Cadwell snapped.

"I doubt it."

"I mean about the papers?"

"Some papers were given to me, yes."

"By Mr. Boles?"

"Yes, your honor."

"And did he tell you those were papers that he had taken from the defendant or

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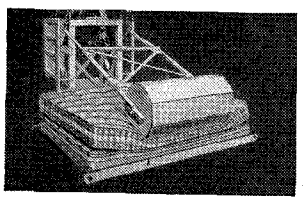

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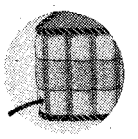

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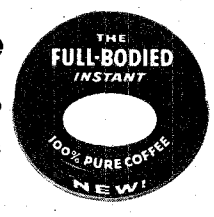

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that had been given him by the defendant?"

"No, sir."

"What were those papers?"

"I have them here, your honor."

Mason produced a sealed Manila envelope and handed it to the judge. Judge Cadwell ripped open the envelope, started looking through the papers.

"Mr. Mason," he said, "this is a very grave matter."

"Yes, your honor."

"The papers in this envelope are matters of evidence. They constitute most important bits of evidence in the case."

"Evidence of what?" Mason asked.

"Evidence corroborating Boles' story, for one thing," Judge Cadwell snapped.

Mason said, "If your honor please, that's like the man who tells about shooting a deer at three hundred yards and says that the deer fell right by a certain oak tree; that if you don't believe him, he'll point out the oak tree, because it's still standing there and that will substantiate his story."

"You question Mr. Boles' story?"

"Very much," Mason said.

"But you certainly can't question the fact that this evidence is most important evidence. This is evidence which should have been in the hands of the authorities."

"Evidence of what, your honor?"

"Here is the driving license of Jackson Eagan."

"Yes, your honor."

"Do you mean to say that is not important?"

"I fail to see why," Mason said.

"That would serve as an identification. An attempt has been made by the police to have this corpse identified. So far, no identification has been made other than a tentative identification of Jackson Eagan."

"But Jackson Eagan is dead," Mason said. "He died two years before this case ever came up."

"How do you know he died?" Judge Cadwell said. "Here is a contract that was signed, apparently by the decedent, a contract for the rental of that automobile. Do you claim these matters are not important, Mr. Mason?"

"No, sir."

"You certainly understand that they are matters of evidence?"

"Yes, your honor."

"As an officer of this court, as an attorney at law, it is your duty to submit any matter of evidence, any physical matter which you have in your possession to the authorities. Willfully to suppress or conceal any evidence of this sort is not only a violation of law but is a violation of your duties as an attorney."

Mason met the judge's eyes. "I'll meet that charge, your honor, when it is properly made, at the proper time and at the proper place."

Judge Cadwell's face turned a deep purple. "You are intimating that I have no right to bring this matter up?"

"I am stating, your honor, that I will meet that charge at the proper time and in the proper place."

"I don't know whether this constitutes a contempt of court or not," Judge Cadwell said, "but it certainly constitutes a breach of your professional duty."

"That's your honor's opinion," Mason said. "If you wish to hold me for contempt, I'll get a writ of habeas corpus and meet the contempt charge. If you wish to cite me for unprofessional conduct, I will meet that charge at the proper time and in the proper place. In the meantime, may I suggest to the court that a defendant is on trial in this court; that any intimation on the part of the court that his counsel has been guilty of any breach of ethics might well be held against the defendant by the jury, and that it is the duty of the court to refrain from expressing any opinion as to the action of counsel in this matter."

Judge Cadwell took a deep breath. "Mr. Mason," he said, "I am going to do everything I can to see that the rights of the defendant are not prejudiced by the conduct of his counsel. However, I can assure you that, as far as this court is concerned, I feel that you have forfeited the right to the respect of the court. Quite apparently you, as an attorney, have endeavored to condone a felony and you have suppressed evidence. As far as the witness Boles is concerned, I assume that he has endeavored to make atonement by going to the authorities and telling his story, but apparently you have done nothing."

"I have done nothing," Mason said, "except try to protect the rights of my client, and I'm going to try to protect them to the best of my ability."

"Well, you certainly have a different idea of the professional duties of an attorney than I do," Judge Cadwell snapped. "That is all. I'll think the matter over during the noon adjournment. I may decide to take some action when court has reconvened."

Perry Mason, Della Street, Marilyn Keith and Paul Drake sat in a booth in the little (*Continued on Page 128*)

STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, AND CIRCULATION

required by the Act of Congress of August 24, 1912, as amended by the Acts of March 3, 1933, and July 2, 1946 (Title 39, United States Code, Section 233)

Of THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, published weekly at Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, for October 1, 1956.

1. The names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are:

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Editor, Ben Hibbs, Narberth, Pa.

Managing editor, Robert Sherrod, Gladwyne, Pa.

Business manager, None.

2. The owner is: (If owned by a corporation, its name and address must be stated and also immediately thereunder the names and addresses of stockholders owning or holding 1 percent or more of total amount of stock.)

The Curtis Publishing Company, Independence Square, Philadelphia, Pa.

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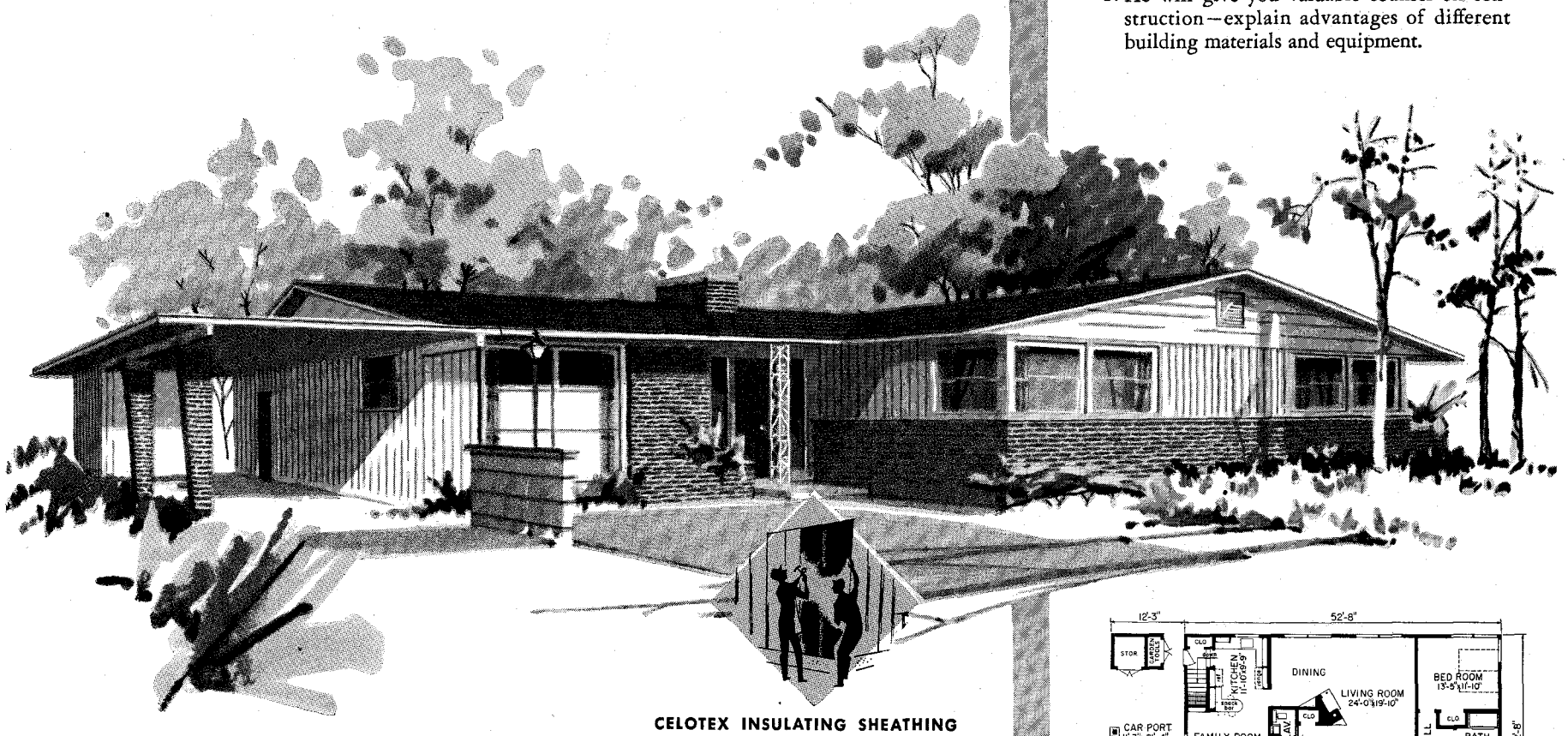

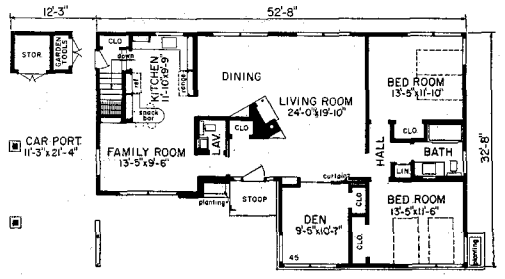

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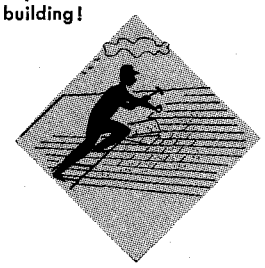

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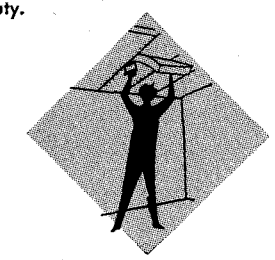

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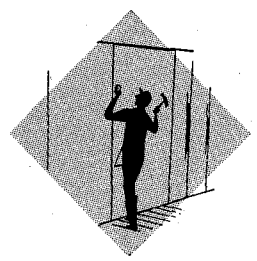

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(*Continued from Page 126*) restaurant where Mason usually ate lunch when he had a case in court.

"Well," Paul Drake asked, "just where does that leave us, Perry?"

"Out on the end of a limb," Mason admitted. "It's perjury, and it's the damnedest, most clever perjury I've ever encountered."

"He's clever," Marilyn Keith said, "damnably clever, and he's powerful."

Mason nodded. "He's had legal training. He's been a lobbyist, a fixer and a trouble-shooter. He doubtless knows every trick of cross-examination that I do. It's his word against mine, and he's manufactured a story which seems to have all sorts of factual corroboration."

"What about his withholding evidence?" Drake asked.

"Sure," Mason said. "He admits it. So what? The district attorney won't do a thing to him. He won't even slap his wrists. He'll tell him he should have surrendered the evidence to the district attorney's office, and not to do it again.

"The devil of it is," Mason went on, "that it puts the defendant in such a tough position. It's a clever story. It has aroused a certain amount of sympathy for Ted Balfour on the part of the jurors. If Ted goes on the stand and tells approximately that same story, says that he relied on the advice of the older man, some members on that jury are going to vote for acquittal. They'll finally reach some kind of a compromise verdict."

"How good is your point about this once-in-jeopardy business?" Drake asked.

"Damn good," Mason said. "In the right kind of a case, the Supreme Court is pretty apt to go all the way."

"Well, it would make a terrific case," Drake said, "if we could only get a little more evidence about the collector coming to call."

Mason said, "The worst of it is, I find myself doubting whether or not I have the truth. The story sounds so plausible that I'm almost believing it myself."

"Is there anything you can do?" Marilyn Keith asked.

"I have one weapon," Mason said. "It's a powerful weapon. But sometimes it's hard to wield it because you don't know just where to grab hold of it."

"What weapon is that?" Della Street asked.

"The truth," Mason said.

They ate for a while in silence.

"You'll cross-examine him?" Paul Drake asked.

"I'll cross-examine him. It won't do any good."

"If his story had been true—well, what about it, Perry, what about concealing evidence?"

"As I told Judge Cadwell, I'll cross that bridge when I come to it," Mason said. "Right now I'm trying to think of the best way to protect young Balfour.... Of course, no matter what anyone says, that driving license of Jackson Eagan doesn't prove a thing. It shows a thumb print on the driving license and it's not the thumb print of the corpse." Mason took from his pocket a set of ten fingerprints. "These are the fingerprints of the corpse. This is the thumb print on the driving license of Jackson Eagan. You can see that they don't compare at all."

"Jackson Eagan was buried," Paul Drake said. "But no one really identified the body. The body had been shipped from Yucatán, Mexico. The story was that it had been identified down there by the widow."

"Just what were the circumstances?" Mason asked.

"Eagan was a writer. He was on a trip getting local color. No one knows exactly how he died. Probably heart failure or something of that sort. A party of archaeologists stumbled on his body. They notified the authorities. The body was taken in to Merida in Yucatán, and the widow was notified by telegram. She flew down to identify the body and bring it home for the funeral. Naturally under the circumstances, the funeral was held with a closed coffin."

Mason said thoughtfully, "Just supposing the widow wanted her freedom and perhaps wanted to collect some insurance. It was quite a temptation for her to swear that the body was that of her husband."

"Of course, we get back to that thumb print," Drake said, "but when you look at the signature on this contract to rent the car, the signatures certainly tally."

"They certainly seem to be the same signature," Mason said. "Paul, how about the application for a driving license signed by Guthrie Balfour? Did you get that?"

Drake said, "I wired for a certified copy of Guthrie Balfour's last application for a driving license. It should be here any minute. I was hoping it would come in this morning. I feel certain that it must arrive in the late-morning mail. One of my operatives will bring it up to court as soon as it comes in."

"I want it as soon as I can get it," Mason said.

"Do you have any plans for this afternoon's session?" Drake asked.

Mason shook his head, said, "Something like this catches you flat-footed. I had anticipated that they would try to make things tough for me, but I didn't think I'd have someone get on the stand and commit deliberate perjury like that.

"Paul, the number of that taxicab in which we took the ride was six-four-seven. I want to try and find the driver of the cab. I doubt if he'd remember anything that would be of help, but at least we can check. He should remember the occasion, even if he can't identify Boles."

"I'll have my men round him up," Drake said.

"Well," Mason announced, "I'll just have to go back there and take it on the chin. I've absorbed lots of punishment before and I guess I can take a little more."

"Of course, you have the advantage of knowing what actually happened," Della Street said. "Eagan was shot by Guthrie Balfour. He telephoned Florence Ingle and admitted that."

"Well, why not use that?" Marilyn Keith asked. "Why not just go ahead on that basis and ——"

Mason smiled and shook his head. "No can do."

"Why not?"

"Because Guthrie Balfour told her over the telephone that he had killed this man. He said the killing was accidental, that the gun had gone off in a struggle."

"Can't you use that?"

"No."

"Why not?"

"Because that's hearsay. If we had Guthrie Balfour here, we could put him on the stand and question him, and, if he told a different story, we could then put Florence Ingle on the stand and impeach him by having Florence tell what he had said. But the law won't let a witness simply testify to what someone else has said over the telephone."

"It let Banner Boles testify to what Ted said over the telephone!" Marilyn exclaimed indignantly.

"Sure," Mason said, "because Ted's the defendant. You can always show any adverse statement that has been made by a defendant, but, unfortunately for us, Guthrie Balfour isn't a defendant. The technical rules of evidence prevent us getting at what we want."

"And what does Guthrie Balfour say about it?" Marilyn asked.

"Nobody knows," Mason said. "Guthrie headed back to his base camp. . . . How about your men? Any luck, Paul?"

Drake shook his head. "Guthrie Balfour was in Chihuahua very briefly. He headed back for the Tarahumare country somewhere. He was only in Chihuahua long enough to telephone you and put his wife on a plane to come in and see you. Then he was off again. And my best guess, Perry, is that this expedition of his may have started out as a little archaeological exploration, but it has now developed into a game of hide-and-seek. I don't think he intends to have anybody catch up with him until after this case is all over. Of course, in justice to him, you have to remember that as far as he's concerned, it's still only a hit-and-run case. He feels nothing very much can happen to Ted—a fine or a suspended sentence."

Mason signed the luncheon check and said, "Well, we may just as well go back and face the music. We may not like the tune, but we'll dance to it."

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He Made Ole Miss a Menace

(Continued from Page 33)

Conference championship to Ole Miss, which had never before won more than three league games in a season.

Today the University of Mississippi has three conference titles to its credit, along with three major bowl appearances. Still the smallest school in the Southeastern Conference, with only 2000 male students, Ole Miss has built a won-and-lost record in league competition that is surpassed only by Georgia Tech. The Rebels have lost only three conference games in four years, and won the championship each of the last two seasons. They are expected to be up among the first three again this fall.

All this has come about under the firm direction of Johnny Vaught, whose nine-year log at Ole Miss is sixty-six victories, twenty-two defeats and five ties. Vaught has overcome the school's natural disadvantages through hardheaded concentration upon the realities of winning football. He makes no bones about rounding up all possible playing talent—he was the first coach in the conference to hire a full-time recruiting specialist. And there is no nonsense for the boys when they get there. Vaught has reverted to the pre-World War II view that the fewer distractions a college football player has, the better. His strict rules for scholarship men include: no marriage, no car, a 10:30 curfew six nights a week.

For a time there were skeptics who doubted that even such a determined and intelligent organizer as Vaught could win consistently at Ole Miss. Some old-timers still remember three notable coaching failures—Homer Hazel, an All-American back at Rutgers in the great days of eastern football; Ed Walker, a star pupil of Pop Warner; and Harry Mehre, a Knute Rockne protégé, who came to Mississippi after ten seasons at the University of Georgia.

Hazel lasted five seasons, Walker eight, and Mehre seven, but none had very much success. Mehre, for one, told this writer that his well-known conviviality worked against him in the small-town atmosphere of Oxford. Also, his family found life there too confining.

Vaught, a country boy himself, likes small-town life. In season he works with furious concentration, permitting only a few intrusions by wandering newspapermen. He finds the informal and congenial atmosphere stimulating, as he does his duties as a deacon in the First Baptist Church. He and Mrs. Vaught, an accomplished painter of birds, entertain frequently. Sometimes the small dinners wind up as mild jam sessions in the playroom of their new home. "In a small town you make your own fun," explains Vaught.

Vaught is a six-footer, thick-chested and a bit on the portly side. The blond hair that once was thick and curly—his nickname in student days was "Harpo"—is thin and wispy. When he talks to you, he looks you directly in the eye, speaking in a low, husky voice. He has no flair for the juicy anecdote or the big laugh. He drives his words home with earnestness and logic.

"I never go into a game without thinking we can win it," he likes to say, but his usual pregame estimates are full of forebodings. With newspapermen he is as frank as he knows how to be—cordial to those he knows, reserved with those he doesn't.

Vaught will seldom pinpoint one of his players as a potential All-American, a reluctance that traces back to the drab seasons of 1949 and 1950. The Rebels featured one of the top stars of the South, fullback John Dottley, and other standouts in center Ken Farragut and guard Jimmy Crawford. Yet Ole Miss won only three conference games in the two seasons. It was after this that Vaught instituted his present Spartan code for his athletes.

"We know marriage works out well some places," Vaught explains. "Here we have special problems. In a town this size there are no jobs for wives, and the wives usually have to work, whether there are children or not. There are no exceptions—the player who marries goes off scholarship." Ole Miss currently has one married player, Billy Yelverton, a 220-pound tackle whose relatives are helping him over the financial hurdles.

Vaught builds morale through his seniors. He meets each week with the senior regulars and lays heavy responsibility on them. "I expect them to lead the way on the field and set a good example in off-the-field behavior," he says.

"Please don't feel you have to entertain us."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

He is demanding of his assistants, but the pace seems to agree with them—he hasn't lost one in seven years. They are a solid group of Ole Miss men, except for Johnny Cain, Alabama star of 1930–32. Frank (Bruiser) Kinard, probably the greatest lineman ever produced at Ole Miss, coaches the line on offense, and Jim (Buster) Poole the defensive line. Cain handles the backs on offense, and Junie Hovious on defense. J. W. Davidson has the freshmen, and Ray Poole the B squad. Vaught is quick to credit this tightly knit staff with the Rebels' success.

As for players, Ole Miss has "the horses" year after year, most of them from within 200 miles of the campus. "I can't see recruiting from far places," Vaught says. "Takes too much time and money. And when our boys get on the five-yard line—either one—I want them to know that their parents and their girl friends are up there in the stands."

They usually are. Of the forty-seven boys on the 1956 squad, thirty are from Mississippi, nine from nearby Western Tennessee and three from Arkansas, just across the Mississippi River. Seventeen of twenty-three returning lettermen are Mississippians.

Vaught became convinced early in his Ole Miss career that the area produced only enough top-grade material for one school. He set out methodically to skim off the bulk of this talent and employed Tom Swayze, then a high-school coach at Moss Point, on the Gulf coast, to do the job.

Swayze, now forty-seven, is a genteel, slow-talking fellow who travels on his recruiting rounds nine months a year and coaches the baseball team in the spring. His success has been so sensational that several other schools have hired counterparts, including rival Mississippi State.

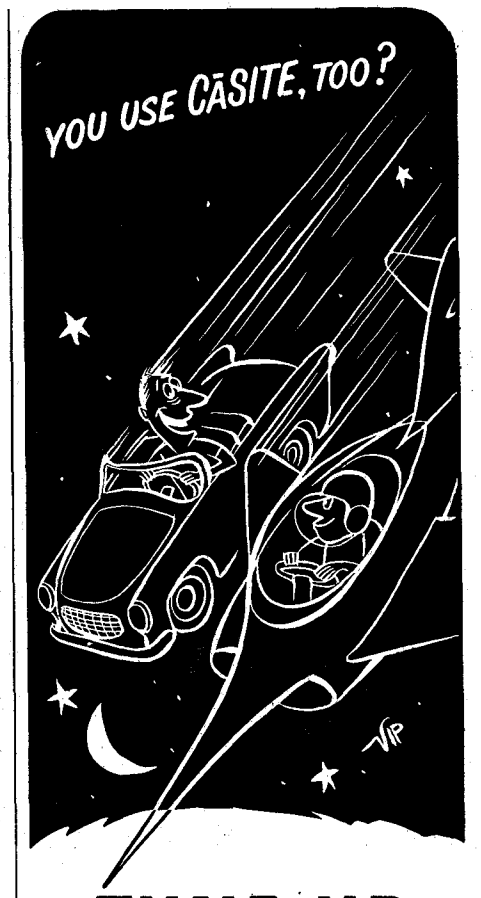
"You can make all sorts of generalities about recruiting," Swayze said recently, sitting on top of the desk in his office, "and just as many exceptions will crop up. I'll tell you how we try to operate, and you can check it with Coach Vaught. We want the boy who wants a college education. Beyond that, he must have speed, and we like some size, too, if possible. If a boy tells me flat he doesn't want to go to college, I cross him off.

"I seldom take a boy unless I've seen him play in a game, or at least run wind sprints. But I remember a day two years ago when Junie Hovious and I drove up to Trezevant"—a town of 700 in Western Tennessee—"to see a boy. We parked the car under a shade tree in the yard and got out. The boy came out on the porch. He was six-one, weighed about 210. He had that look in his eye—you know, a battling type. Junie nudged me and said, 'Let's take him.' We did; boy named Gene Hickerson. He's a junior this fall, and we think he can be a fine tackle.

"Another time I got word of a boy in Tiptonville—that's about 100 miles north of Memphis. I asked the coach if he would run the whole squad in wind sprints. He said he would. And this one boy, Ed Beatty, outran 'em all by twenty yards. Ed made us a fine center, captained our 1953 team.

"Now, those are the exceptions. Here's the real thing—my card index. See all those names? I keep adding names all the time; knocking off names too. As I travel I learn their personal habits, their school records, their church affiliation, if any.

"But every boy is a gamble. The stars often don't do any better than the boy that just makes a letter. And the big-city boys get more publicity, but I spend as much time in the small towns. Take Johnny Blalack. He's our top quarterback right now. He played at Drew, a town of 2000 or so just down the road a piece



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from Oxford. I can name you plenty of good ones from crossroads towns. Kline Gilbert, an All-American tackle for us in 1952, came in here from Hollandale, a town of 2500. Crawford Mims, the great guard we had three years ago, played at Carrollton"—population, 475. "Buddy Alliston, our best lineman last season, played at Flora, which isn't much bigger than Carrollton."

When the recruiting going gets tough, Vaught personally steps in. A few years ago he drove down to Brookhaven one Sunday to talk to Harol Lofton, a talented halfback on the doubtful list. Tracing the family to the Baptist church, Vaught entered and contributed his baritone to the services. He met the Loftons afterward on the church steps, spent a few hours with the family and returned to the campus with another halfback in the fold.

Last fall a bitter contest developed between Ole Miss and State over Mississippi's most noted prep stars—Claude King, Vicksburg halfback, and Bobby Franklin, Clarksdale quarterback. Darrell Royal, the State coach, waged an intensive campaign to woo the boys. He seemed about to succeed when frantic Ole Miss alumni appealed to Vaught. Johnny marshaled all his best talking points—a winning record, championship acclaim, bowl glamour. Both boys wound up signing letters of intent with Ole Miss. A few weeks later Royal departed for the University of Washington—the fourth head coach to leave Mississippi State during the regime of Vaught, who has yet to lose a game to State.

As it happened, King didn't stay put for Vaught either. During the summer he turned up in Houston, where he was working on an airplane maintenance crew at $2.60 an hour. He said he was going to enroll at the University of Houston. Ultimately he did, after making a trip out to Washington to "visit" Mike Campbell, his high-school coach, who moved to the Northwest as an assistant to Coach Royal.

But Vaught doesn't lose many of the boys he wants. His recruiting success has come in for a certain amount of criticism, much of it from partisans of Mississippi State or of Mississippi Southern College, in Hattiesburg. The more suspicious point to Robert M. Carrier, a wealthy octogenarian who lives in Oxford. Carrier is an alumnus of Cornell, but has an avowed affection for Ole Miss. He has given the school some huge donations—$500,000 for a badly needed new engineering building, and $500,000 for general scholarships.

Although none of the latter go to athletes, there inevitably has been gossip that Carrier is a financial angel to the football team too. But all the gossips can do is cite the warm friendship that exists between Carrier and Vaught, as well as Carrier's strong interest in football—he frequently attended Ole Miss practice sessions in his more active days. There is no evidence that the school has been guilty of illegal payments to athletes.

Bernie Moore, commissioner of the Southeastern Conference, told this writer, "They haven't got a thing to hide. Ole Miss has a clean operation now—one of the cleanest I know of anywhere."

Commissioner Moore has kept a particularly close watch on Ole Miss since 1950, when he slapped $3000 in fines on the school. Of this, $500 was for holding summer practice on the sly—pro passer George Ratterman was tutoring the quarterbacks—and $2500 was for condoning a free trip to a bowl game for five prep-school prospects. Ole Miss furiously denied knowledge of the bowl junket and appealed the case to the conference's executive committee, but lost.

There have been no further crackdowns. Johnny Vaught seems to have solved every problem at Ole Miss except the geographical one created by the legislators 115 years ago. In Vaught's time the Rebels have been able to schedule only twenty-two of ninety-three games at home—plus some in larger cities of the region, like Memphis and Jackson. Vaught doesn't brood over this handicap, realizing that nothing much can be done about it until a modern airstrip for large planes is built at Oxford.

Meanwhile few opponents can be coaxed into traveling to this pleasant, sedate community of 3956. One coach whose team made the trip recalls lightly, "When you get there, all you can do is head for the stadium and dress. There isn't any other place to sit down."

Sometimes the townfolk go an entire year without seeing a single conference game in handsome 34,500-seat Hemingway Stadium. Six of the twelve conference schools have not visited Ole Miss in twenty years, and a few, notably Georgia Tech, insist they will never play there. Despite all this, Ole Miss has been operating at a profit; football under Vaught has contributed a total of $72,000—mostly from bowl-game proceeds—to the non-athletic scholarship funds of the university.

Vanderbilt, which last visited the campus in 1953, is less churlish than some about the trip to Oxford. The Commodores are going back this weekend for the homecoming game. They'll find everybody pretty excited about it, except for that famous Oxford citizen, novelist William Faulkner, who does not share the local passion for football.

The pregame pep rally and freshman pajama parade are guaranteed to keep enthusiasts awake most of Friday night. Some 8000 alumni normally check in, and state legislators and their families come on the cuff.

On Saturday, dozens of buses from Memphis and Jackson will disgorge fans, and several thousand others will arrive by car. Local restaurants can serve only a fraction of this multitude. Most will spread picnic lunches or patronize the score of sandwich stands set up under the massive oaks. After the game, motorists face the ordeal of bumper-to-bumper traffic in every direction, and so does the visiting team, moving by bus back to the Memphis airport.

Mississippi opened its schedule this year with a home game (North Texas State), and closes it with another—the annual war with the Mississippi State Maroons for the Golden Egg trophy. State is one opponent that Ole Miss can schedule on a regular home-and-home basis. Vaught has an almost perfect record in this traditional big game—eight victories and one tie in nine years. He always arranges an open date the week before the game, and assigns B. L. (Country) Graham, the basketball coach, to scout the Maroons all season long.

Aside from his Golden Egg victories, Vaught's most important triumph came last January when the Rebels punched out a 14–13 victory over Texas Christian in the Cotton Bowl. This performance helped to ease the painful memory of decisive Sugar Bowl losses to Georgia Tech in 1953 and Navy in 1955.

Vaught thinks that a luncheon which his squad was obliged to attend in Dallas shortly before the Cotton Bowl game last winter had a lot to do with the result. "The first speaker acknowledged the notables at the head table," he says, "then nodded toward the T.C.U. squad, and added, 'And Mr. Swink.' The ballroom jammed with Texans just loved that reference to the All-American, Jimmy Swink. Each following speaker did the same thing. Two hours later our boys left

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there thinking that Mr. Swink was quite a guy, which is just what our coaches had been telling them. That helped us get them ready for T.C.U."

When the game was played a few days later, Ole Miss spotted the Horned Frogs a 13–0 lead, then fought back to win in the last quarter. Quarterback Eagle Day, who outshone Swink, shocked even his own coach with a daring pressure play in the last period. Ole Miss, trailing by 13–7, had the ball on T.C.U.'s forty-five with six minutes to go. On fourth and three, Day called a flat pass to fullback Paige Cothren. The play gained fourteen yards and set off the winning touchdown drive.

Vaught is a Texas Christian alumnus himself. One of ten children born to Rufus and Mary Vaught, John spent his boyhood on their 640-acre farm 100 miles from Fort Worth. He had seen only one football game—at the county fair—when he enrolled at Polytechnic High in Fort Worth. Living in the city with relatives, he played end, tackle and fullback, captaining the team as a senior.

Today Johnny dismisses as nonsense the theory that athletes don't have enough time to study. He was valedictorian of his own high-school class and later an honor student at Texas Christian. Men who have played for him at Ole Miss say that he is almost as exacting about their classwork as he is on the practice field. Players who need help to stay eligible are tutored; however, all athletes who

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If at first you don't succeed, you have plenty of company.

ELDON PEDERSEN

---

fall below a C average must pay for their own tutoring at two dollars per hour.

Vaught went through high school in three and a half years, graduating in February of 1929. He spurned an academic scholarship to college, preferring to go to work as a clerk with Graybar Electric Company. By September, though, college seemed more inviting. He chose Texas Christian, "because it was close to home."

There was no athletic scholarship as such at that time. To pay his way Vaught did a variety of menial tasks, such as grass cutting, janitor work, carpentry and window washing. As a freshman he lettered in football, basketball, baseball and track, but he gave up the latter two sports in his sophomore year.

In football, grim determination and fierce aggressiveness won him almost immediate stardom as a fast, durable, hard-hitting guard of 190 pounds. He started every game of his college career except the first one, usually played fifty to fifty-five minutes, and had expert knowledge of coach Francis Schmidt's intricate and diversified offense. Vaught captained the T.C.U. championship team of 1932, and became the school's first All-American.

He took his degree the next spring, then plunged immediately into coaching. However, depression wages at Fort Worth's North Side High soon discouraged him. He quit after one season and returned to Graybar Electric, where his progress was solid, if not sensational. Football was only a pleasant memory for him when Ray (Bear) Wolf telephoned him in the spring of 1936, asking Vaught to join him as line coach at North Carolina. Football won. Six years with Wolf, four in the Navy's physical-fitness program and one year at Ole Miss under Red Drew served as his apprenticeship.

Drew went to Alabama in 1947, and Vaught moved up to the Mississippi top spot. He was old enough to respect the fundamentals, young enough to gamble. He inherited a team that had won two games in 1946. Vaught rigged up a hybrid offense to utilize the special talents of Charley Conerly, a senior halfback, and Barney Poole, a junior end. Poole, a twenty-three-year-old man among boys, had played a sophomore year at Ole Miss, then at North Carolina as a marine trainee in 1943, and on West Point's great teams of 1944–45–46. Service football didn't count against his eligibility, so Poole still had two more years to go when he returned to Oxford.

Conerly, now a veteran pro passer with the New York Giants, was the pitcher in a Conerly-to-Poole battery that carried the Rebels to the most surprising title in conference history. Conerly's greatest show came in a 43–13 conquest of Tennessee. This was a memorable afternoon on two counts: it was the first time Ole Miss had beaten Tennessee in twenty tries; it also was the worst defeat ever inflicted on Tennessee's Gen. Robert R. Neyland.

Conerly completed nineteen out of thirty-four passes for 246 yards and four touchdowns, and ran twelve times for forty-five yards. Ole Miss rolled up a total of 426 yards. Red Drew wired his former aide, "That's the greatest victory since the invention of the forward pass."

With Conerly gone, Vaught tossed his offense into the wastebasket and began experimenting with the then-new split T. He liked it, but he also likes to throw the ball. As a result, where most split-T teams today concentrate on the running game, Ole Miss uses a high percentage of passes. "We've got a pass off almost every running play," Vaught says, "and a running play off almost every pass."

As has been mentioned, Vaught had a couple of lean seasons after Conerly's departure, but things have been clicking for him since 1951. He is solidly entrenched in Oxford, and finds life good there. He enjoys an occasional drink, a funny story, fishing and a game of golf, although he permits himself few indulgences in season. One of his most unlikely diversions consists of keeping up with the new dance steps. Whenever he masters one, loosely speaking, he goads his huskiest assistants, Bruiser Kinard and Buster Poole, into trying it.

The Vaughts' only child, John Howard, Jr., takes a dim view of these goings-on. "That stuff is O.K. for kids," the boy once said to his mother, "but grownups—gosh!"

The father has not pushed his son into football, nor even encouraged him to play, but young John is now a freshman guard on the Oxford High squad. "I saw him scrimmage a bit last spring with the high-school boys," recalls Vaught. "He did pretty well for a thirteen-year-old."

Opponents call Ole Miss the team with the "home run" offense, an appropriate tribute to its fast halfbacks, its long passes and its punt-return artistry. "We practice punt returns every day," Vaught explains. "A few minutes of live scrimmage does the trick. Two complete teams—one kicking, one receiving—work on it. They get all the open-field tackling, blocking and running. It gives our boys confidence that they can go all the way with punt returns. I don't know of anyone else who concentrates on it like we do. We think it pays big dividends."

The dividends from this and all the other things that Vaught has been doing at Ole Miss are plain to see—conference championships, bowl games, national acclaim. Southern football is acquiring an Oxford accent. It is John Vaught who has made it that way. THE END

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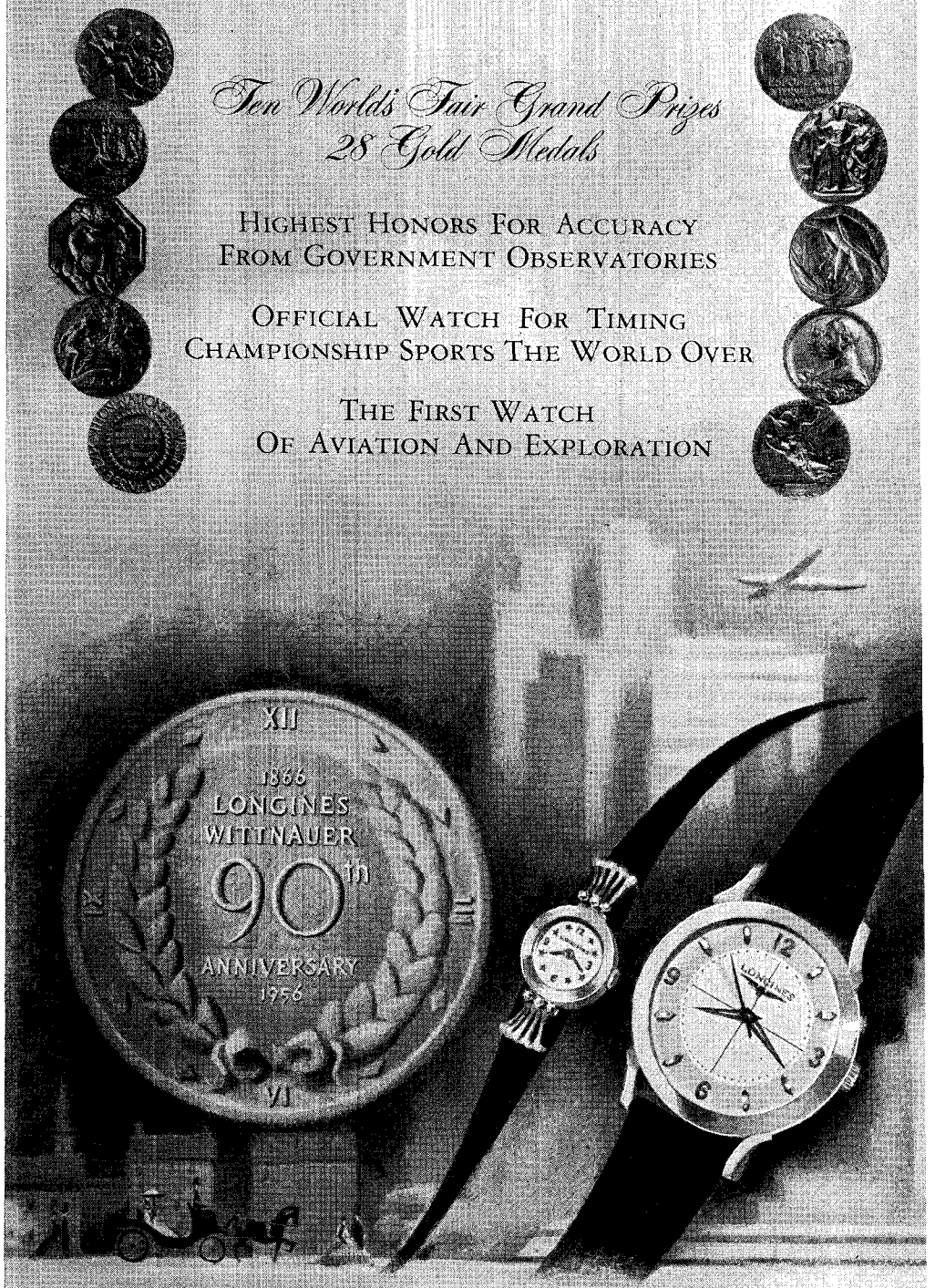

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The Case for the Republicans

(Continued from Page 35)

upon the basis of the best medical advice obtainable and his own sober judgment. No man knows when his end may come. You may finish reading this article, walk down to the corner drugstore and be killed by an automobile as you cross the street. Adlai Stevenson could have a fatal heart attack tomorrow morning. The whole question is one of sheer speculation where wise men are content to allow for the will of God. The one certain conclusion is that our President made his decision to seek re-election only in the light of our nation's needs and his realistic expectation of being able to finish the job for which the voters will rehire him next month.

The real issues of this campaign are the record of the first Eisenhower Administration and the promise that record indicates for the next four years. What do we find?

We find the accomplishment of a near-miracle in government. The nation and its people are quietly and hard at work after a decade of crisis, war and corruption; our people are enjoying a prosperity undreamed of during the turmoil of previous administrations; our Federal taxes are the lowest in years; our Social Security, health, education and home-building expansion are the most progressive in history.

Of utmost importance, also, is the fact that we have balanced the Federal budget and plan to make payment on the massive Federal debt that was the melancholy heritage of the Republican Party from previous administrations.

This fact alone is cause for cheer among our people. By this accomplishment we are restoring integrity to governmental fiscal policies; we are strangling the threat of further inflation and assuring those who live on pensions and annuities that further erosion of the buying power of their dollars will be impossible.

You hear the opposition constantly charging that the Republicans are the champions of the big interests, while the Democrats speak for the "little" folks. Let us see about that. Let us look at the facts.

The Eisenhower Administration brought peace to the country. Our boys are no longer dying in the mudholes of Korea, fighting a war our previous leaders apparently did not have the courage to win. We have kept out of shooting wars since Korea and have begun to fight for peace. Does ending the Korean war benefit the special interests or does it aid every single American home?

Wages are higher and work is more plentiful than it ever was before. Is that harmful to the so-called "little" people?

Federal taxes have been decreased and millions of lower-income families have been relieved of paying any direct taxes. Has this not helped the "little" people?

In addition to the tax cut, which averages 10 per cent, under the Eisenhower Administration many other benefits have been enacted to aid the "little" man—the average citizen. Let me cite a few. More than 2,000,000 mothers who are working may now deduct up to $600 annually from their income-tax report to aid in their child-care costs. Nearly 1,500,000 parents are now allowed an additional deduction of $600 in the case where a son or daughter earns more than his $600 exemption annually. Nearly 2,000,000 people who are retired have been allowed an additional $1200 yearly retirement exemption from their taxes. And in addition, the Republican Administration has made it possible for 8,500,000 families to get larger medical-expense deductions.

We hope that efficiency and competent administration will permit us to make another tax cut next year.

Ten million additional people are enjoying Social Security benefits. Is this not of distinct benefit to the "little" people? Nothing could be more desirable than for them to reach old age with the guarantee of being able to live comfortably and happily. Ask the person who is benefited who he thinks is protected by these provisions.

Four million more people have been incorporated into the unemployment-insurance system. Can anyone say this is not beneficial to the workers of our land?

True, we have advocated and adopted policies that have encouraged men and women of every walk of life to invest and expand and create employment for all our people. Who will line up in opposition to this effort? Certainly not the 66,000,000 workers who are earning more money than they ever did before. They are happy when the whistles blow and the smoke curls up from the factory chimney.

For all the Democrat talk about the "special interests," it is a fact that under President Eisenhower labor receives a larger share of a much larger national income, in the form of wages, than under the Truman Administration, which professed to love the "little" people, while business profits under President Eisenhower constitute a smaller percentage of the national income than under the last Democrat administration with its professed hostility to the "special interests."

Conditions in this country under the Eisenhower Administration can be summed up in the words of labor leader George Meany, who said: American workers have "never had it so good" as right now.

The truth is that the New Republican Party of today, as modernized under the leadership of President Eisenhower, has become truly representative of the consensus of current American thought. It rejects, utterly, the European concept of inevitable conflict between left and right, or between capital and labor. It is wholly American in its approach, representing the center-of-the-road thinking and the forward-looking confidence in America which our times require. This is a political movement which will live well beyond the next four years, for it represents majority American thought.

Let us not forget that Republicans occupied the White House for nearly three fourths of the period between the party's founding in 1861 and the advent of the New Deal in 1933. The excesses of the next twenty years, with the trend toward a regimented economy and a collectivist state, came to an end with Mr. Eisenhower's overwhelming victory at the polls in 1952, and set the stage for rebuilding the GOP. Today it is the Democrats who sound anachronistic, who can accurately be accused of looking backward nostalgically to a heyday that is past, while the Republicans bear the torch of progress and an ever-expanding peacetime economy.

This modernization of the Republican Party is no academic matter, for under its leadership more people are working today, at better-paying jobs and under better conditions, than ever before; more people are buying more, traveling more, building more, investing more and saving more than ever before; more people are just plain living happier, more satisfied and creative lives than ever before.

Is all this just an accident? Definitely not. There is a positive relationship between the policies of modern Republicanism, as created and practiced by the Eisenhower Administration, and the happy state of our nation. Because these policies have been carried out in an atmosphere of calm rather than the habitual crises of the New Deal-Fair Deal years, it is perhaps too easy to overlook the profoundly effective changes which have occurred.

When the history of the first four Eisenhower years is written, it well may be that the most important, long-range achievement of those years will be found to be the restoration of the soundness of the American dollar. Under a Republican administration galloping inflation was stopped dead in its tracks, the post-Korean-war recession turned out to be the mildest and shortest in the history of the American business cycle, and this was followed by the greatest boom in history.

Remember how the Democrat orators of 1952 were making dire forecasts that a Republican administration would hand us another depression? You have only to look about you, to consider your own situation today as compared with what it was in 1952, to understand the speciousness of this cry. The simple fact is that the Democrats are still gearing their thinking to 1936 while the Republicans are in tune with 1956—and beyond. Instead of operating in an atmosphere of fear that we might regress to the days when the New Deal was conducting elaborate experiments which never even solved the nation's unemployment problem—for it took the advent of World War II to do that—the Republicans are proceeding with quiet confidence in the steady progress of American free enterprise, and helping it rather than hurting it.

In the fall of 1953, for example, because of excessive inventories and declining expenditures on military hardware, the first signs of a recession began to appear. On January 1, 1954, under laws already on the books, two major Korean-war taxes, the excess-profits tax and an emergency 10 per cent increase in income taxes, both of them hangovers from the Truman Administration, were due to expire automatically. At the same time, Government spending was already declining to the point where—by continuing these taxes—the new Eisenhower Administration had an opportunity to balance the budget after little more than a year in office. Since balancing the budget has, historically, been one of the great Republican objectives, a move to continue the Truman taxes and thus achieve a budget balance seemed highly tempting, politically.

But the Republican fiscal managers, while men of conservative instincts, are also men with flexible minds. And so, in the interest of the nation at large rather than the interest of winning a quick political triumph, they deliberately chose to keep the budget unbalanced at that time by allowing those taxes to expire—and even to (Continued on Page 134)

You be the Judge

By BRUCE M. JONES

Ebenezer, a businesslike bachelor, called at the Scroggins farm in person to collect interest on his mortgage on the place. On seeing their daughter Maizie, he fell madly in love. Maizie, however, would have none of him. So he called aside her parents and asked their help. The upshot was a pact whereby Ebenezer agreed to tear up the mortgage if the Scrogginses induced Maizie to marry him. Within a month, they were wed. But he refused to cancel the mortgage. His new in-laws thereupon sued him.

"Ebenezer made a deal with us and we kept our part of it," they asserted. "Now he should be required to tear up the mortgage as he promised."

"You can't cold-bloodedly barter away your daughter in marriage and expect the courts to help you collect on the deal," Ebenezer replied.

If you were the judge, would you hold Ebenezer to the deal?

• • • • • • • • • • • • • • •

Ebenezer was not required to cancel the mortgage. The court said the deal was contrary to public policy. The public welfare, it ruled, requires that persons contemplating marriage should exercise their free choice without being influenced by parents with financial considerations.

Based upon a 1930 Pennsylvania decision.

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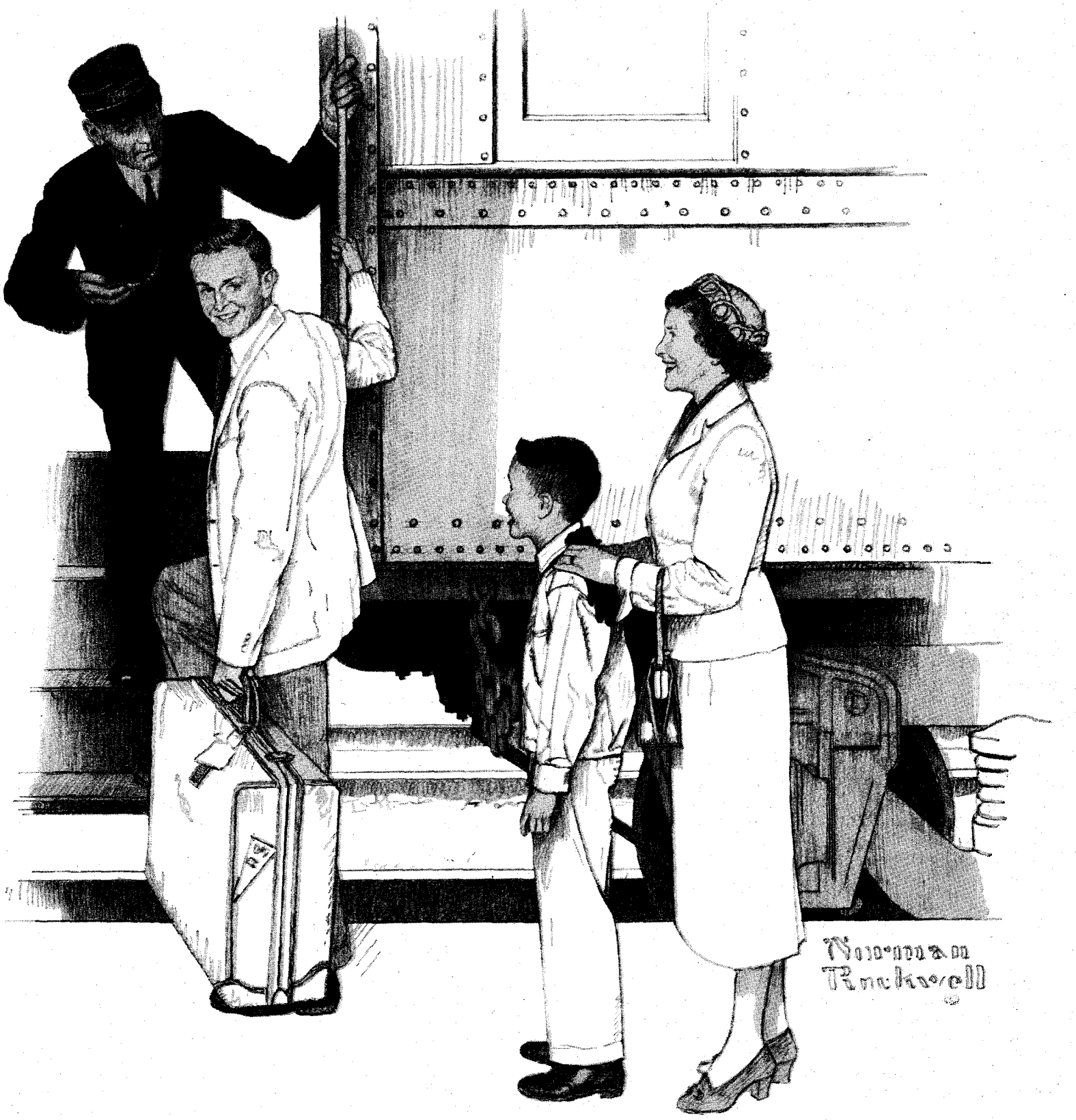

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(*Continued from Page 132*) cut them further. For the need then was to loosen up the economy, to cushion the economic decline in the wake of the Korean war, and to bring the budget into balance in the upturn to follow.

Events proved the soundness of this hard decision. In the economic readjustment of 1954, unemployment reached a peak of 3,700,000, compared with a peak of 4,700,000 in the conveniently forgotten recession of 1949 and early 1950 under the Democrats. The tax cuts, a shift of the Federal Reserve System from a tight-money to an easy-money policy, and the preservation of the business community's confidence in the administration's fiscal policies, combined to damp down the recession before it could really get started. And all this set the stage, too, for the boom we are now enjoying.

Again, this year, the Eisenhower Administration faced a hard economic decision. The budget is not only balanced but shows a modest surplus. What better time, from a political point of view, to cut taxes than in an election year? But the hard decision was not to cut taxes while the economy was strong, whatever the political advantage, for we must not only face up to the wearisome task of reducing the national debt but must continue to maintain our guard against inflation. Further tax cuts will come, of course, as a result of the Republican economies in Government, but they will be geared to the needs of our economy, not the shifting winds of election-year politics.

The basic economic philosophy of Eisenhower Republicanism might be expressed in these terms: That private enterprise should be encouraged to the utmost in recognition of its vital role as the motive force of our economy, and that Government activity should be limited to avoidance of extreme tendencies in the business cycle, to protecting the public against harmful practices, and to ensuring adequate protection for individuals against the hazards of a risk economy.

This philosophy is expressed in the "partnership" policies of the Eisenhower Administration. Government action and expenditures are used to trigger off the chain reaction of private investment and private enterprise so as to utilize the full powers and resources of a free economy rather than the stiff and limited powers of tax-supported public ownership. The objective is entirely practical—to produce the most houses, the most kilowatts, the most opportunity and the most employment, and not to press down upon the brow of Americans the crown of thorns of socialistic dogma.

Republican economic thought concentrates on building a sober, sound, solid prosperity because it believes in private enterprise; Democrat economic thought focuses on fears—and even hopes—of a depression because it doesn't quite believe in private enterprise. The Republican belief in private enterprise is the reason why, in the first Eisenhower Administration, we have had a generally high level of prosperity without prewar, wartime or postwar stimulation. Thus we can see the true meaning of Peace and Prosperity. Thus, also, we can understand the frustration of the Democrats in their efforts to attack the economic policies of the Republicans.

Do the Republicans favor Big Business over Small Business? The Democrats say so, but the facts show otherwise.

The Republican tax-revision act of 1954, in addition to providing a whole series of benefits for individuals, and especially the small income-tax payer, included a modification of the double taxation on dividend income. This was attacked at the time as favoring Big Business. The truth is that it favored Small Business, and the record proves it. Because of the additional venture capital released by virtue of this tax-law provision, 1955 stock issues between $100,000 and $300,000—small issues—increased by 38 per cent as compared with an increase of less than 10 per cent for securities generally.

Furthermore, the operations of the Small Business Administration, under the Republican regime, have been greatly strengthened. The maximum size of loans the SBA can make to small business was increased last year, a program of education of small-business operators in opportunities for tapping the securities market was stepped up, and increased efforts are being made to ensure that a fair share of defense contracts and sub-contracts shall go to small business. These are just a few of the steps which the Republicans have taken in the interest of small business; the record clearly refutes the charge of big-business favoritism.

The talents of businessmen are being utilized in the Republican Government, and the manner in which inflation has been controlled and prosperity assured is an example of how this benefits all of us. But even a cursory examination of the backgrounds of the top leaders of the administration shows, first of all, that where businessmen have been placed in key positions, they have, for the most part, been put there because their experience in business and finance is relevant and valuable, and furthermore that businessmen by no means dominate the Government.

As in everything else the Eisenhower regime has undertaken, the objective is balance. Eight of the key officials of the administration formerly were in educational work—the President himself, his Special Assistant on Disarmament, the Director of Defense Mobilization, the Secretary of Agriculture, the President's Adviser on Personnel Management, the Deputy Assistant to the President and the President's two chief economic advisers. The businessmen to be found at a Cabinet meeting total five—the Secretaries of Defense, Treasury, Commerce, and Health, Education and Welfare, and the Postmaster General. We have only to refer to the plain facts to defeat the implication that the Republicans are deliberately favoring business as against the interests of other segments of the population. The first test of the Eisenhower Administration for appointments is fitness for the job. We believe honest, efficient government is best for all people.

Moreover, the rank and file of American labor appears to know this. The Gallup Poll found some months ago that the Eisenhower popularity with labor's rank and file compared favorably with his popularity in the population generally, and that the majority of labor-union members supported him. And no wonder: Labor's buying power touched new highs this year, and the average factory worker's family had 16 per cent more spending money, after taxes, than it had in July of 1952.

This has been an era of labor prosperity and labor peace as well. Man-days lost in strikes have been cut 50 per cent; in 1954, less man-hours were lost by strikes than in any year since World War II.

When Republicans think of labor, they subscribe to the principle that labor is everybody who works for cash wages, whether organized in unions or unorganized; that labor is not a class at war with capital, nor is it a mindless group that can be led around by the nose politically, and that labor's greatest gains will come from the increased well-being of the people as a whole.

Union membership today is the highest it has ever been, wage gains substantially beyond the increase in the cost of living have been achieved for the first time in years, and more legislation has been passed and administrative action taken favorable to labor under the present Republican administration than at any time in the last twenty years. The Republicans believe in true collective bargaining, not Government favoritism of one group over another, nor the advancement of one group at the expense of another. The fact is that the interests of capital and labor in this country are merging and that all groups have an equal stake in the dynamic expansion of our economy.

Both labor and capital endorse the Eisenhower administration's halting the twenty-year drift toward state socialism. In doing so, it instilled new hope and confidence in all our people and resulted in expansion of business and employment.

But what about the nation's 5,000,000 farmers? Are they getting fair treatment under the Republican administration? Here we have a situation in which the Eisenhower Administration, inheriting an unholy mess from its predecessors, has done everything possible to alleviate the situation and is on the way to solving the problem, but, frankly, needs more time.

The problem is one of crop surpluses which, in a free market, depress the farmer's prices. The surpluses plaguing us today are the end result of the high, rigid price-support policies of the Democrats, originally designed to foster more food production in wartime, but retained too long in order to foster more vote production in peacetime. In 1953 the Eisenhower Administration was attacked because farm prices were falling, but prices had already been falling since 1951, under the inherited law. In 1954 the Republicans sponsored the principle of flexible price supports, designed to reduce crop surpluses by not encouraging unneeded production. This new policy did not go into effect until 1955, but the administration was criticized for price declines in 1954, still under the old law.

More recently, the criticism has diminished, because prices have been firming up in many areas, but, as President Eisenhower has observed, "the new law is smothered under surpluses amassed by the old program." Thus, more time is needed in which to work out the very serious and important problem of farm prices and crop surpluses, and the administration has been making definite progress in that direction despite the frequently unhelpful attitude of the recent, Democrat-controlled 84th Congress. President Eisenhower is most sympathetic with the farmer, he has voluntarily become a part-time farmer, and if given a Republican Congress he will solve this perplexing problem to the benefit of all farmers and consumers. The Republican Party has always been the friend of the farmer and will continue to be his best friend.

This Congress was elected on the hypocritical pretense that the Democrats would give more "loyal" support to President Eisenhower's program than would the members of his own party. The record speaks for itself, and has taught the American people the lesson that only a Republican Congress can be counted upon to give full, intelligent and constructive support to the policies of a Republican President. This lesson, in my judgment, will lead to the election of Republican majorities in the House and Senate on November sixth, along with President Eisenhower and "the most useful Vice-President in American history"—his clean, able, forthright and effective running mate, Richard M. Nixon.

A very large measure of the success of our foreign policies is due to this brilliant young Californian, whose good-will and fact-finding trips to many parts of the globe have helped win friends for our country and understanding of its policies around the world. Vice-President Nixon has been a great asset to the free world and one of the architects of the policy of waging peace that has endeared President Eisenhower to the American people.

For in foreign affairs the pragmatic test of the administration's record is that no American boys are fighting and dying anywhere in the world. President Eisenhower's calmness, wisdom and forthrightness—his tremendous prestige all over the world as the man of victory in World War II and the man of peace today—have proved to be saving graces in a troubled time. The maintenance of peace is the true test of the success of a foreign policy.

And despite headline-grabbing alarmists, the United States is stronger today, militarily speaking, than at any time since World War II. If we were not, I am sure that we would either be fighting for our lives or under subjugation by a foreign power. Our national security program is criticized for not having enough of this or that kind of airplane or guided missile, when the fact is that we have many of each and are building more, which is a far cry from what we faced when the war in Korea caught the nation without enough of anything. Our military men and the President know that America must be strong in a military sense if we are to have peace.

We, as Republicans, have made a notable record of decency, competence and honesty in the conduct of our nation's affairs, we have played fair and square with all segments of our population in helping each one reap the benefits of an expanding economy, we have brought the nation peace and prosperity. That is why I am convinced that the voters next month will overwhelmingly support the Eisenhower-Nixon ticket and will restore control of Congress to the Republicans, so the administration can get on with the job of making this an even greater land for all of its people. The people want and insist upon more of the good things in life they have received under the Eisenhower Administration. THE END

... ...

Sundown Fever

By Dorothy Faubion

Noisy as starlings,
Wild as hawks,
The children abandon
The seemly walks;
Cower in caverns
Darkness carves;
Sail strange vessels
From shadow's wharves;
Dance mad figures
Within the dim
Borders of night's
Blue interim;
Deafened to all
But the dark's deep call—
Pagans for this
Mad interval!

... ...

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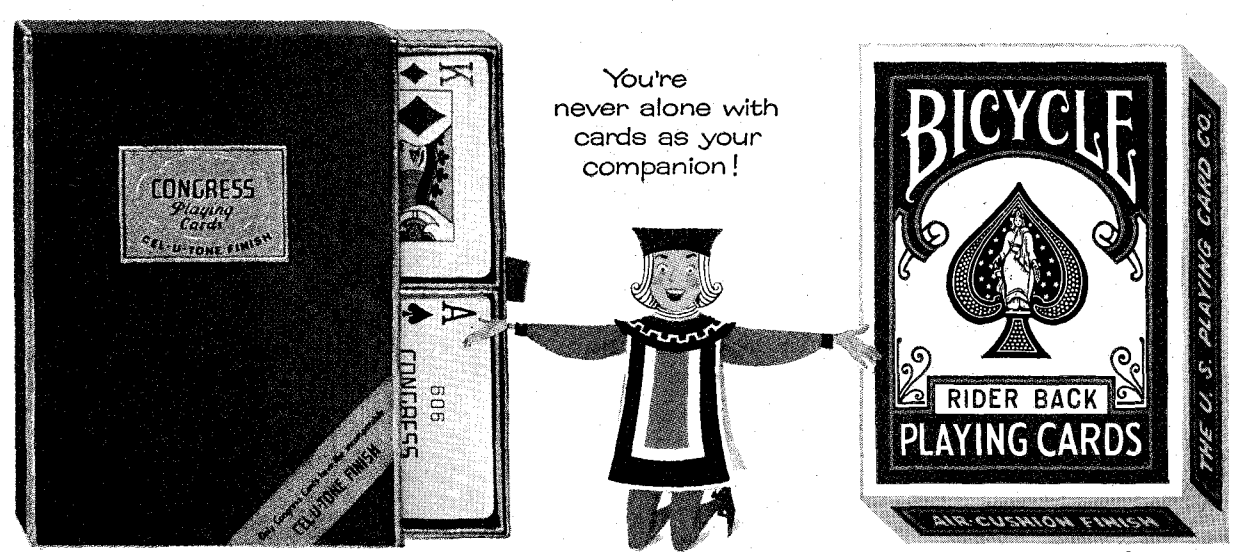

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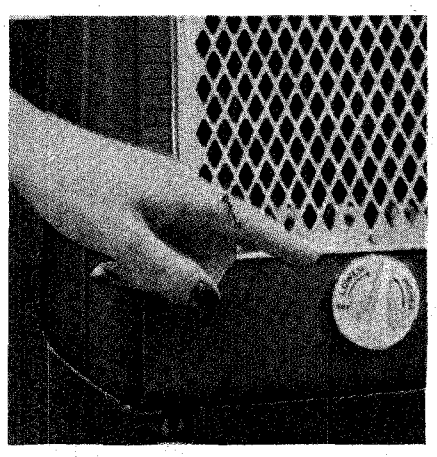

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Why Birds Need Compasses

(Continued from Page 55)

South, to occupy exactly the same nests they used the previous spring. It is popularly supposed that any bird can return home from anywhere by some mysterious navigational instinct. At the time Doctor Griffin climbed into an airplane to find out for himself, it was almost universally assumed by laymen and scientists that homing birds fly straight home, "as the crow flies," deviating no more than a few degrees from the direct path.

In 1947 Doctor Griffin trapped sixteen gannets in their nests on an island in the Gulf of St. Lawrence. Gannets should be good navigators: every year they migrate from Canada to the Gulf of Mexico or other points south, and return in the spring to the same nesting areas. Doctor Griffin moved his gannets only 215 miles from their nests—to Caribou, in Northern Maine—and released them one at a time. He was sure the territory was unfamiliar because gannets are strictly marine birds.

Could the gannets find their way home? A watch was kept at the nests. Ten of the gannets did return, and they made it at an average speed of about 100 miles per day.

In his rented small plane Doctor Griffin followed eight of the birds for distances of from 25 to 230 miles. The big white birds—five-and-one-half-foot wingspread—no more feared the airplane than they did other birds. To prove that the plane did not distract them from the navigation problem, Doctor Griffin did not follow the other eight birds. Five birds in each group got home, and in the same time.

Amazingly, of all the birds he followed, not one headed straight for home and kept going. The directions they chose could just as well have been picked blindfolded. They headed in random directions and even then they did not fly a straight line to anywhere.

The only thing the irregular flight paths seemed to have in common was a tendency to curve gradually in one direction or the other. Other experiments showed the same thing. So there was the answer. The birds simply moved farther and farther away from the release point in wastefully widening circles until they finally reached the coast of Maine, Nova Scotia or New Brunswick. If they did not recognize the particular section of coast line they happened to hit, a few more hours of flying up and down the coast would bring them into familiar territory.

Doctor Griffin could not follow the gannets day and night all the way home, but he proved mathematically that the returns could result purely from random or exploratory flights. For example, if gannet 378 had continued to fly a roughly circling pattern, as it had been doing when last observed by Doctor Griffin, it would have hit the coast after a flight of more than 600 miles. There was plenty of time for that and for many hours of exploratory flight up and down the coast too. A direct flight home at the gannet's "cruising speed" of thirty-five miles an hour would have taken six hours, but the bird took seventy-five hours to get there!

Doctor Griffin had no doubt that once the birds reached familiar territory they could find their way to their nests easily. It had been proved that once a bird managed to find his way home over unfamiliar territory, he usually could travel the same route a second time in far less time. Furthermore, Dr. B. F. Skinner, a Harvard psychologist, provided a laboratory answer about bird memories. He trained four domestic pigeons to expect food if they pecked at a particular spot on an aerial photograph. Four years later, when shown the same photograph, they immediately pecked at the same spot and looked up for a well-earned handout, which they got.

So nearly two thirds of Doctor Griffin's gannets got home, but was it good navigating? If airline pilots navigated the way those gannets did, railroad stock would be the best buy in history. An airliner that normally takes seven and a half hours from Los Angeles to New York would take three days, twenty-one hours and fifty-one minutes; and, as the pilot circled wider and wider, trying to find New York, he would get as far west as Hawaii, as far south as Central America, as far north as Alaska. Besides, who would patronize an airline that brought only two thirds of its ships into New York and lost the others?

Surprisingly, such an inefficient navigation system—pure exploration flights in rough patterns or just random flying (Doctor Griffin calls it "Type I" navigation)—is sufficient to explain a high percentage of bird flight over unfamiliar territory. Some birds do not do that well. Capture a sparrow in your front yard, let him loose ten miles away in unfamiliar territory, and you'll never see him again. The same is true of the common barn or train-platform variety of pigeon.

All right. Plain exploratory flights might explain a lot about bird navigation, but could it explain all? Doctor Griffin wanted to find a species in the United States that could sense the direction of home and head there without random searching. For a while, he thought he had found one in the common tern, blood brother of the gull.

A flock of terns was captured on Penikese Island, just southwest of Cape Cod, and released, one at a time, from Storrs, Connecticut. The birds circled irregularly for from one to three minutes, then streaked off on what Doctor Griffin called a "generally correct" course.

Later, being a scientist as well as a bird lover, Doctor Griffin devised a way to prove that his birds really could sense the general direction of home. He trapped more birds on Penikese Island and released them from Storrs, but this time he also included birds captured much farther north, at Sugarloaf Island off the coast of Maine. For the terns from Maine, home lay northeast. For the terns from Massachusetts, home lay approximately southeast. Each bird had to choose his own direction, because only one was released at a time. So what happened? Look at the chart.

The Massachusetts bunch once more headed in the general direction of home, but the birds from Maine flew toward Massachusetts too. Both groups averaged a heading of 142 degrees, although the home directions were 44 degrees in one case and 115 degrees in the other. Further experiments proved the sad truth. These terns along the Atlantic seaboard had a built-in tendency, when over unfamiliar territory, to fly southeast, regardless of where home was.

Doctor Griffin calls this Type II navigation. Many other species have a natural tendency to fly in certain directions, usually southeast or northwest, the principal migration directions. This tendency, plus exploratory flight to find familiar landmarks, is sufficient to explain nearly all the astounding bird-migration feats you hear about.

In some cases, as with Doctor Griffin's gannets, birds can follow familiar land-

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marks all the way on migration. The gannets would need only to follow the coast line. The robin would need only a generally correct original direction, then could use Type I exploratory flight to find the nest. Take an extreme case, the Pacific golden plover, which often migrates over water all the way from Siberia or Alaska to far south of the Equator. There is no evidence that these birds pinpoint into the same spot when they fly south for the winter. They may well stop whenever they happen to reach land. They could be far off on their compass direction and still hit some part of their vast winter range. The same thing is true when they head north, for the summer range also covers hundreds of miles.

Another Summer

By JANE MERCHANT

Summer was hot and dry, a dragging weight
Of haggard green upon the earth, a tense
Frustrated expectation that some late
Relenting rain might bring us recompense
For that hard sky that seemed to bruise the eyes
Turned to it wistfully, and for the flowers
Discouraged in each petaled enterprise,
Like all our hopes, by heavy, dust-thick hours.
But autumn brought the rain—oh, autumn brought
Such innocent translucencies of blue,
Such gentle atmospheres as we had thought
The summer would. In autumn days we knew
An interval of grace beyond belief,
Another summer, beautiful and brief.

Also, some cloud formations over the Pacific seem to be stable enough to serve as "landmarks" over water.

However, the existence of Type II homing—an inherited tendency to fly in one general direction—has been firmly established by many experiments. It explains why young birds can migrate to the right general areas on their first trip and without the guidance of older birds. It also explains why migrating young birds, captured en route and transported hundreds of miles away from the migration route, continued to fly in the same direction as before and ended up in the wrong place.

But what about homing or racing pigeons? It is popularly thought that any of them can find their way home from any direction. And they are not even migratory. Supposedly, they just know how to navigate.

Doctor Griffin acquired a flock of racing pigeons and followed them in the airplane. This meant even lower and more dangerous flying. Pigeons seldom get more than 100 feet above the ground. That did not bother Doctor Griffin because he had the scientific attitude.

Doctor Griffin played a very dirty trick on his pigeons. After four of them learned to find their way home by flying down the shore of a lake, he moved them to another lake of approximately the same shape. Instead of exhibiting a wonderful homing ability, they flew, as usual, down the shore of the lake—except that it was the wrong lake. When released they were only 23.6 miles from home, but three never did get back. The one which did, named No. 9 because he was the ninth racing pigeon Doctor Griffin acquired, took nearly five hours to reach home. Nevertheless, he became the hero of the next season's flights.

Next season No. 9 had a dozen well-bred, well-trained racing pigeons as companions. The home loft was a few miles southeast of Cornell University, at Ithaca, New York. For his first series of experiments, Doctor Griffin decided to make it easy for the pigeons. They were trained to expect home always to be southeast. That certainly would be a lot easier than having to figure out for themselves in which direction home lay—pigeon racers usually lay out racing courses in some nearly constant direction over territory that is completely or mostly familiar.

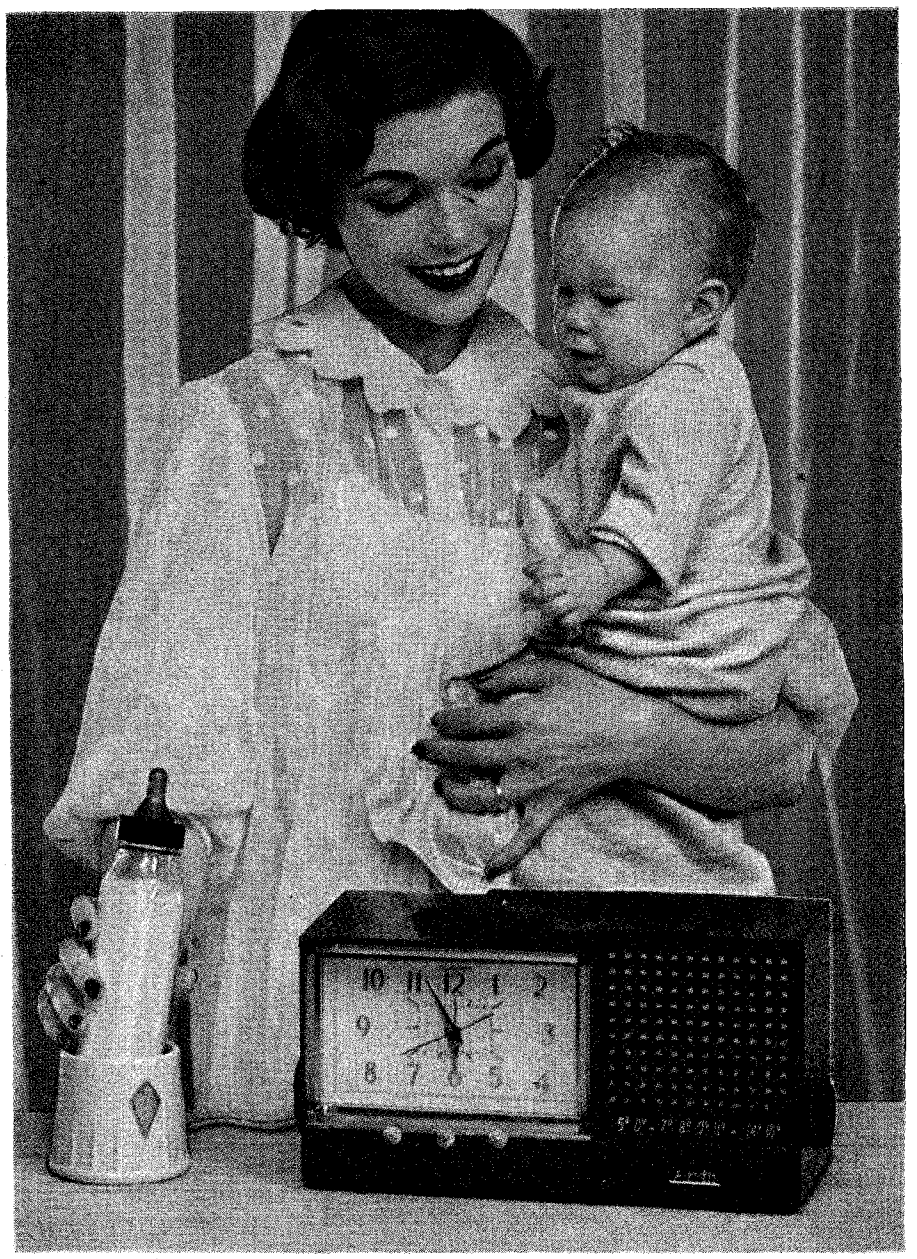
Things did not work out too well. In training flights, the birds were permitted to familiarize themselves thoroughly with the terrain up to twenty-five miles northwest of home. But, on the first flight over unfamiliar territory, only seven miles beyond their previous flights, one bird headed the wrong way and was never seen again. Another got back only because someone captured him coming in for a landing at Newark, New Jersey, almost exactly the wrong way from home, and shipped him back. Intent on bad navigation, however, the bird became lost permanently on the next flight, made in mildly bad weather—a solid overcast with scattered showers. Although Doctor Griffin, in his small airplane, had no trouble finding his way home, some of the birds did.

Thus it went. After only seven flights from unfamiliar territory, with none of the release points more than seventy-two miles from home and all in the same direction, only two of the original thirteen birds were left. One of these, of course, was No. 9, which had whisked home from all flights in relatively brief time, even when he had to break away from the rest of the flock to take up the proper heading.

Now comes the sad last chapter. The two surviving champions, No. 9 and his chief competitor, No. 4, were released at the same time near Batavia, New York, 100 miles from Ithaca, with home, as heretofore, still in a southeasterly direction. Visibility was down to four or five miles in occasional patches of haze, but the sun was shining and there were no clouds. There was even a tailwind.

When released, the two champions circled for a while, then headed south, but soon turned back to the release point. From there on they could not agree on a heading, so they went their separate ways. Doctor Griffin elected to follow Old Dependable, No. 9. He watched No. 4 disappear in the other direction and never saw the bird again.

No. 9 circled back south, as Doctor Griffin followed overhead, then true to form, headed southeast for home. When he came to Route 20, a four-lane highway, he headed east down the highway for three miles. It was hazy when he reached the town of Pavilion, an hour and eighteen minutes after take-off, and wise old No. 9 landed on a housetop. He stayed there for thirty-nine minutes until



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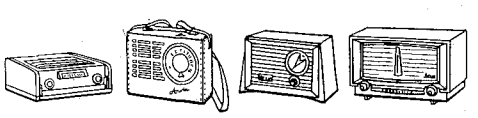

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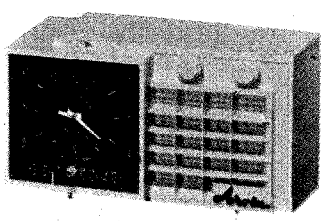

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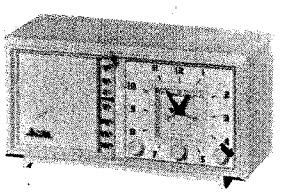

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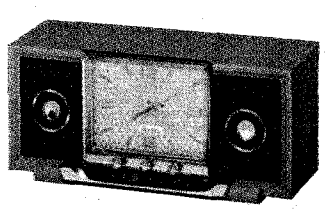

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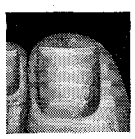

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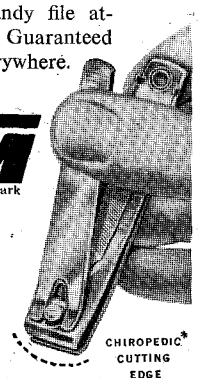

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the haze patch floated away and visibility improved.

When he took off again, Doctor Griffin felt like shouting, "No, no! Home is thataway!", for No. 9 had taken off to the southwest. He veered west, then northwest and came again to the four-lane highway at Darien, southwest of Batavia, the release point, two hours and forty-eight minutes after release. Instead of turning right down the highway, as he should have, No. 9 turned left and headed west. Doctor Griffin kept him in sight for twelve more minutes, then lost him in a large flock of local pigeons.

Doctor Griffin loved that pigeon. Overcome with sentiment, he will tell you even today, "No. 9 was always a good homer."

No one knows what happened to No. 9. Doctor Griffin assumes that he tried again to get home, because loft-raised pigeons are poor foragers with big appetites, and there always is plenty of food in the home loft. If so, he got lost and died trying.

Despite their ultimate failures, Doctor Griffin's pigeons often started out in the right direction even when they did not stick to it. Happening too often to be explained by chance, this could have been either a tendency to head southeast due to training, or a tendency to head toward home, wherever it was. However, experimenters in Europe, with more and better birds—the best homing pigeons are raised in Europe because selective breeding has been going on much longer there—have proved that Type III navigation really exists. The best pigeons can head in the general direction of home over unfamiliar territory from any direction. Some wild species, notably Manx shearwaters, can too.

How can some birds do this? Or, in Type II homing, even if a bird has inherited a migratory tendency to fly southeast, how does he know which direction southeast is?

The task of evaluating all the theories was assigned to Doctor Griffin by a special committee of the American Ornithologists Union. His report appears in a scholarly book published by the University of Illinois Press, Recent Studies in Avian Biology, edited by Dr. Albert Wolfson, of Northwestern University. In this work, citing countless experiments and marshaling a massive array of evidence from physics, biology and mathematics, Griffin disagrees with nearly all theories except one proposed by Dr. G. V. T. Matthews, of Cambridge University, England, to the effect that when visual landmarks or exploration flights do not suffice, birds navigate by the sun. The theory is supported by laboratory tests and the observation that birds cannot do Type II or Type III homing under heavily overcast skies.

As any marine navigator knows, the farther north one goes, the lower the sun looks. If you travel far enough south and look up at twelve-noon, you will find the sun directly overhead. From New York, at the same time, the sun will look lower, while from the North Pole you may not see the sun at all or it might appear on the horizon. Doctor Griffin thinks it quite logical that a bird transported fifty miles or more north—Type III homing has not been demonstrated to occur at distances less than fifty miles—would notice that the sun at noon, say, was lower than it had been at noon the day before at home. The bird could bring the sun back up to where it "should" be by flying south to the home loft. Or, if the bird were tranported south, the sun would appear too high and he could bring it back down by flying north.

Of course the bird would have to know it was twelve-noon. That might be easy, because at that hour the sun reaches its highest point in its path across the sky. What about other hours of the day? Well, if the bird had a watch with him and if he could remember how high the sun was the day before at the same hour, the system still would work. All he would have to do is fly north or south to correct the error in the sun's apparent altitude.

As to whether birds can tell time, that is no problem. Many experiments prove that birds do have "built-in clocks," the result of some rhythmic biological function still not understood. The clock is regulated by the number of hours of light and darkness in the day. By the use of artificial lighting, scientists can change the birds' sense of time so that they sleep during the wrong hours or migrate north in the middle of winter.

How does a bird know whether he is east or west of home? Suppose a Chicago pigeon is flown in an airplane to New York. As it takes upwards of two weeks for the bird's clock to adjust itself to New York local sun time, the bird's internal clock tells him when it is twelve noon in Chicago; the bird does not yet know that in New York it is one o'clock. At twelve noon, however, the bird realizes that the sun is not at the top of its arc, as it should be. It is past that point and has started down towards the horizon. To get the sun back up where it should be, the bird should fly west to try to catch up with the sun, and west would take him back to Chicago.

If, at any time of day, birds could note the altitude of the sun in relation to the time of day at home, and estimate how fast the sun was climbing, Doctor Matthews believes they could sense the direction of the sun's path, thus finding where the sun would be or had been at noon. This could give them a proper direction toward home continuously. Doctor Griffin believes this is requiring a bit too much of the bird, but that a slight simplification of the theory probably is the right answer.

When Doctor Griffin was following birds around the United States in an airplane, he found they were completely incompetent when it came to following a straight line home in unfamiliar territory. Now he wondered whether arctic birds, which fly much longer migratory routes than the local birds, were any better. Oblivious, as usual, of risks to himself, he ordered a light plane equipped with floats and established a base at Point Barrow, Alaska. Birds in the arctic, such as the semipalmated plover, did no better than his feathered friends at home. Over familiar territory they made good time. Over unfamiliar territory they did very poorly. One bird released only fifty-five miles from her nest took fourteen hours to get back. Like the birds back east, they flew anything but straight lines.

Two other interesting observations were made. Doctor Griffin followed a flock of snow geese cruising along the coast looking for lunch. They flew 120 miles in four hours, which indicates how wide the areas of familiar territory must be for many birds.

Secondly, one of Doctor Griffin's assistants at the time, Martin Karplus, a brilliant young scientist who was then a freshman at Harvard, came up with a new theory on why birds bother to migrate to the arctic at all. In the continuous daylight of late June at Point Barrow he found robins feeding their young twenty-one hours a day and making 137 feeding trips per day. They rested only during the three coldest hours of the day. Robins of the same species in the United States are able to feed their young only sixteen hours a day, getting in ninety-six trips. The extra feeding made possible by the extra daylight matured the Alaskan fledglings so fast that they left the nest in 8.8 days, more than five days sooner than in the United States. This shortened the most dangerous period of their lives—while they're in the nest. Those Alaskan robins are pretty smart.

Back from Alaska, Doctor Griffin decided he had proved that birds, here and there, do not fly in a straight line and that they do not fly in a beeline home. The airplane had been Griffin's tool of science. Since he no longer needed the tool, he quit flying as abruptly as he started.

But, as laymen, let us thank Doctor Griffin for one thing. Let us never board an air liner if the navigator is a bird, even a homing pigeon. Doctor Griffin has proved that any bird that can navigate within twenty to thirty degrees, plus or minus, of the correct heading is a good navigator as birds go. But if we took off on an air liner from Los Angeles on a non-stop flight to New York and the pilot were off to the south by only twenty degrees, we would end up in Jacksonville, Florida. That is 850 miles from New York, straight-line distance. As the crow flies, it might be twice as far. THE END

"Well, it's no wonder you have insomnia, lying there awake half the night!"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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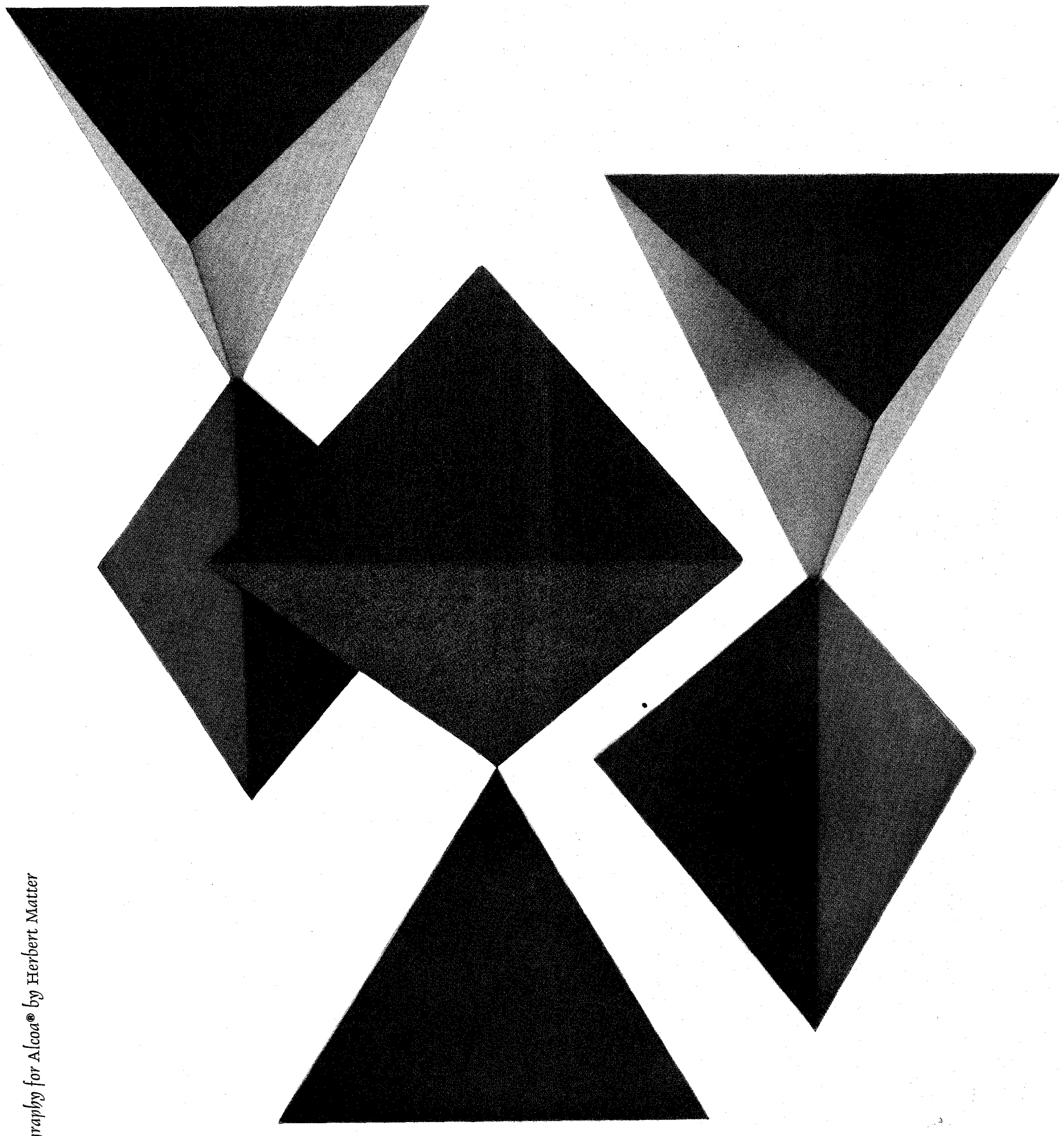

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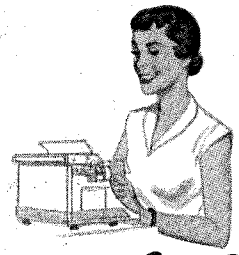

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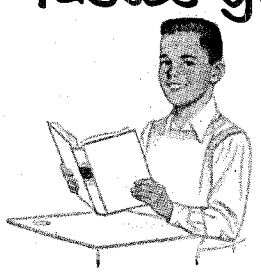

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The Happy Hussy (Continued from Page 40)

Shard stared at him disbelievingly. "I've never in my life known a man to look for brain in anything except maybe in another man."

Eddie took a press clipping from his wallet and handed it to her. "Maybe you didn't see this in yesterday's paper, but surveys show that ninety per cent of American males are dating the kind of girl with whom they can discuss things of the mind."

Shard yawned attractively and dropped the press clipping on the floor. "I don't see what it proves."

"It proves," Eddie told her, "that it's time you learned to play a role of the mind."

Shard stretched and smiled. "Lamb," she said, "I like the kind of roles I play." She was standing up now, and the lamp table seemed a feeble sort of barrier. "I like to put out my hand"—she put out her hand—"and touch a man ——"

Eddie slapped the hand away. "Cut it out, Shard," he said sternly. "This is no time for passes."

Shard continued to smile at him in dreamy concentration. "Lamb," she said, "I can wind you around my finger any time I want to."

Eddie folded his arms for safety and said, "Shard, how would you like to play a role like Hedda Gabler?"

"Hedda Who?" said Shard.

"Hedda Gabler. It's going to be a big Ibsen season. I can feel it in my bones. Harvey Shaw thinks so too. He wants to direct Hedda, and he thinks he has Barton Lane, the money boy, interested."

"That's nice." Shard spoke absently, because she was trying to tuck her arm through Eddie's. "Lamb," she said, "let's have dinner sent up from downstairs. Let's just relax a little while together."

Eddie disentangled himself from Shard's efforts. "Shard," he said sternly, "we've got work to do. You're going to get dressed and I'm going to call Harvey Shaw. We're going to go around to his place and let him look you over for the part."

Shard sighed and made her mouth into a full-blown rose. "Lamb," she said, "I was hoping we could be alone tonight. Just the two of us. You and I."

Her voice was low and vibrant, but Eddie pretended it was high and strident. "Shard!" he shouted. "Get going!"

And Shard scuttled into the bedroom to dress.

Harvey Shaw lived in one of those apartments that are always being built to house incipient theater people, and the minute Eddie walked in with Shard he could see that Harvey was playing host to a regulation preseason party. Everyone had a glass in his hand, everyone had a smile on his lips, and everyone had an eye on everyone else, because you never knew who might turn out to have something to do with a casting office.

Harvey was a young man with a bald spot and a general air of frustration, and he was mixing drinks at the bar end of the room.

Eddie piloted Shard straight across to him. "Harvey," he said in the respectful undertone he might have used to introduce Lynn Fontanne, "this is Shard Darnell. I don't know if you two know each other."

Shard smiled one of her high-voltage smiles, and Harvey favored her with a brief glance. "Oh, yes," he said, handing Eddie a drink. "She does all the hussy roles on television."

Eddie laughed a lightly deprecating laugh. "That's the old Shard," he said. "The new Shard has grown beyond that. She's working on Ibsen now."

"They're all working on Ibsen," Harvey said. "I've got fifty or sixty chickens coming in to read for me in the morning."

"Cancel them all," Eddie told him. "The girl you want is right here." He put a pair of carefully managerial hands on Shard's shoulders and turned her around. "Look at her, Harvey—isn't she perfect?"

Harvey settled some glasses on a tray. "Eddie," he said, "I've got a lot on my mind. But if you want to come around in the morning and take your chances with the rest ——" He shrugged. "It's no skin off my nose."

He moved off with the tray, and as he did, Shard wrinkled her brow and turned to Eddie. "Lamb," she said, "he looked at me as if I were a railroad track without a train."

"We'll show him trains," and Eddie began to trundle her across the room. "Come on, Shard," he said. "We're going home. We've got a lot of work to do."

Shard gazed at him adoringly. "Lamb, say it again," she begged. "Say 'Shard and I are going home together.'"

It was nice in Shard's apartment with the lamps lit and a cool breeze blowing in from the river, but Eddie said the thing they had to do was to ignore the place they were and pretend they were somewhere else.

"Norway, for instance," he said, consulting the stage directions for Hedda Gabler. "A villa in the west end of Christiania."

Shard smiled companionably at him. "Lamb," she said, "as long as I'm with you, I don't have to pretend I'm somewhere else."

In a manner of speaking, they had the lamp table between them, but only in a manner of speaking. Eddie sat on one side of the table with his copy of Ibsen, and Shard sat on the other side, eating grapes and drawing pictures on his face with her eyes.

"Lamb," she said softly, "you have such an adorable nose. And your eyes aren't really brown at all. They're hazel."

Eddie kept the hazel eyes where they belonged—on the printed page. "Here we are," he said, improvising on the west end of Christiania. "Just the two of us, you and I, Hedda Gabler and Judge Brack, stuck away in this tacky little suburb—no theater, no television, no nothing."

"Lamb," Shard said, "no place in the world would have nothing so long as it had you and me."

Eddie cleared his throat sharply and shoved the Ibsen across to her. "Read," he ordered, "where I've got it marked."

Shard let her eyes drop from his face to the page in front of her. Obediently, she read, "'I know of no reason why I should be happy. Perhaps you can give me one?'"

She broke off. "This Hedda Gabler," she said dreamily, "was she blond, Lamb, or was she brunet?"

"It doesn't matter," Eddie told her. "Hedda Gabler can be anything she chooses. She's universal."

"Then let's make her blond." Shard smiled. "I can feel closer to a girl that's blond. I can sense her, Lamb. She's got this long blond hair—down to here—all over her shoulders—very full and wonderful to touch."

"Shard!"

Somehow, Eddie's fingers had got entangled with Shard's fingers in Shard's

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hair, and he had a bad minute or two trying to get free.

"Shard," he pleaded, "won't you try to keep your mind on what you're doing? This is important. It's your future—it's Broadway. Broadway is like a sable wrap," he said, "and every girl should have a sable wrap."

Under the table, Shard felt for his knee with hers. "Lamb," she said throatily, "I don't need a sable wrap as long as I have you."

He got through the evening somehow, but at the end he was as limp as a curtain in a wet wind. He had spent four, five, six hours trying to keep himself to himself, as the saying goes, and at the same time trying to coach Shard in the major speeches of Acts 1, 2, 3 and 4.

"I've done what I can for you," he told her as he mopped his tired face. "The rest is up to you."

Shard, of course, looked fresh as a daisy as she walked to the door with him. "Lamb," she said, turning up her lovely mouth, "you might kiss me just for luck."

Exhausted, Eddie dropped her a quick peck and escaped into the elevator.

By breakfast time he was feeling more himself. He was feeling, in fact, quite optimistic as he picked Shard up in a cab and drove her over to 45th Street. As he walked into the theater he might have been walking in on Old Home Week at his Alma Mater. Everything about the scene was familiar. There were the wonderful smells of soap and dust, the rows of empty plush seats, the piano draped like a corpse at one end of the bare stage. At the other end, Harvey Shaw was sitting at a desk behind a stack of papers, and a girl with chewed brown hair and a dramatic-school voice was just finishing her stint.

"Lamb!" Shard nudged Eddie. "She hasn't got an ounce of sex appeal—not a single ounce!"

"Never mind her," Eddie said. "Concentrate on our money boy over there. Mr. Barton Lane, sitting in the fifth row with the cigar in his mouth."

Shard said with the wistfulness she liked to affect, "Do you think he'll like me?"

"Sure he'll like you. Everybody likes you," and Eddie gave her a little push toward the stage.

Shard hung back with one of her looks. "Do you like me, Lamb?"

Eddie gave her another little push. "I guess you know what I think about you."

"What do you think about me, Lamb?" Shard asked in that voice of hers.

"That you're a cross between Hayes and Bernhardt," Eddie told her briskly.

When he had finally got Shard headed for the stage, he dropped into a seat near Mr. Barton Lane. "Cigar?" said Mr. Lane.

"No, thanks," and Eddie lit a cigarette.

"I don't think I can stand it much longer," Mr. Lane said gloomily. "I've sat through five of them already, and I hear there are as many as forty or fifty more to come."

"You don't have a thing to worry about," Eddie told him. "You'll be able to go home in another ten minutes or so. Shard Darnell is the girl you're going to want."

He settled back to take the situation in, thinking that you could say this for Shard—that she never showed a trace of stage fright. It was a pleasure to watch her now, rattling off lines from Ibsen as nonchalantly as though she were running through the Cuddle-Jama Show on Sunday night.

She's a natural, Eddie told himself, and glanced at Mr. Lane to see if his thoughts were following the same trend. It was hard to tell about Mr. Lane, though, because of the cigar, which overbalanced his face. It was only when he took the cigar out of his mouth that Eddie could see he was puzzled.

"Is this—" he said, "I mean, this is Ibsen, isn't it?"

"Oh, sure," Eddie said. "This is Ibsen. Hedda Gabler." He recognized the lines. Act I, The New Mistress. "A masterpiece ——" he was starting to assure Mr. Lane when all at once, like Mr. Lane, he frowned and leaned forward in his seat.

Admittedly, the lines were Ibsen, but the delivery was beginning to go strictly Darnell. Shard was jazzing things up. She was wearing her hair down, too, and he had forgotten to take this into account, along with the fact that she had on her pumps with the shimmering heels. They winked every time she shifted her weight; they gave a lighthearted touch to every line she read. When she lilted, "I know of no reason why I should be happy. Perhaps you can give me one?" Eddie had the (*Continued on Page 144*)

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"Reach in my pocket for my money . . . but don't squeeze my frog!"

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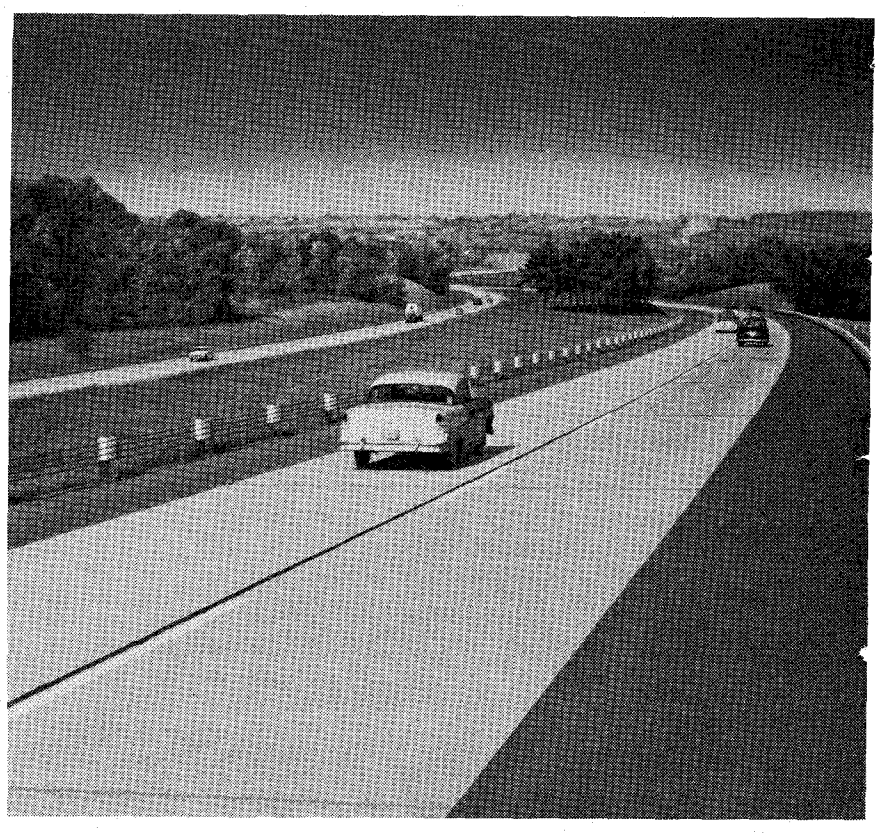
INDIANA



OHIO

Ready Today- Your Highway Ride of Tomorrow

Drive from Chicago to New York on roads free from congestion, crossings and stop lights — a preview of thousands of miles of super roads to come

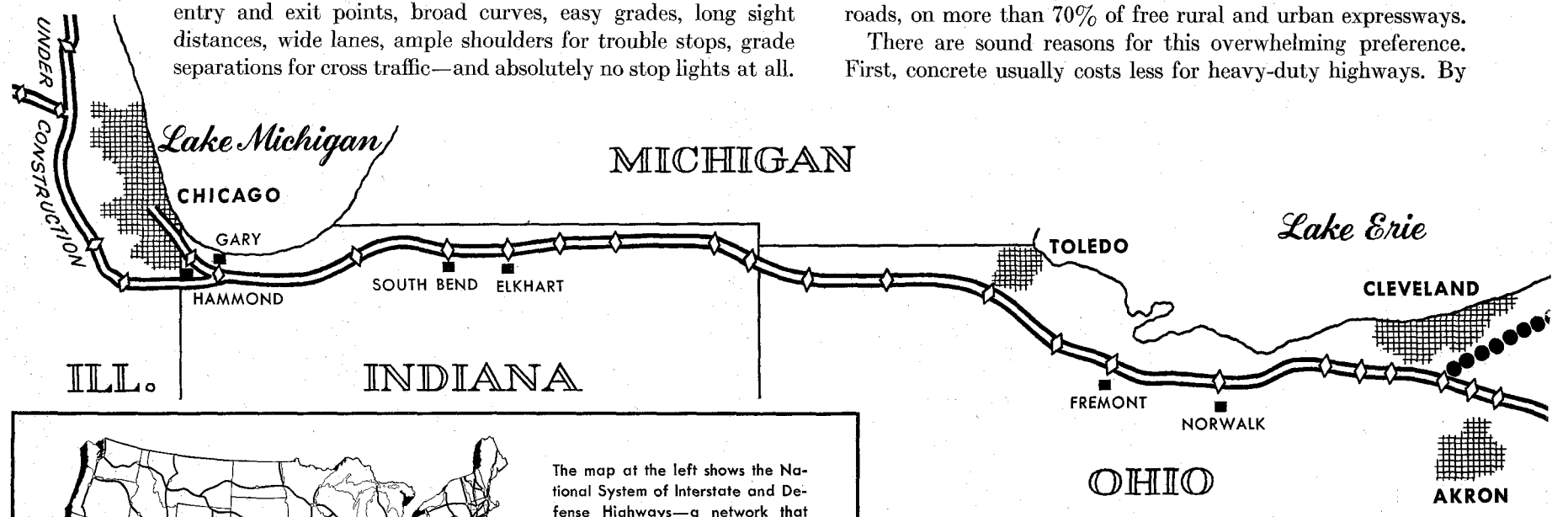
When the final section of the Indiana Toll Road opens soon you can drive 808 miles from Chicago to New York without slowing down for curves, shifting gears for hills, decelerating for slow traffic or stopping—except to eat, sleep or gas up. And you can do so more safely than on roads of earlier design.

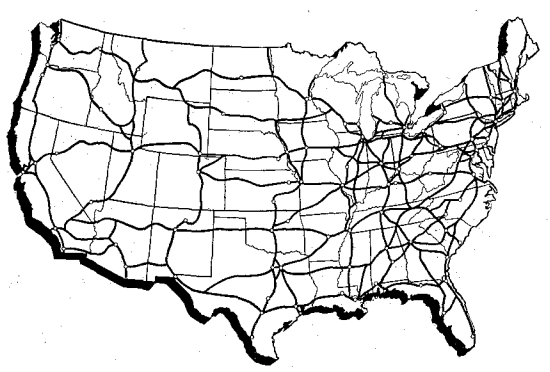
On the fine highways shown in the photos and map you'll save precious time, too—up to a day between Chicago and New York. That's possible because engineers built these roads to the highest standards of comfort and safety for reasonable speeds. You will find roadways separated for traffic in each direction, limited entry and exit points, broad curves, easy grades, long sight distances, wide lanes, ample shoulders for trouble stops, grade separations for cross traffic—and absolutely no stop lights at all.

These roads are a preview of the magnificent main highways soon to start spanning the nation. Under the Federal Aid Highway Act of 1956 the 41,000-mile National System of Interstate and Defense Highways will be built by 1970. Mostly four lanes or more, it will connect practically all major cities.

The Interstate System should be built with concrete, the pavement highway engineers recognize as best. They choose it wherever roads must meet rugged tests of time and traffic—on more than 90% of the 25 most-heavily-traveled rural road sections in the country, on nearly 70% of all turnpikes and toll roads, on more than 70% of free rural and urban expressways.

There are sound reasons for this overwhelming preference. First, concrete usually costs less for heavy-duty highways. By





The map at the left shows the National System of Interstate and Defense Highways—a network that reaches every state, 42 state capitals and connects 182 of the 199 cities with more than 50,000 population. Comprising about 1% of the nation's road mileage, it carries 20% of the rural traffic. Contracts for the first sections of this system have already been awarded in several of the states.

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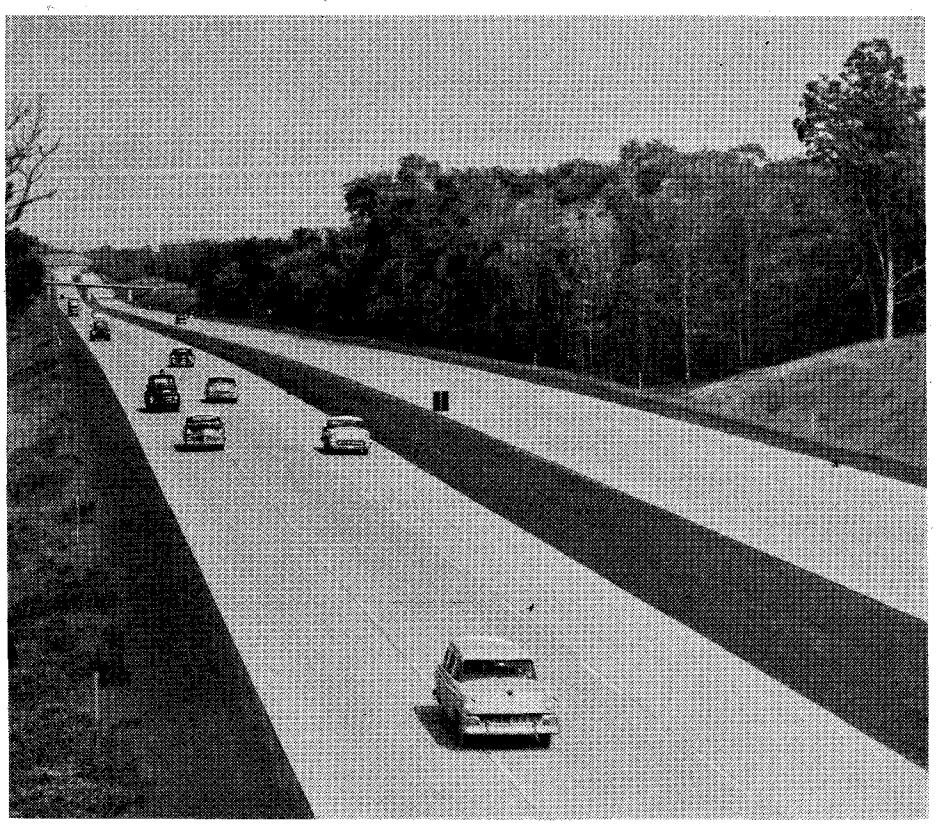
PENNSYLVANIA



NEW YORK

choosing concrete, for example, engineers saved $2,803,000 on the Ohio Turnpike, $9,740,000 on the Indiana Toll Road.

Second, concrete costs less to maintain—an average of 26% less than the next pavement, according to official data from 24 state highway departments keeping such records. *That's especially important to taxpayers because the federal government will pay 90% of the cost of building the Interstate System, but the states must pay the cost of maintaining it.*

Third, concrete serves longer—more than twice as long as other pavements. Engineers can build concrete roads with a predictable life of more than 50 years.

Fourth, concrete is much safer. It's highly skid-resistant, *even in the rain.* Its light color affords vastly better night visibility.

Add to this three great new improvements. A granular layer under the slab keeps water from undermining the pavement. Air-entrained concrete ends surface scaling. Sawed joints, so thin that they're almost unnoticed by the motorist, give you the smoothest ride you ever had.

A great day is dawning for the highway user. But the biggest construction job ever undertaken anywhere poses bigger-than-ever problems for highway engineers. Support and help them. The permanent benefits will far outweigh temporary inconveniences.

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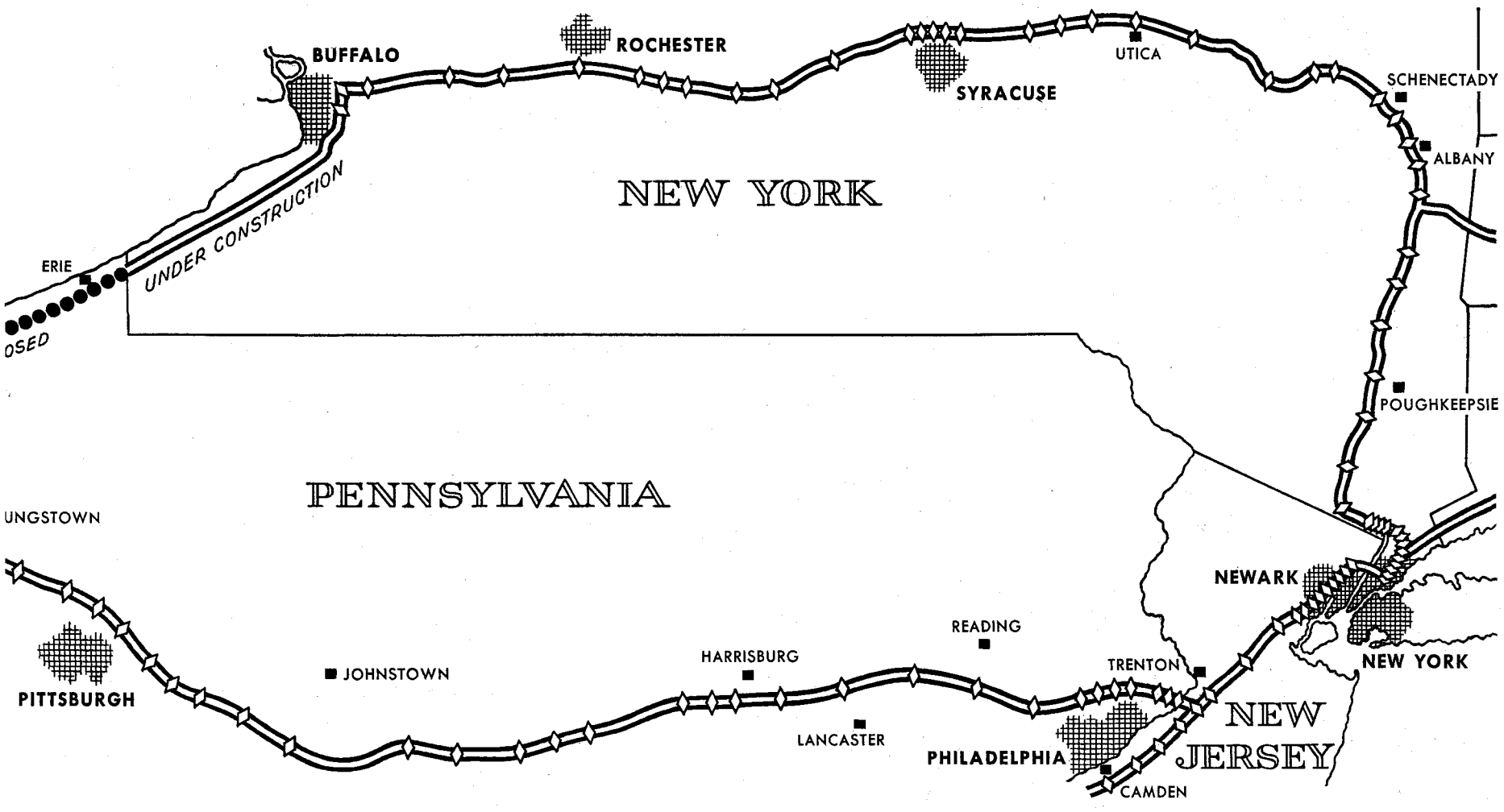

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(*Continued from Page 141*) impression that Rodgers and Hammerstein were hovering just off-stage with an idea for the big song in Act 2.

"This isn't the Ibsen I know," Mr. Lane was saying.

Eddie, mopping a face that was suddenly wet with perspiration, could see what he meant.

"This isn't the Ibsen anybody knows," he said.

Harvey Shaw was right when he called Shard a blonde with her hair down her back. She wasn't Helen Hayes, she wasn't Sarah Bernhardt. She was just the happy hussy—one hundred and seventeen pounds of ready-charged dynamite who couldn't bat in any league but her own.

Eddie spent the next five minutes watching her complete the wreckage of the future he had charted for her. "Good-by, Broadway," she sang her own dirge. "Farewell, sable wrap." And when she had driven the last nail into the coffin of his hopes for her, he bundled her out of the theater and home before Harvey had a chance to say something about it not being any skin off his nose.

Even at noon on an August day, it was pleasant in Shard's apartment—assuming you had the inclination to notice it. There were fresh flowers in the niches in the wall, and a cool breeze was blowing over from the river. There was iced coffee waiting to be poured, and sandwiches, but nobody cared.

Eddie stood in silence by the window, Shard was huddled like a crumpled flower in a corner of the sofa. Clocks ticked from various nooks, cabs hooted fifteen stories below them in the street, and finally, tentatively, Shard spoke.

"Lamb?" she said.

"Uh-huh," Eddie said.

"I want to say I'm sorry."

Eddie made the noble effort. He said, "It wasn't your fault."

"It was," Shard said. "It was all my fault. I ruined everything. I ruined all your plans for me."

Her voice was small—pathetically small—and he had the feeling that she might be crying. He turned to see, and he was right. He had never known Shard to weep, but she was weeping now. Poor little thing, he thought. Poor little crumpled Shard. Watching her weep was like watching a flower wither and die, and he had always hated gardens in November.

"Shard ——" he said.

He found that he was standing close beside her, but this time she didn't touch him. She didn't show her dimples or try to find his knee with hers. She just lifted her eyes and looked at him through a tangle of wet lashes.

"Lamb," she said, "it was just that I kept thinking how funny it was about this Hedda Gabler and how she was taking on. The lines sounded like comedy, I thought, and so I clowned a little bit. I kept thinking that there should be music and lots of dancing and a big chorus at the end ——"

"Music?" said Eddie. "Dancing? A big chorus?"

He stared at her, and then something clicked in his brain that should have clicked an hour earlier. "Shard!" he cried. "Why didn't you tell me this before?"

He made a dash for the telephone, which had begun to clamor on its own account.

"Um?" he said into the mouthpiece.

He had Harvey Shaw on the other end—a peevish Harvey who said, "Why the dickens didn't you tell me what it was you were trying to get across with that Hedda Gabler scheme?"

Shard was sitting upright on the sofa now, blowing her nose and smiling at him as if she, too, could hear Harvey Shaw on the other end of the line.

"Lane likes it," Harvey was saying. "He likes Shard. He says she's a natural. He says it's the first time in his life he's ever come close to appreciating Ibsen. He wants to do a musical. Gay, bright, maybe even a little bawdy ——"

Eddie looked thoughtfully at Shard, who was buffing the nails of one hand on the palm of the other. "Shard?" he said.

"Yes, Lamb?"

"Shard," he said sternly as he laid down the telephone and crossed the room to her, "did you have this in your mind all along?"

Shard stopped buffing to smile at him through lashes that were now quite dry. "Lamb," she said, "you know the only thing I've got in mind is you."

Slowly, she unfolded her legs. Slowly, she stood up. She was conveniently close to him now, so he thought he might as well do the reasonable. His arms fitted round her as if they had been designed for the job, and his lips were tailor-made for hers. He kissed her once, experimentally, and then he settled down to making a life work of it, while clocks ticked and cabs hooted and Harvey Shaw went on talking into a telephone to which no one was listening.

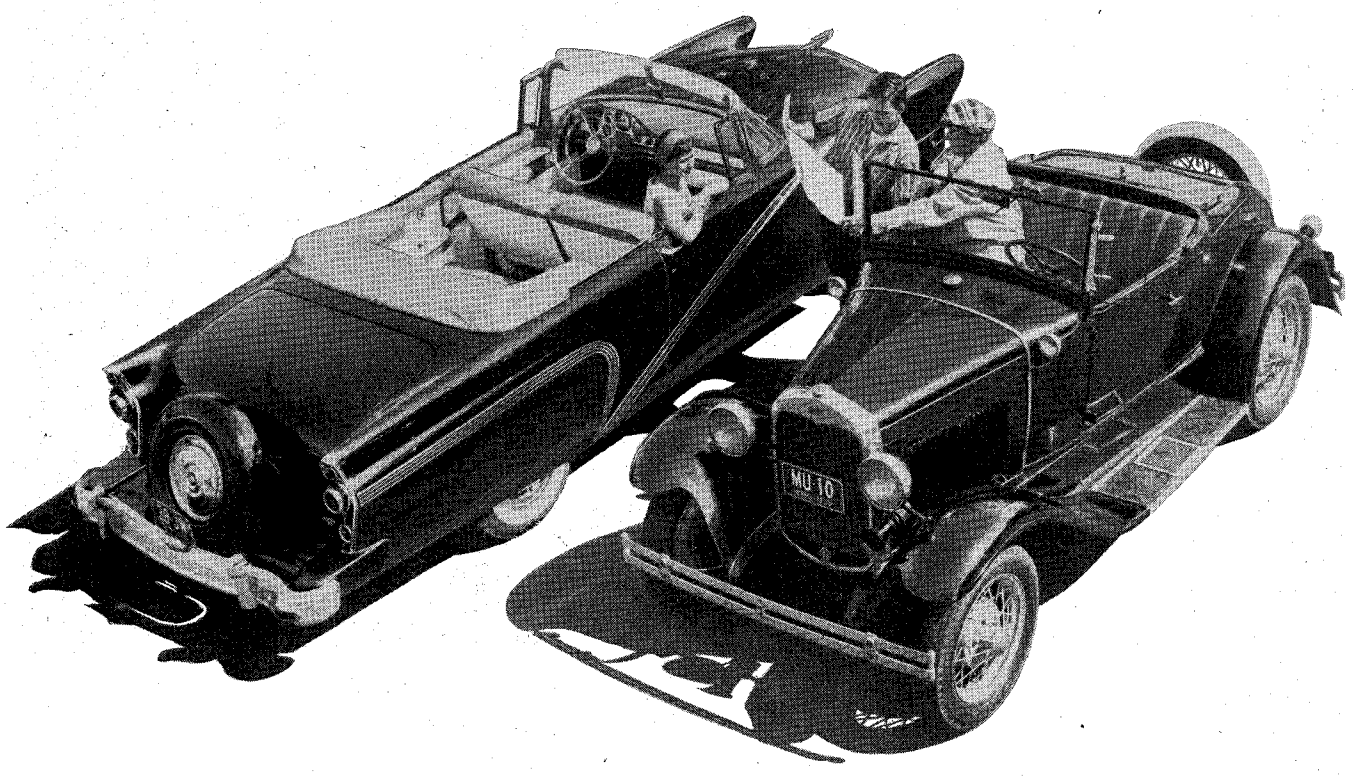
Some time afterward a thought occurred to him. "Shard?" he said.

"What?" Shard said.

"There's no such thing as a girl like you going out of date."

"I know," Shard said demurely.

THE END



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Super-Blooper TV Show (Continued from Page 46)

Wide World has proved there is an inexhaustible source of exciting material in every imaginable human activity when the camera gets away from the limitations of the studio and reports events as they are happening. That has been the most effective use of TV in the past and it's the best bet for the future. Maybe I'm biased, but I believe Wide Wide World has had greater influence on the industry than any program ever produced by encouraging stations and sponsors to go in for more realism. You're going to see a steady trend in that direction on the NBC network and I know CBS has similar plans."

Weaver hardly exaggerated the importance of current events as TV's top drawing card. Live coverage of presidential nominating conventions, the Army-McCarthy hearings, the Kefauver Crime Committee investigations, and sports have sold more sets than spectaculars in compatible color and leggy girls in tights. WWW does not catch history in the making on every performance, but even its routine episodes project an on-the-spot feeling that is hand-tooled—rather than adapted—to the outstanding feature of the medium.

It is more a commentary than a criticism to observe that live TV dramas, comedies and revues are stage productions with no new theatrical elements added. Programs on film are merely midget movies, and quiz, giveaway and panel shows were old radio chestnuts in the 1930's.

"A new format has been invented for Wide Wide World that's a blend of newsreel, documentary and travelogue techniques with major improvements," explains Barry Wood, the executive producer. "It's timelier than a newsreel, more entertaining than a documentary and a lot more imaginative than the dreary travelogues that have been emptying movie houses for years."

WWW is a fantastically complicated operation involving six weeks of preparation for a show. To meet the biweekly schedule, three separate production units are maintained, each with an engineer, field manager, script writer and researcher. They work under a producer who can draft all the personnel and mobile equipment he requires from the NBC network after determining his needs on an exploratory tour of the remote pickup points.

The producers given such sweeping authority are veterans of the infant industry although still in their early thirties. Herbert Sussan was directing experimental TV shows in Hollywood in 1940, when there were more swimming pools than receivers in the movie colony; and Norman Frank goes back to the pioneering days of 1948. Alan Neuman, who broke in the same year, has succeeded Bob Bendick, now a movie executive in Hollywood.

The skills and talents of some 5000 people are utilized by WWW at one time or another during the year, but only four have key roles in each show. They are Barry Wood; Dave Garroway, the commentator; David Broekman, who composes and conducts the original music; and Dick Schneider, the director, who is conceded to have the toughest job. Schneider, the co-ordinator of the show once it is on the air, cheerfully admits he doesn't know the mechanics of TV and couldn't care less. His function is to decide on the spur of the moment when to hold a shot for maximum dramatic effect or cut away when it is dying on the vine. In giving the order for a switch—an assistant simply pushes a button—Schneider must evaluate the action on the screen, watch developments on fourteen different monitors, synchronize Garroway's and Broekman's cues, and keep in mind the over-all timetable. Compared to him, a plumber trying to plug a dozen leaks simultaneously is a sluggard.

Schneider's bailiwick, Studio 5H in Radio City, looked like a movie version of a mad scientist's laboratory an hour before show time on May thirteenth. One wall of the twenty-five-by-forty-foot room was covered with twenty-six TV monitors going full blast, bringing over closed circuits final preparations for a ninety-minute review of the armed forces' new weapons and tactics. The studio was a phantasmagoria of troops, battleships, planes, guided missiles, guns, tanks, submarines and helicopters as the monitors scanned eighty-seven remote cameras in rapid succession.

Engineers barked, "We're on you!" as they tested communications with the Pentagon, Fort Benning, the U.S.S. Mississipi in the Atlantic, the carrier Essex in the Pacific, the U.S.S. Albacore, a submarine, in Long Island Sound, the marine base at Quantico, Continental Air Command Headquarters at Colorado Springs, Eglin Air Force Base in Florida and the Coast Guard station at San Diego. Through the uproar, Schneider checked cues over the intercom with Garroway and Broekman, who work from other studios, and producer Norman Frank gave last-minute orders to directors in the field. Confusion was compounded by fifty visitors who jammed the room to suffocation. Delegations from the Canadian Broadcasting Corporation and Radio Diffusion—the French national network—were observing the operation, and there was the usual turnout of TV people on busmen's holidays watching the most engrossing backstage show in the business.

"Everything is normal," Wood said. "We don't know how we shape up. We really can be in big trouble today because we've never had so many tricky cues. Sometimes I wish I was back on the Hit Parade singing a broken-down baritone. But I had to be an executive. I didn't know when I had it good."

Frank came up wearing an expression as black as his turtle-neck sweater. "The radar on the Mississippi is out of

"Just as I thought!"

more fun on the go...

Photo Courtesy Sun Valley News Bureau

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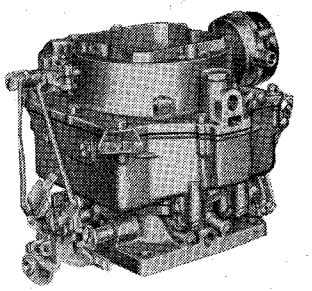

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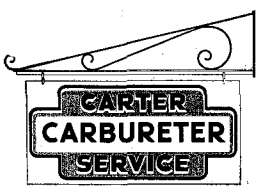

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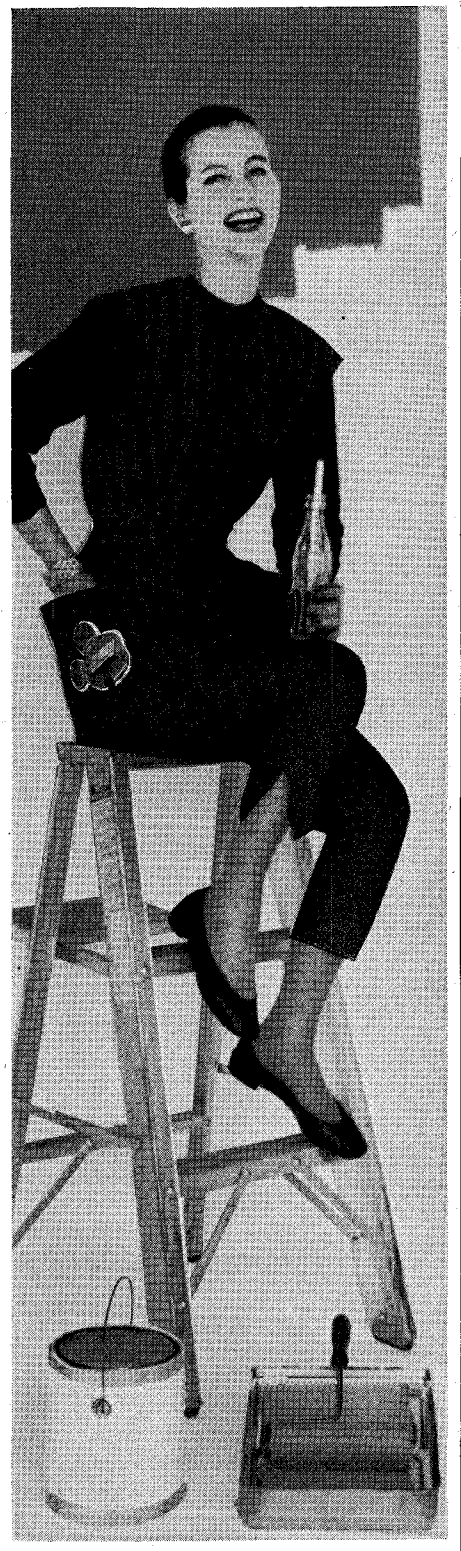

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THE DOW CHEMICAL COMPANY, Midland, Mich.

LATEX T.M.
DOW

commission," he said. "If it isn't fixed we won't get the guided missile knocking down the drone plane."

"What are you going to use for a filler?" Wood asked.

"You can show me cutting my throat. Captain Rucker will have to ad-lib the spot and do the best he can. These guided missiles can ruin the show. We couldn't get a rehearsal of the exact time it takes to fire them because they cost twelve thousand bucks apiece. All we can do is hope a jerk in the Defense Department didn't give us a bum steer."

As Frank turned away, a technician said to a colleague, "You know why he always wears that turtle-neck sweater to these clambakes? It's the nearest thing to a strait jacket."

At 3:55 P.M., ten-second counts were tolled off to synchronize the field directors' watches with the studio clock. "Albacore, your shot is too static!" Frank said sharply. The submarine began to cruise obediently.

The show started auspiciously when a B-47 jet bomber came in on the button at Eglin Field and zoomed into a vertical climb directly over the camera. Schneider cried, "Saaa-witch!" drawing it out for four seconds to hold the breath-taking shot in focus and snapping it off when the silhouette of the plane reached the top of the screen. An excited murmur ran through the studio, but then complications began to pop like champagne corks at a society wedding.

The Army Signal Corps camera crew at Fort Benning muffed the start of an infantry attack on a fortified position and showed nothing Garroway was describing. Engineers yelled, "Benning! Benning!" but Frank called out, "Let 'em alone. Don't panic them." After the cameras caught up with the narrative, an Honest John rocket failed to take off. Schneider stayed with it for a few seconds before warning Garroway he was cutting away.

Now a highlight of the show was coming up—a paratroop jump featuring the first TV pictures ever transmitted while a man was floating toward the earth. Inside the plane, the jumpmaster was slow getting his men into position. "The hell with the parachutes!" Frank screamed. "Jump without them!" The man with the portable transmitter on his back was seen stepping out into space, and then the screen suddenly went blank. The stunt worked perfectly in practice the previous day, but on the show the transmitter accidentally was shut off by the ripcord when the parachute opened. Schneider, guessing what had happened, immediately told Garroway and Broekman he was returning to the infantry attack still in progress to cover such an emergency, but again the wrong camera was turned on and once the picture was lost completely.

Headaches piled up steadily. A plane roaring over the Pentagon drowned out Admiral Arleigh A. Burke, Chief of Naval Operations, introducing his branch's portion of the program. "The Air Force never misses a chance to get in a commercial," Schneider, a Navy veteran, griped. Sound contact with the Albacore failed and the submarine dived before Garroway could explain that the green soup flooding the screen was an underwater view from a camera mounted on the hull of the sub. Another guided missile, a Matador, was late in going off. A Nike went off early and shot down a plane before the camera was on it. The concussion from bombs and artillery barrages constantly jarred the cameras and distorted the pictures.

There were more goofs than any other show has in a year—but there also were more stunning sequences than you'll see again in a month of Sundays. A camera behind a special glass shield was engulfed by the terrifying blast of a flamethrower. A fleet of helicopters supporting a marine assault made pinpointed drops of guns and tanks into the laps of the audience. A simulated atom bomb—the first ever detonated on a live show—filled the screen with an awesome mushroom. The radar on the Mississippi was repaired and sent a guided missile crashing into a plane right where the camera was focused to catch the wreckage in midair. A helicopter rescue at sea was a model of military efficiency completed in forty seconds.

The Air Force gained a new convert in Schneider by meeting unheard-of cues with flawless precision. A flight of B-47's flying 600 miles an hour had to bomb a target at 5:12.05 P.M. The pilots were told they would be cut off if they were more than two seconds late to clear the screen for the windup, a B-36 attack. No one could give a logical explanation why the schedule was drawn so fine, but that's the way it was. So the B-47's came in on the split second and then the B-36's stacked 184 bombs like cordwood on an area not much larger than a football field in the smashing climax.

Errors equaled hits on the show, an objective check of the box score revealed, but the over-all effect supported a claim which had the phony overtones of propaganda when Wood made it. "Mistakes and pictures with a ragged quality convince the audience we're on the level plugging Wide Wide World as a live show. We always get letters accusing us of using film when shots look too slick. A lot of our stuff has been seen in movie newsreels, but it carries a stronger wallop when viewers know the action is unfolding spontaneously."

Sometimes the show is so all-fired spontaneous it blows up with unpredictable crises. Tallulah Bankhead, a veteran, uninhibited trouper, recently said she would rather go over Niagara Falls in a barrel than face a TV camera without at least three days of rehearsal. WWW is put on with one sketchy rehearsal of amateurs whose chief talent is freezing or going into shock when they are to speak their little pieces.

Last Christmas a banquet reconstructing the pageantry of medieval times was telecast from the Château Frontenac, in Quebec. A trumpeter who was to open the ceremony with a loud fanfare gave a pip-squeak toot—and fainted dead away in full view of the audience. The realization that he was the focus of 30,000,000 pairs of eyes and ears overwhelmed the fellow.

Stage fright is only one hazard that drives the staff to distraction. A small fortune was spent setting up communication lines at Lake Mead, Arizona, to cover Don Campbell's attempt to break the world record for jet speedboats. A splendid shot was caught of the warm-up run in the opening montage of forthcoming scenes, but that was the last seen of Campbell and his boat. It sprang a leak and sank like a stone, tearing a gaping hole in the script. A violent rainstorm came up out of nowhere and washed out an exhibition of figure skating by Dick Button, the former Olympic champion, just as he was about to glide out on the ice. A difficult sequence that captured the feverish intensity of a gambling casino in Las Vegas was coming across beautifully when the screen suddenly went blank. The crowd milling around a roulette table had snapped the camera's cable.

In addition to accidents and vagaries of the weather, WWW must contend with monkey wrenches thrown by participants into events planned down to a careful word count in the script. Producer Bob Bendick cased the situation thoroughly before shooting an annual tugboat race on the Ohio River. Assured that the race always took at least fifty minutes, Bendick decided to get the start, switch to other spots around the country, then return to Huntington, West Virginia, for the finish. The program was 2000 miles away when the race ended. There was so much rivalry between the crews that they piled on the steam to the bursting point and covered the course in thirty-eight minutes, knocking the show's schedule completely out of whack.

The safety net in emergencies is Dave Garroway, who holds the script together with an impromptu running commentary until the show gets back on the beam. Garroway is noted as the most relaxed performer in the business, but by his own admission he puts up a false front on WWW.

"If I look loose and easy I'm fooling a lot of experts who've told me I'm a lousy actor," he says. "Every show is a nerve-racking ordeal because there are about three hundred word and music cues in each script. If one cue is missed by five seconds, a chain reaction is started that jams up subsequent scenes. For example, a group of planes must be at an exact spot at a precise instant to make a good picture for a small screen. The planes must take off an hour in advance to get into formation and hit the rendezvous on the nose. Once they're aloft, you've got to stick to the schedule or lose the thread that ties in with the following sequence.

"We had a frightening experience on our very first rehearsal that taught us a lot more than a scene is endangered by a muffed cue. We ran overtime at the Texas State Fair and were about two minutes late switching to an underwater ballet in Florida. Six girls in the troupe passed out under the water from the intense cold and would've drowned if not for fast work by rescuers. That was a scare that still gives everybody the shakes.

"The timing is so delicate that I'll mess up a cue if I stumble over a phrase in the script. The toughest thing, though, is filling breaks in the continuity with ad-libs that don't run into the next cue and aren't in poor taste. When I saw the trumpeter collapse at the Château Frontenac, I thought the guy was loaded. I was about to make a (*Continued on Page 148*)

Double Deficiency

By Georgie Starbuck Galbraith

How much he's my heart's
delight is clear
When I say that I'd rather
have my dear
Than square-cut emeralds,
gilt-edged stocks,
And bushels of mink and
silver fox.

But since my chances of
getting him
Appear at the moment more
than dim,
I hold it's a gyp that I'm
also short of
The items above to solace
me, sort of!

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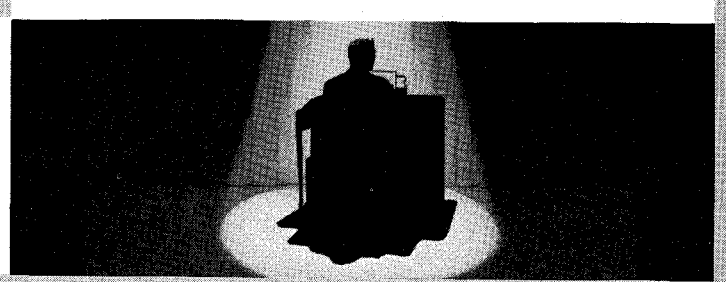

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(*Continued from Page 146*) facetious crack about too much Christmas cheer when I was struck by the awful suspicion that he might've suffered a fatal heart attack. Luckily, there was so much going on that the camera cut to another shot and I glossed over the incident. On all other occasions, though, I've told the audience when there have been goofs because we can't hide them. There are so many it's a wonder the show ever gets on the air."

It is more astonishing that General Motors picked up a tab of $270,600 for each installment of WWW before the show got off the ground. The price for the 1956–57 series beginning on September sixteenth has been raised to $300,000, of which $150,000 is charged to production costs. That's the biggest budget in TV, with the exceptions of $170,000 for Producers' Showcase and the Ford Star Jubilee, but comparative figures are not a valid yardstick of commercial values in this case.

A sponsor who buys established performers in a rehearsed presentation is reasonably certain of getting a reliable package, although the critics often disabuse him of that foolish notion. WWW was a chancy shot in the dark because no one knew—or does yet, for that matter—from one minute to the next whether a sequence would come off brilliantly or flop dismally. About one quarter of the scenes last season were marred by mechanical or man failure, yet so many striking effects were achieved that WWW topped the average night program with a record-breaking daytime Nielsen rating of 27.2

People in the business, accustomed as they are to spending sponsors' money as though it runs out of faucets in advertising agencies, blanch at the manpower WWW demands. Virtually every piece of mobile equipment owned by NBC and its affiliated stations is used to pipe pictures from fourteen remote locations into the master-control switchboard at Radio City in New York. A show averages nine major pickups, each one staffed by nearly fifty technicians, cameramen, directors, production managers and a police force to hold off rubbernecks. In addition, the part-time services of about 1000 telephone-company employees are required to keep communication lines working smoothly. That's the normal setup when adequate transmitting facilities are available. At an isolated spot like Tombstone, Arizona, three steel microwave towers were built to relay an Apache tribal dance. The 200 Indians who had come 150 miles by horseback couldn't be left to forage off the countryside. Arrangements had to be made to feed, water and quarter them.

Paradoxically, authentic scenes on WWW often entail more preparation than elaborate stage settings because most business and industrial activity is halted on Sunday. Concessionaries in Hollywood's Farmers Market balked at opening and stocking up with perishables until they were promised a high-powered advertising campaign to attract customers. Police reserves had to be called out to control a record mob. An expense amounting to a top executive's annual salary was debated for several weeks before the Jones and Laughlin Company agreed to keep its huge Cleveland plant operating over a weekend for a two-minute bit showing how molten steel is poured.

One measure of WWW's prestige is the co-operation it receives from civic authorities who knock themselves out to tie up with the program. A preview of New Orleans' Mardi Gras, complete with floats and 50,000 merry villagers in costume, was staged last March, and the Texas State Fair in Dallas was turned upside down to give seventeen camera crews free run of the place. Gov. J. Bracken Lee, of Utah, postponed the painting of the state capitol to make it available for a hide-and-seek game by a children's interpretative-dancing class.

If you were stuck in a traffic jam in downtown Chicago on June third, blame WWW. Four drawbridges over the Chicago River were raised three times in the heart of the Loop to illustrate the congestion of water-borne transportation that will be relieved by the St. Lawrence Seaway, the theme of the show that day. An armada of several hundred boats was rounded up by Chicago's Department of Public Works, the Army and yacht clubs for the panoramic scene on the river. The mayor of Ciudad Juárez, Mexico, spared nothing, including the strict letter of the truth, putting on a lavish fiesta celebrating the town's 300th anniversary. It was discovered later that his honor had pushed up the date a few weeks to coincide with WWW's schedule.

Although arrangements take a lot of doing, the only folks who play hard to get are Indians. WWW went on a big Indian kick until the producers found that scalping was not a forgotten practice among certain tribes. When the Apaches were asked to appear on a show, they said the chiefs would have to meet for deliberation in a council meeting. Evelyn Lifschulz, a researcher, was appointed to work out the details if the decision was favorable.

"They tell me I was the first white woman who ever sat in on an Apache powwow, and I believe it," Miss Lifschulz says. "It was an awful strain on a gal's penchant for gabbing. I had to keep silent for a full week while the chiefs stared motionlessly at the ground, just like they do in the movies. Finally, the head man nodded, and then they pulled the knives on me.

"The chief hauled out an old movie contract and indicated by grunts that he wanted the same terms—ten dollars a day per Indian, twenty dollars for speaking parts, so much for ponies. There was a price for every item, down to the last feather. The Apaches, the second wealthiest tribe in America, are supposed to have made their money from Oklahoma oil leases. Don't believe it. They got rich taking movie companies for a ride. They set a price of twenty thousand dollars for an eight-minute spot. I offered them twenty-five hundred, take it or leave it. They grabbed it."

Norman Frank had a similar experience with the Acomas, who live in New Mexico on a plateau accessible only by a 400-foot rope ladder. The Acomas also were old movie hands and wanted $6000, but Frank got them down to $1500. The next day he labored up the ladder with a box camera to get photographs of the reservation for guidance in planning the sequence. A brave met him at the top brandishing a rate card for all pictures, ranging from Technicolor movies to artists' sketches. Frank had to fork over one dollar before he was permitted to take eight snapshots.

At that, he got off easier than the fifteen technicians who covered a Christmas party at the Army post on top of Mount Washington, New Hampshire, where the highest winds on earth (231 miles an hour) have been registered. A sudden blizzard marooned the crew for five days. Herb Sussan set the record for going to extreme lengths for realism last October when he wanted to show a prosaic cornfield to create a bucolic mood. Farmers laughed indulgently at Sussan, a city boy, and told him the billions of ears of corn raised in the country had been harvested. No one would have been the wiser had he slipped in a movie clip, but Sussan scouted around until he found at Omaha, Nebraska, a manufacturer of irrigation equipment cultivating what was probably the last stand of corn in North America.

Staff members who have sweated to get the live material that is WWW's trademark are in a first-class hassle with NBC's big brass over a recent announcement. At Easter a full-length show made through the facilities of Eurovision—the TV network linking England, France, Germany, Italy, Switzerland, Holland, Belgium, Denmark, Luxemburg and Monaco—will be seen in the United States. The joker is that the program will be on film since no one has yet come up with a practical solution to the technical and financial problems of transatlantic transmission. Several shows a year will be filmed in Europe until WWW can be brought directly from overseas, a plan violently opposed by the unit producers.

"The entire character of the show will be ruined if we film it," Frank argues. "We should be putting newsreels out of business instead of making them look good with our stale stuff. Movies of Queen Elizabeth's coronation and Grace Kelly's wedding were seen here on every TV station the next day. We can't possibly process film so fast. We'll drive away the customers who've been educated to expect on-the-spot reporting by us."

Engineers predict that live shows from Europe will be routine perhaps in six months, certainly within three years. TV pictures could be beamed across the Atlantic tomorrow if the scientific and material benefits justified the frightful cost. It is much the same proposition as sending a rocket to the moon. Anyone willing to sink enough money into the project can bring it off.

You may be amazed to learn that telecasts from London were seen at Radio City in 1937 and '38, but they were strictly freakish phenomena caused by sunspots, which recur every eleven years or so. This year's sunspot activity has revived interest in bringing live pickups from London—on an experimental basis. Transmission must be more dependable before it is feasible to invest in the necessary equipment.

Technical obstacles that seemed insurmountable a few years ago are bypassed with a new principle called forward-scatter propagation, which increases vastly the limited range of TV waves now. This method promises to bring Europe within easy relay pickups from North America, for it is a little-known geographical fact that a chain of islands no more than 290 miles apart stretches from Labrador to Baffin Land, through Greenland, Iceland, the Faeroes and the Shetlands to Scotland. Eventually, Asia can be reached through the Aleutian Islands which almost form a bridge between the Eastern and Western hemispheres.

Global TV unquestionably is coming for today's devotees of Howdy Doody, and they may even see something worthier of their intelligence than the pap cluttering up the air now. WWW's high rating is proof that the label of "culture" is not the kiss of death in a mass-entertainment medium. Pop music, jitterbug dancing, sports and tomfoolery are thrown into the show to pep it up, but WWW features more substantial staples. The accent is on man's adjustment to the forces shaping his environment and, above all, the American heritage of freedom and opportunity.

A number of programs with the same objectives missed the boat chiefly because they were self-consciously arty or plain dull. A typical example of WWW's human-interest treatment of a subject such as American folk music was a sequence with Jerry Byrne, a sixty-five-year-old Pennsylvania coal miner who was a rich source of forgotten work songs. Instead of having Byrne quaver into a microphone, sound cameras went underground with him and captured the authentic flavor of the songs while he went about his job looking for escaping gas in a mine. As for artistic quality, TV has not produced a more poignant vignette than the scene in a Baltimore school showing the wonderment on the faces of deaf children hearing musical vibrations breaking through their barriers of silence for the first time.

Wide Wide World, the magic carpet to everywhere, still has a baffling bug in the rug. The rotating globe used on the show to symbolize its sphere of interest gives off spasmodically a high, piercing screech that drives the staff crazy. The motor and socket that turn the globe have been dismantled a dozen times, but the screech always returns and a man must come quick to squirt some oil. It's reassuring to know man is not obsolete in the electronic age. THE END

"If I had known what we were saving for in our old age, I never would have helped!"

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The Gunslinger (Continued from Page 37)

He regarded her thoughtfully. "What is it?"

"It's a man named Clague and his crowd. When Bill was a town marshal, down in Texas, he had a lot to do with sending Clague to prison. Clague was shot in the leg in the fight when Bill arrested him. That was quite a while ago. As soon as I heard Clague was getting out of jail, I sent for you. Two of his men had been killed in that fight, and I felt it was going to start all over again. Bill can't handle things like this the way he could when he was a marshal. He's older and he's a rancher now and he's got Monica to think of, besides me. It took them just about as long to get here as it did you. Clague and two others rode into town this morning. They've come all the way up here, looking for Bill."

"Where's Bill?"

"He's up at the line cabins, but he'll be back about dark. When he hears they're looking for him, he'll go into town."

Trent nodded slowly. "I see."

"I wouldn't have sent for you," Judith went on, "but who else could I ask? For Monica's sake I figured you'd do what you could to help Bill. You brought her to us. Now I'm asking you to help protect the home Bill and I have made for her. You went into the Indian country alone and brought her out, because her father had been a friend of yours. After we got her from the mission where you'd taken her, Bill and I tried to raise her as well as her own father and mother would have done if they'd lived through the Indian raid. We're together in this, Trent, you and I, and nothing must happen to Bill."

"Who's with Clague? Do you know?"

"They tell me there's a man named Todd Cooper."

Trent nodded. "I know him, he's a gunslinger from Dodge City."

"The other's name is Beauchamp."

Trent's blue eyes glinted suddenly. "I've never seen him, but I've heard of him—nearly everyone's heard of him."

Judith looked up, her features harassed. "What are you going to do?"

With deliberation, Trent unbuckled his gun belt. The Peacemaker lay darkly ominous in its leather sheath. "I'll leave this in the bunkhouse," he said. "I'm going in to talk to Clague."

It was midafternoon when Trent rode his pony at a walk down the single street of the lazy cow town. The shabby buildings stood stark amid the surrounding grandeur of wide, windy plains and blue-gray peaks.

Trent dropped the reins over the rail in front of the saloon. Just inside the door he paused. There were men at the bar, talking boisterously as they drank. Trent looked for Todd Cooper, but he wasn't there. A burly man with a low, coarse voice seemed the center of the group. He was buying drinks, though he took none himself. The bartender called him Mr. Clague. He half turned as Trent came up beside him.

"You're Clague?" Trent's voice was soft.

The big man looked him over with insolent leisure. Gradually the crowd at the bar grew silent. "Who're you?"

"It doesn't matter who I am. I'm the one who wants to talk to you about Bill Kane."

Clague's features hardened suddenly. For a moment he was silent. Then he jerked his head toward a table. Trent noticed that Clague limped. They sat down.

"Well, what do you want?"

"I'm asking you to listen to reason." Trent's voice was slow and steady. "I'm asking you to leave Bill Kane alone."

There was derision in Clague's voice as he brushed Trent's words aside. "I don't know who you are, but stay out of my way. Keep out of this."

"Things are different now, Clague." Trent's voice was persistent. "Bill was only doing his job then—when you two had the trouble. He's not a marshal any more. He left your part of the country. He came up here to the north to be a rancher. He's minding his own business—and he and his wife have this little girl."

Clague brooded darkly. "He did well while I was caged." He lifted his head. "I'm not caged any more."

Clague rose. He limped a few steps toward the bar, then turned. He saw Trent's eyes catch the twisted way he walked. Rage flamed in Clague's face.

"Yes, I drag a leg now!" His voice rose stridently. "But I walked as straight as any man before Bill Kane shot me!"

Trent waited. The echo of Clague's wrath subsided. "What are you going to do?" Trent asked.

Clague was composed again. A smile, evil in its essence, returned. "I'm huntin' ex-marshals. Tell Bill Kane I'll be waitin' for him here. If he doesn't come, I'll go out and get him." He paused. "He'll come."

"He'd never get an even break." Trent's tone was objective. "Why've you got those two gunmen with you?"

"Those two? Their job is to see no one interferes. No one like you, for instance. They're good at that—especially Beauchamp. Deadly fast." Clague's eyes lingered on Trent. "I can't promise to control him if anyone sticks his nose into my business." He straightened up. "Now get out of here."

Clague waved a signal to the bartender. The hangers-on laughed coarsely as the glasses were filled. Clague turned. Trent was standing near the door. "Haven't you gone yet? These men are particular who's around when they're drinkin'. Now get!"

The laughter rose as Clague advanced toward Trent. But suddenly it fell silent as Clague paused. The sun, midway down the afternoon, streamed in the doorway behind Trent.

Through the hush, his voice came, steady and level, "You've got a man with you from Dodge City—Todd Cooper. Tell him this: Tell him you three are to be out of town, riding south, by sundown."

There was an instant of silence. Then Clague laughed, and the others joined with rough buffoonery. But the laughter died.

Again Trent was speaking in an even tone, "Tell him Kevin Trent said so."

Then he was gone. Just for a moment, in the back of Clague's eyes, there was a flicker of uncertainty. The hangers-on, silent and motionless, looked toward the empty doorway. Slowly the bartender wiped a glass—the calm, leisurely bartender who later was to tell the story to Bill Kane. Then Clague's loud laughter broke out again. The others joined in as he called for more drinks. But he did not drink himself.

Returning from town, Trent reined his horse at the crest of a hill overlooking the ranch house. He saw Monica playing with a little black dog beneath the trees. Judith was standing on the porch.

Then Monica saw him. She came racing toward him across the intervening meadow. The little dog's ears flopped wildly as he charged beside her. She was breathing rapidly and her eyes were very

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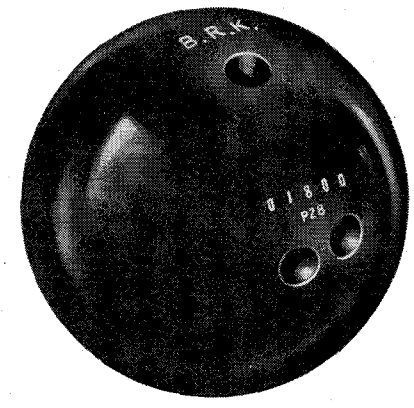

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bright as she stopped under the horse's head. She lifted her hands confidently.

"Give me a ride back," she pleaded.

Trent laughed, and her childish laughter answered his. Leaning down, he extended one arm and hoisted her to the saddle in front of him. At a canter they crossed the meadow. He put her down on the porch beside Judith. For a moment Monica stood looking at Trent, her lips parted, her gray-green eyes puzzled.

"I had a funny feeling," she said.

Judith turned. "What do you mean?"

"It was like you dream something. I thought I'd ridden with him—sometime before—just like that—sometime I can't remember."

Trent's eyes turned toward the plains. *Just like that*, he thought. *Just like that we rode out of the Indian camp, gambling on the old chief's friendship from way back. Gambling that he could control his young fighters long enough for us to get clear.*

Monica went into the house. Judith walked beside Trent as he led his horse to the corral.

"Well, what happened?"

Trent's eyes evaded hers. "Nothing you need worry about. Just let me handle it." He began to unsaddle.

... ...

Catty Commuter

By Helen Small

The gal who rides in front
of me
Runs down the females she
can see.
I hope that time may make
her kinder—
And may I always sit
behind her!

... ...

"But I have to know."

"You'll know. Bill doesn't get home until tonight."

"When will I know?"

Trent looked off toward the mountains, which were changing color as the afternoon advanced. "You'll know by sundown."

Monica came from the house and ran toward them with the dog beside her. She looked up at Trent. "I'll show you where the frogs are." Her eyes conveyed the promise of leading him on a fascinating expedition. "We chase them in the grass over there at the river."

Trent smiled. He looked at Judith. Together they followed the child toward the bank of the stream that flowed swiftly after its tumbling trip from the high mountains. The black dog scurried ahead, nosing with a supreme sense of his quest's importance into hollows and thickets.

"She's a happy girl," Judith said. Her eyes were haunted with foreboding. "She must never remember what happened before. Nothing must happen now."

Trent's eyes were grave.

The afternoon moved on. It was tranquil under the trees beside the swirling water. Trent, slowly chewing a blade of grass, watched Monica and the dog raise havoc among the leaping frogs. Judith sat quietly, but once Trent surprised a look of haggard anxiety on her face. It passed and she turned to him and smiled. A green and gold haze of sunshine permeated the glade.

Presently the shadow of the mountains fell across them. Trent stood up. "Take her back to the house now. I'll be leaving in a few minutes—without saying anything. It's time now to go into town."

Trent waited for several minutes after they were gone. Then he walked back to the bunkhouse. When he emerged, he was wearing his gun belt. In the corral, he saddled with deliberation. Turning, he saw Judith standing in the gateway.

Her eyes went to the Peacemaker, lashed to his thigh with a leather thong. "So that's how it's going to be," she said, almost inaudibly. She hesitated, her thoughts racing desperately. "You can't go in there alone, against three of them."

Trent shook his head. "Two," he said.

"Two?"

His tone was final. "Two—and one draws faster than the other—there's a split second in between."

"I can't send you into this, Trent." She leaned toward him, desperation in her voice. "They'll kill you."

He smiled gently, and shook his head. "I'll take care of this. You and Bill take care of Monica. You've done your best, and it's out of your hands now."

Through the silence, then, his eyes held hers. Her features softened. The late sunshine was on her upturned face. A wind, rising from the mountains, stirred her brown hair. Her words were just above a whisper, "Don't let anything happen to you in there."

A long finger of light, coming under the saloon door, stretched far along the floor until it touched Clague's foot. Looking at his cards, he spoke to the two others. "Some cow hand was in to talk for Kane." He pushed some chips to the center of the table. "He seemed kinda concerned about us. Left a special message." Clague laughed coarsely as he riffled the deck. "We have to be out of town, ridin' south, by sundown."

Todd Cooper smiled derisively, a cigarette twitching at the corner of his thin lips. Beauchamp's small eyes flicked swiftly, then grew thoughtful.

"Who was he?"

"I don't know. Mentioned his name, but I forget it. Seemed to know Cooper."

"What did he look like?" Cooper asked casually.

"Oh, he just looked like a cowpuncher—only he didn't have a gun. Maybe he was a sheepherder." He waved a hand. "Come on. Ante up. Let's get on with the game."

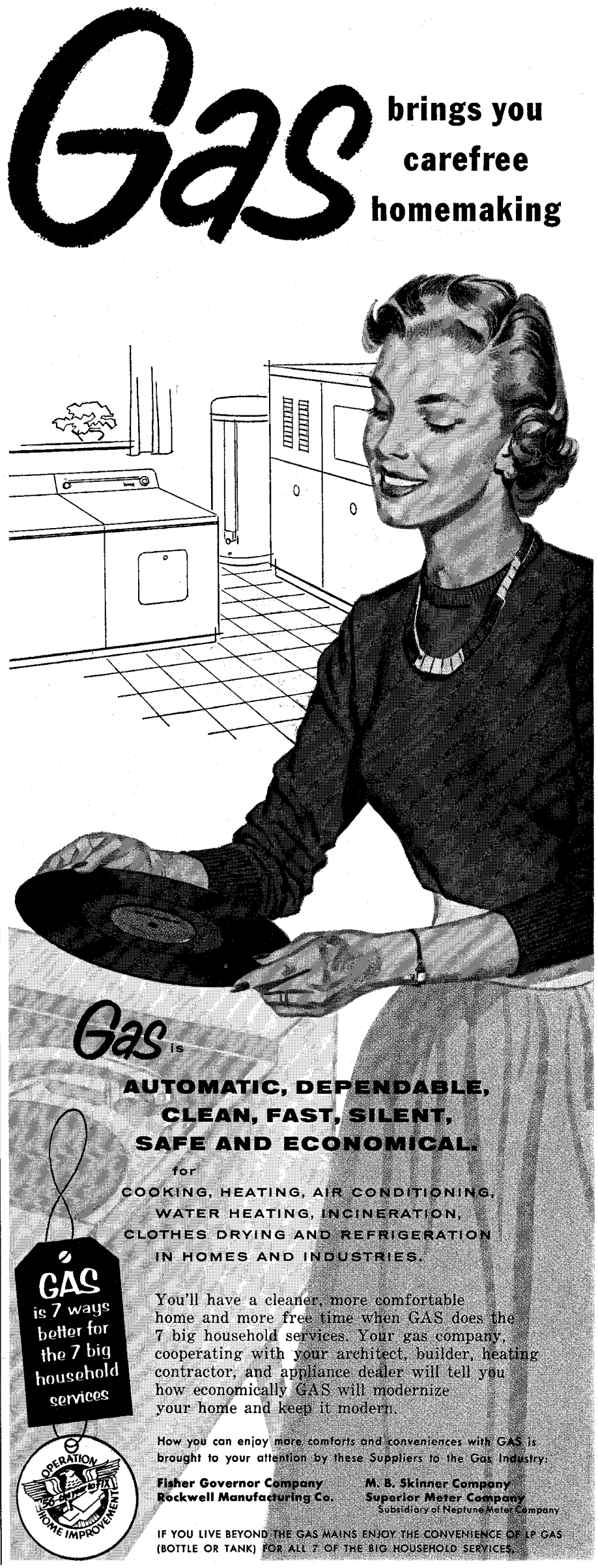
Presently the bartender came around, lighting smoky yellow lamps here and there. "Gets dim in here early," he said. "Nearly sundown outside."

Someone came in through the swinging doors and the late sunshine momentarily reddened the smoke haze. Beauchamp lifted his head with the habitual wariness of an animal. Then he looked back at his cards. The game went on in leisurely fashion. A few men were scattered along the bar and several sat at tables. Some of them had been there earlier in the day when Trent and Clague had clashed. The hum of talk gradually subsided as the shaft of light grew longer on the floor. The men's thoughts were not on what they said as they waited.

From the end of the room, then, there came a crimson glow as the doors were opened. With the wide red sky at his back, Trent was standing. He let the doors swing closed behind him and once again there was only the subdued lamplight in the room.

The men, half turned from the bar, were like figures in a steel engraving as they watched him. He stood there in his buckskin jacket and broad-brimmed, flat-crowned hat. From his narrow waist hung the Peacemaker, its holster lashed to his thigh with a leather thong.

Trent's gaze had settled on the three men at the card table. Slowly he walked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forward, his spurs jingling faintly through the silence. Near the table he paused. Leaning back, with his elbows on the bar behind him and one boot heel hooked over the rail, he looked steadily at the three.

Todd Cooper leaned across the table, grabbing Clague's arm. His words came with a rush. "Is this the man was in to see us?"

"Yes."

Todd Cooper stared at Clague. There was an appalled incredulity in his voice. "You fool." His gaze wandered and returned. His voice was little more than a whisper, but it carried through the room, "You fool."

He got up and moved deliberately from the table toward the door.

"Where you going?" Clague's voice was tensely insistent.

Todd Cooper paused with one hand on the swinging door. "Kevin Trent said to be out of town, ridin' south, by sundown." He swung the door open and again the red glow took possession of the room. "It's sundown."

Then he was gone. A moment later they heard his horse's hoofs, heading south, out of town, at a gallop.

The men at the bar edged away from Trent. Slowly they withdrew toward the door. Beauchamp shuffled the cards and pushed the deck across the table. Clague hesitated, then cut. As Trent watched, Beauchamp dealt. They looked at their hands.

"How many cards?" Beauchamp's voice was casual.

Clague was a long time answering, "Two."

Beauchamp flicked them out. They shoved more chips to the center of the table.

Still leaning back against the bar, Trent leisurely extended his foot. He hooked the toe of his boot beneath the edge of the table. Then, with a swing of his leg, he upset it.

Heavily it crashed to the plank flooring. Chips went spinning and rolling. Cards fluttered through the air.

For a moment, then, there was no sound in the room, nor any motion, either, save the flickering eyes of the onlookers as they glanced from Trent to the two others and back again. One went out, then two more. And presently all were gone except the bartender, who slowly polished a glass. A long time later he was to tell Bill Kane what happened in this room.

Slowly, Beauchamp, tall and supple, rose from his chair. His shadow leaped up, black and gigantic, behind him on the lamplit wall. Upon his tightly drawn lips there was a thin, fixed smile.

Trent's eyes, strikingly blue, had taken on a new glint. His bronzed features were immobile.

Beauchamp's voice came in a low, thoughtful tone, "So you're Kevin Trent." His black eyes, all but invisible in the shadows of his high cheekbones, caught little points of light. "I've sometimes wondered how you'd be."

Trent slid his elbows from the bar and straightened up, easy and relaxed.

Clague, leaning with both hands on the back of a chair, now spoke. "We didn't come here for you, Trent. There's still time for you to get out."

"I'll stay."

"Beauchamp's faster than anything you've seen."

"I've heard that."

The thin smile returned to Beauchamp's face, sinister under the yellow light. His right hand hung carelessly near his holster. The lamps flickered and his black shadow loomed larger on the wall.

Trent was speaking softly, "Down in the Southwest, you've got quite a reputation, Beauchamp—or so I heard." Beauchamp waited. Trent pressed relentlessly, his steady voice carrying a quiet contempt, "They'll find out a man can kick a card table into your face—and walk away." He straightened up. "Then they'll know you're yellow—like you are."

Beauchamp went for his gun. The bartender, watching, never saw Trent's hand or eyes move. He heard the blast of the Peacemaker and saw the white smoke whoof from the muzzle. Beauchamp, knocked straight back, crashed against the wall. His dead hand gripped the gun that had never cleared the holster.

Trent's eyes had switched instantly to Clague. "Why didn't you draw?"

Clague limped over and leaned against the bar. He spoke with deliberation, "I didn't come here to commit suicide." He took a slow breath. "When Todd Cooper walked out, your name clicked in my memory."

Trent gave him a long look. Slowly, then, he slid his gun back into the holster. He looked at the bartender, standing at the end near the door, and back again at Clague.

"You gambled I wouldn't shoot if you didn't draw."

"Maybe I wasn't gambling very much. I remembered things I'd heard about you. You never threw down on a man who didn't draw first."

Trent was thoughtful. "So that's the way you're going to play it." Slowly he looked Clague up and down. "You want to get out of this now; then get to Bill Kane later—when I'm not standing in your way." Trent saw the secretive evil deep in Clague's eyes. He straightened up with an air of finality. "If anything happens to Bill Kane—any time—I'll know how it was, and there's no place you can go where I won't come riding after you."

Trent turned his back on Clague and started toward the door. He was watching the eyes of the bartender—the bartender who long after was to tell Bill Kane just what happened in this shadowy room.

Through the stillness fell the steady stroke of Trent's boot heels on the plank flooring. The bartender was looking beyond him, at Clague. Trent was ten feet from the door when the instinctive flash lit the bartender's eyes.

Spinning, Trent dropped to one knee, drawing and firing in one lashing motion. The simultaneous blast of two guns was a thunderclap in the echoing room. White smoke poured out under the yellow light. The bartender saw Clague go backward over a chair. He watched Trent straighten slowly, his brown hair rumpled. His hat, with a bullet hole drilled through it, hung by its leather band behind his shoulders.

Outside, the evening sky was darkening from blue to bottle green, with crimson clouds flung jaggedly across the flaming west. Trent walked to the hitching rail. The men, waiting outside, converged slowly from right and left, leaving him a path. Leisurely Trent mounted. Then he reined his horse abruptly. He saw the wagon on a rise at a little distance. Judith was there. He rode over, holding his horse to a walk, and sat looking down at her.

"Tell Bill not to be mad with me," he said, "for horning in."

"I'll tell him."

For a moment there was silence, save for a single stamp of the horse's hoof. Judith raised her eyes to his. The wind blew her brown hair about her cheeks.

"Where are you going?"

Without taking his eyes from hers, he gestured vaguely with his head toward the northern peaks. "Off there, somewhere."

Judith's face softened. "I shouldn't have been afraid of you, but I was, when you first rode in and I saw you and Monica looking at each other under the trees. I was afraid you might take her from us in some way. I was afraid that if she knew you well, she'd be closer to you than to Bill." She paused and looked away for a moment. Then her gaze returned to him. "No matter where you are, Trent, she'll always belong to you in a different way than she does to Bill and to me. Thanks, Trent, for letting us keep her now."

When Trent answered, his voice was very low, "There's a name for men like me—and it's not a pretty one. It's not a name that fits into the life of a little girl. It doesn't set well with the people who bring her up. This country's changing, and she'll grow up with it. It's changed now, and there's no need in it any more for a gunslinger."

"A gunslinger is as good or as bad as his heart is."

"A woman like you should never have to think of one. Pretty soon all that's gone on today will be only like a bad dream that never happened."

"Dreaming of men protecting those who need them isn't a bad dream."

The wind from the peaks stirred the pony's mane. Trent gathered the reins.

"Tell her ——"

Trent paused, inarticulate. Judith waited, but he said no more. He took up on the curb bit. The horse lifted his head and backed slowly in a half pivot, the stones grating under his hoofs. Trent raised his hand. She watched him ride away then, on the trail toward the ridges.

Judith drove the wagon across the shallow ford. On the road back to the ranch she kept looking toward the hills. She saw his horse emerge from a distant wood, climbing steadily. She came to the ridge above the ranch and reined in. Trent had disappeared behind a screen of evergreens.

Below her she saw Monica playing with the black dog on the grass beneath the tall dark trees. And suddenly there was Bill, swinging his horse at an easy canter up to the corral. Monica raced to meet him. From the wagon on the hilltop, Judith looked at all that was known and loved and familiar.

Her gaze returned once more to the northern mountains. Once more she glimpsed Trent just for a moment. He was at the top of a very high ridge which still caught the sunlight, though the valley below was darkening. She saw him against a gigantic backdrop—a tumbled region of wide-flung peaks. His horse was like an animal in burnished bronze. Above him towered a great gray cloud, shot with crimson like a flaming torch.

"God take care of you, Trent," she whispered.

And suddenly she lost him.

THE END

Put it This Way

By FRANKLIN P. JONES

When a pedestrian jumps to a conclusion, he probably wasn't moving fast enough.

The husband who is right had better have an apology ready.

One of the rewards of being on the straight and narrow is privacy.

The hardest way to leave footprints on the sands of time is in bedroom slippers.

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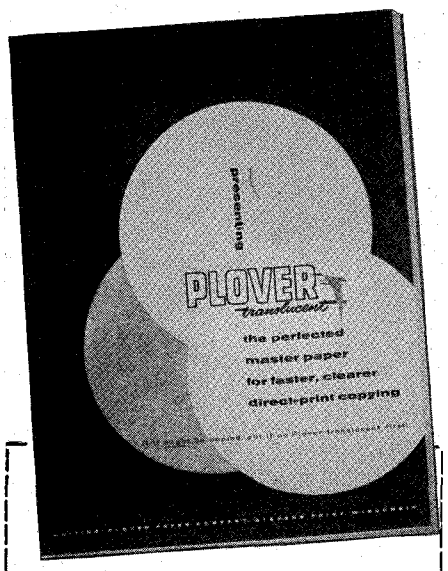

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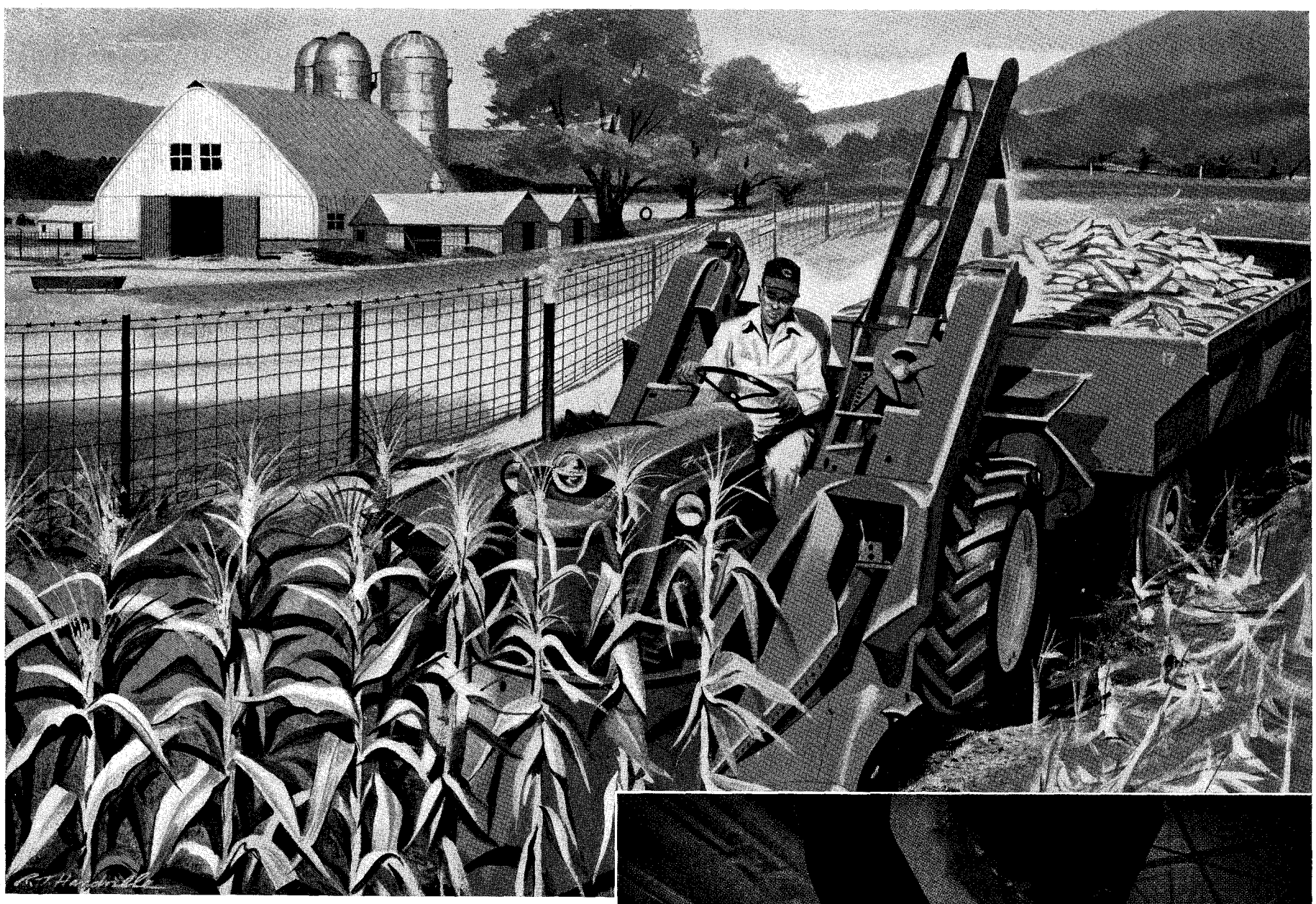

More food from America's farms begins with steel

Seems that something's been happening down on the farm that has to do with one of the fundamentals in your life—food on your table.

To realize how well off you are today, take a look at farming a century ago. The efforts of the hard-working farmer produced only enough food for himself and 2 or 3 other people. Today's farmer, using machines of steel, is able to feed himself and 16 other people—roughly four families!

That you eat better and enjoy greater variety is only part of the story. Today's farmer benefits too—for not only does he step up food output, but he does it with less work in less time.

A large part of this advance in farming is due to agriculture machinery built of steel that makes it efficient and durable. The makers of tractors, combines, balers and other power machines for the farms depend on Jones & Laughlin Steel Corporation for supplies of fine quality steels made to their specifications.

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PHOTO BY MASSAR

Tons of molten steel flow into a great ladle as an open hearth furnace is tapped at J&L's Pittsburgh Works.

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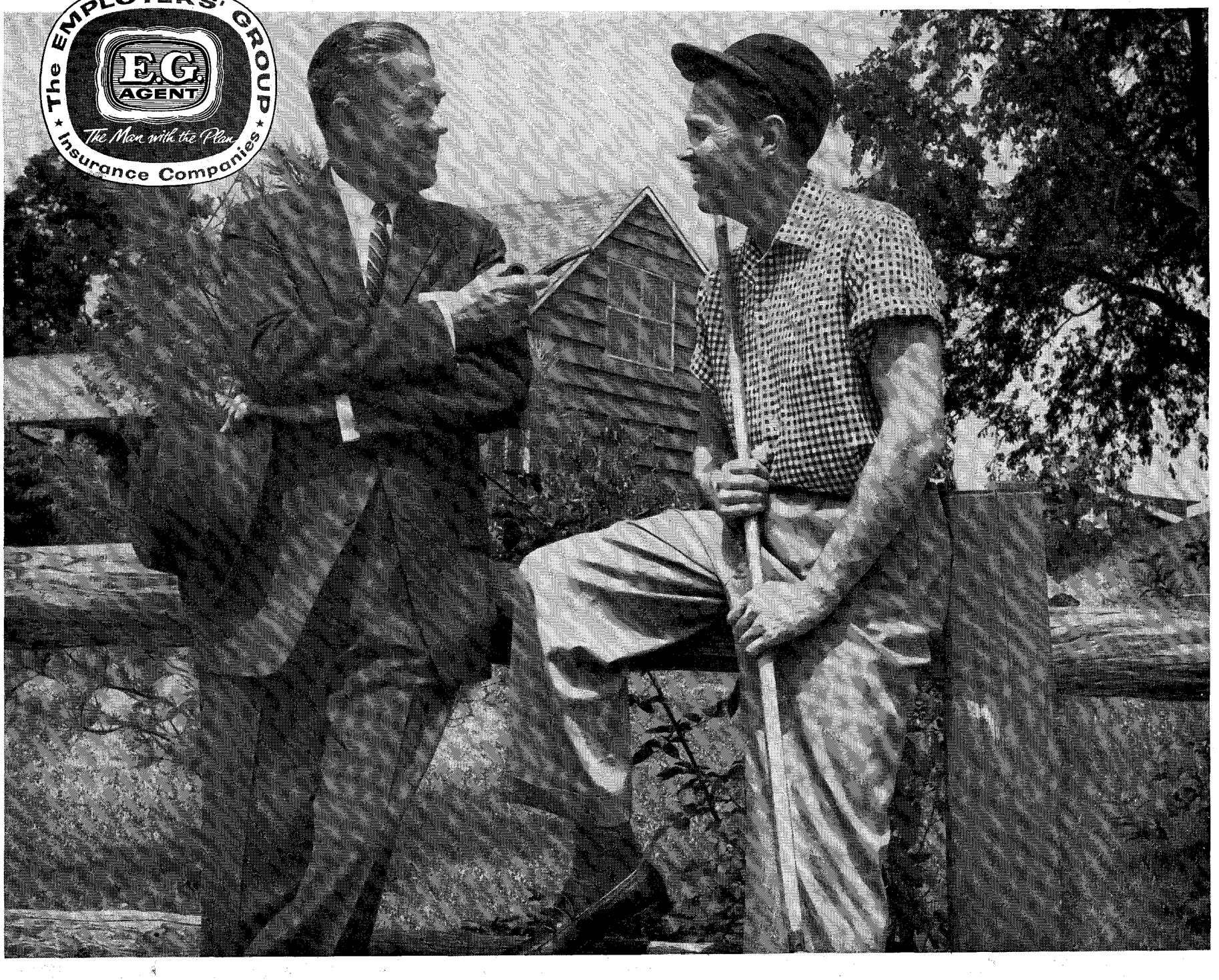

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Aviation's Stormy Genius

(Continued from Page 27)

And third, that if I ever was going to stand on my own feet, I'd have to leave home."

Lear ran away from home when he was sixteen. He hitchhiked to Denver, and by lying about his age enlisted in the Navy "to see the world."

The Navy shipped him back to Chicago and put him in radio school. Thanks to hours he had spent in the public library reading about radio, he quickly became an instructor.

After leaving the Navy, young Lear moved through a succession of jobs as typist and telegrapher, but his heart wasn't in such work. He had been enchanted with aviation ever since, as a child, he had seen the great Lincoln Beachey on a barnstorming tour. In 1919 he quit a forty-dollar-a-week job to labor as an unpaid mechanic at Grant Park airport.

On his first ride in a primitive biplane, the machine flipped over in landing, and Lear hit the ground on his head. His second flight was to have been in a dirigible balloon called the Wing Foot Express. The ride had been promised him as a reward for having been wafted 100 feet in the air when he grabbed a rope to help land the ship.

Lear boarded the balloon, but he was promptly removed to make room for a newspaper photographer. Incensed, he left the airport. On the way home he gazed skyward and saw the Wing Foot Express afire over the city, and bodies hurtling out. Three of the five persons aboard, including the photographer, were killed. Lear admits that this incident "kind of shook me for a while."

While other young men of his age were in college, Bill Lear was drifting from job to job, learning to fly in World War I biplanes and reading up on radio. With various associates, he founded several businesses in Chicago and Quincy, Illinois, on shoestring capital, usually borrowed. He manufactured plane models and made and repaired radios, always experimenting with methods of simplifying the cumbersome receivers of that era. He was ahead of the trend toward miniaturization, a technical virtue that later made him a fortune when weight economy became a necessity for fighter aircraft.

Some of his first radio inventions were sold cheaply because he needed the money to keep going. But he scored financially in 1921 by building a midget radio that would run on automobile batteries—the granddaddy of the car radios of today.

In the early 1930's Lear sold out and went to New York to develop instruments for the fledgling aircraft industry.

His most creative decades were the '30's and '40's. As a pilot, he knew what instruments fliers needed. He began producing miniature radio transmitters and receivers, direction finders and other navigational devices that found wide acceptance. His laboratory was moved to Vandalia, Ohio, so Lear could be close to the Air Force development center at what is now Wright-Patterson Air Force Base. Lear worked as inventor, test pilot, demonstrator and salesman.

In 1940 the company brought out the Learmatic Navigator. This compact instrument provided several types of basic flight information, and made it possible for pilots to hold a course by tuning in any radio broadcasts, including commercial programs. The invention won the Frank M. Hawks Memorial Award for the year's outstanding contribution to aircraft navigation.

When World War II broke out, Lear's company was asked to design and produce something it had never made before—cowl flaps, driven by small electric motors, for big bombers. The diversion to electromechanical devices led to an entirely new line of products that brought in more than $100,000,000 worth of Air Force orders.

Lear's most famous contribution is his autopilot and its companion developments. Basically, an autopilot is a device which uses gyros and electronic impulses to stabilize an airplane and enable it to fly automatically on a fixed course. The autopilot is one of the miraculous element's in man's struggle to dominate the air. By adjusting a few knobs, the human pilot can fly without steering by hand; with an approach coupler added, he can even ride a radio beam down toward a landing—hands off—in blind weather.

While Lear did not invent the principle—there were autopilots long before his—he advanced the science of automatic flight by coming up with a smaller, lighter and highly accurate system. Beginning with a relatively simple gadget, he progressed to an automatic approach coupler that would land jet fighters.

Now the inventor and his engineers have perfected even more versatile systems. A Lear device, described within security limitations as a "three-axis stability augmenter," has gone into the Lockheed F-104A, a supersonic fighter which reputedly travels about 1500 miles per hour. Lear components are also used

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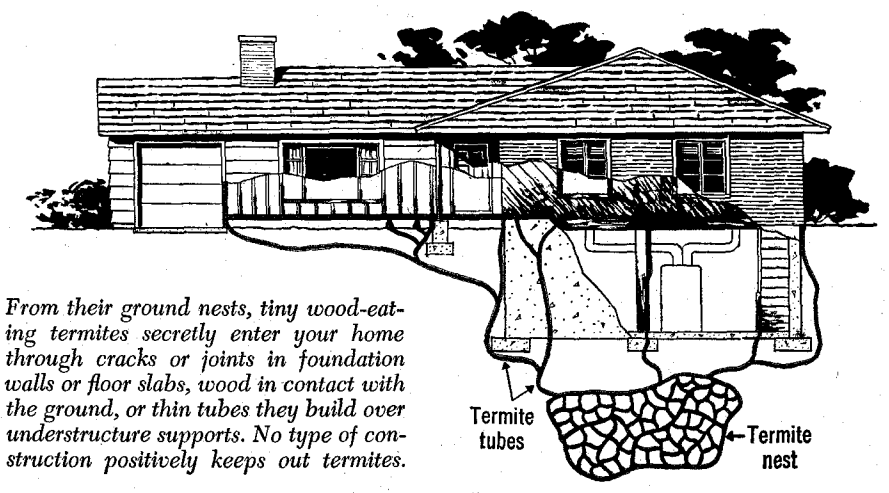

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in the complicated electronic systems that control the flight of guided missiles.

Lear says he became interested in making autopilots because he got mad at a device produced by a wartime manufacturer. He was flying to the West Coast with Richard M. Mock, then chief engineer and now president of Lear, Inc. They had to set down in a dust storm because of autopilot trouble. The airport mechanics refused to touch the instrument. "It's sealed," they said, "and no one but the manufacturer can service it."

"Yeah?" said Lear. He borrowed a nail file from Mrs. Mock, went into a telephone booth to escape the dust, opened up the autopilot, cleaned it with gasoline and lubricated it. Then he flew off.

When he reached the coast, he thought he would do the manufacturer a favor by telephoning him and recommending a few changes. The autopilot maker gave him a brush-off. Lear promptly sent a memo to Chief Engineer Mock: "We wish to make an autopilot—proceed at once to do so." He followed up by taking over the project himself.

The first autopilot worked beautifully on conventional planes. The Air Force bought it and proposed to put it into its first jet fighter, the F-80. Lear said it wouldn't work on a jet. He asked for a few weeks' time, and came up with the modification known as the F-5, which would control jet fighters.

By now Lear was fascinated by the field of automatic flight control. There were bugs to work out in the F-5, and improvements to be made. For nearly three years he devoted most of his time to it. He was frequently told that some notion of his was "impossible," and his invariable retort was, "I'm too ignorant to know it can't be done."

He went to Wright-Patterson Air Force Base to learn how to pilot jets, so he could test-fly his own developments. His board of directors objected; too risky, they said. "Either I fly jets," Lear retorted, "or you get a new president."

At the end of this period, working with the Air Force, he had produced an automatic approach coupler and a new type of dry-fluid clutch which made possible the lightness and compactness of his system. The first jet plane to make an automatic landing was fitted with Lear's equipment. It was for this accomplishment, "which makes possible the safe landing of jet aircraft regardless of extreme weather or visibility conditions," that the National Aeronautic Association awarded Lear the Collier Aviation Trophy in 1950, for the year's "greatest achievement in aviation."

Lear's confidence in his autopilot is sublime. He regularly takes his planes in and out of fogbound airports under conditions that alarm pilots with lesser equipment. Once, when Los Angeles Airport was shrouded in absolutely blind fog, a control-tower operator heard Lear's familiar voice coming over the radio.

"You can't land here," the towerman warned. "What's your position?"

"My position," Lear's voice came back, "is on the runway, directly in front of your tower. I've already landed."

The F-5 autopilot went into early jet fighters, and advanced versions have been used in later types. Lear now has strong competition for military business from a number of older, established rivals, including Sperry, Bendix and Minneapolis-Honeywell. He fumes and rants and takes it as a personal affront when any competing product is chosen for a new fighter.

One of Lear's latest autopilot systems recently won a competition, and is being installed as standard equipment in the Air Force's new jet tanker-transport, a military version of Boeing's forthcoming jet airliner. He has sold his autopilots for use in France's new Caravelle jet transport. But he has failed so far to secure any autopilot business from major domestic airlines, although his equipment has checked out satisfactorily in airliner flight tests. Lear blames this failure on the industry's "conservatism."

One field in which he dominates is the sale of autopilot equipment to private plane owners. His customers include daring pilots who fly single-engine planes across the Atlantic, and corporations which operate multiengine executive transports. Norman Warren, a long-time Lear associate, says, "Bill Lear has single-handedly converted the private plane from a sports machine into a business vehicle."

Lear's friend, Arthur Godfrey, is a satisfied customer. "I owe my life to Bill Lear," Godfrey said recently. "I got vertigo once when I was in a storm. I switched on Bill's autopilot, and it flew the plane for me until my dizziness passed. Without it I would have been dead."

Lear, Inc., today has factories in Santa Monica, California; Grand Rapids, Michigan; and Elyria, Ohio. Its net worth is more than $10,000,000. According to President Mock, who holds down Santa Monica headquarters while Chairman Lear roams the world in search of ideas and new markets, orders are coming in faster than the company can fill them.

> Nowadays very few women run around spreading scandal. There's always the telephone.
>
> FRANCES RODMAN

Among the California activities is the Aircraft Engineering Division, cradle of one of the inventor's pet projects. It began when Lear bought up a fleet of Lockheed Lodestars, twin-engine transports of World War II vintage. He remodeled them for better streamlining, fitted new engines and converted the interiors into lushly upholstered "flying drawing rooms." The result, which he calls the "world's most luxurious business aircraft," is known as the Learstar.

Due to the elimination of aerodynamic barnacles, the Learstar has a long range and a cruising speed of 285 miles an hour. Since it has a full line of Lear's automatic flight-control equipment, it is an all-weather plane. The price tag, depending on the amount of equipment installed, is in the neighborhood of $500,000. Seventeen Learstars already have been sold to such customers as Harold S. Vanderbilt, Burroughs Corporation, Chance Vought Aircraft, which makes fighter planes, U.S. Steel, and the Krupp interests in Germany.

Recently, Mr. and Mrs. Lear and their four children moved to Geneva, Switzerland, where he set up a new Lear division for European operations. Europe, says Lear, is ten years behind the United States in aviation, and is, therefore, a ripe market. He is building a plant in Geneva, and is scouting the Continent for engineering talent.

On arriving in Switzerland, the Lears rented a substantial château. One day, Lear's son, Littlejohn, told his father that he had counted the doors in the place, and there were 137 of them, excluding the basement. Lear already felt dislike for the unfunctional château, and, for some reason, this news about the multiplicity of doors offended him. The following week he (*Continued on Page 158*)

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A hook on the underside of this Navy jet (above) brings the plane to a quick, safe halt by snagging arrester cables stretched across the flight deck (see below). Cables like these, made of extra-strong Armco 17-7 PH Stainless Steel, stop the heaviest and most powerful new Navy jets. Because these cables are corrosion-resistant stainless steel, they give long service—even though exposed to salt air.

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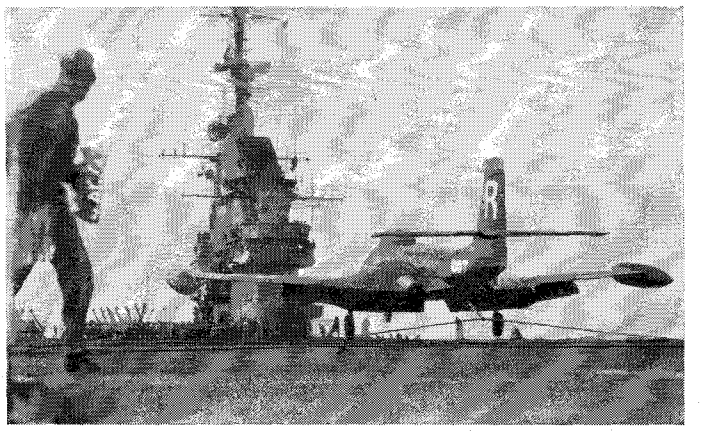

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C56-2

(*Continued from Page 156*) made a contract with Cliff May, a Los Angeles architect, to build him an ultramodern California ranch-type house in Geneva. "What's more," he said, "I've bought up a large tract of land and I'm going to lay out an American-style subdivision."

After establishing headquarters in Geneva, Lear began making business flights around Europe in his twin-engine Cessna 310, which is outfitted with as much automatic-flight-control and radio equipment as he could cram into it. It was in this plane that the inventor recently flew to Moscow with Mrs. Lear, at a time when Gen. Nathan Twining was there for a view of Soviet air power.

Lear's trip excited attention because he was the first Western "tourist" allowed to fly into Soviet Russia. According to his version, he just took a taxi from West Berlin to the Russian consulate, inquired whether he might fly to Moscow, and was granted permission overnight. Then he flew his plane to the Russian-controlled Schoenfeld Airport in East Berlin, and, after some delays caused by mechanical trouble, took off for Moscow. The flight was made on his fifty-fourth birthday, and Lear was serenaded en route by Mrs. Lear and a Russian navigator, whom she had taught to sing Happy Birthday, Dear Bill-ski.

The fireworks started when news stories pointed out that much of the equipment in Lear's plane was on an embargo list, and quoted the manufacturer as "indicating" he might sell the items to the Russians through his Geneva outlet. Lear emphatically denied he made such statements. "The Russians were smart," he said. "They never embarrassed me by saying anything about the possibility of buying any of our equipment." In any event, Lear was glad to leave Moscow.

In addition to becoming the first private American pilot to fly to the land of the Soviets, Lear has also become the first American manufacturer to hire an ex-king as a pilot—Michael of Rumania. The onetime boy ruler who was forced from his throne by the communists has one overpowering interest in life—airplanes. He and Lear first met in Switzerland. They hit it off, and Michael wound up on Lear's payroll with the title of "pilot and representative."

On one Saturday during a recent visit to Santa Monica, Lear went through a routine typical of the driving pace he sets for himself. He was up at 8:30 for a breakfast conference with an Air Force colonel. They were joined by a businessman who wanted to discuss an anti-smog device that an independent inventor had offered Lear. The Rumanian Michael, whom Lear had brought to Santa Monica for training in instrument flying, sat down with them for doughnuts and coffee. Then he was off to the shop.

While they were talking, bad news came over the telephone. Lear's latest plane conversion, the Mark II Learstar, was in trouble over Palm Springs. Hal Herman, Lear's personal pilot, had radioed that a wheel wouldn't come down. Lear directed that, if a crash landing became necessary, the plane should come in at Los Angeles Airport, where fire-fighting equipment was available. Calmly he finished his coffee and conversation, dressed, and drove to the Lear hangar at Santa Monica airport to see what was going on.

The plane was over the field when he arrived. Lear went into the radio room and started calling pilot Herman. "Bill Lear speaking. Bill Lear speaking." Just as he reached Herman and started to give instructions, Herman announced that the wheel finally had come down by itself. Lear put down the microphone, grinned, and said, "I scared hell out of it."

When the plane rolled into the hangar, Lear was all over the place, giving orders for checking possible trouble points. He then went to a design engineer's cubbyhole to inspect drawings for the "Learstar of the future"—a project still in the planning stage. Next, he returned to the hangar and crawled under the Mark II to inspect the fitting that had caused the wheel to stick, getting grease on his expensive suit.

Lear then drove to the engineering laboratory, where a good-sized staff was at work, although it was Saturday. Peering over the shoulders of four engineers, he perceived they were not following instructions he had given for redesign of a radio mount. His face reddening, Lear shucked his grease-spotted jacket, grabbed pencil and paper, and forcefully demonstrated what he wanted done. He then closeted himself for almost an hour with his division manager and chief engineer, earnestly lecturing them on how the shop's performance might be "toned up."

It was two hours past lunchtime when he drove to a hotel to eat with two friends. Other acquaintances spotted him and soon the table was expanded to accommodate a party of eight, including Allan Jones, the singer, a businessman from the East and a Hollywood starlet. That afternoon Lear went back to the plant, poked around a bit more, and then went with the former King Michael to accept an honor at a Boy Scout function.

At six o'clock Lear was back at the hangar, ready to fly his Learstar to Las Vegas, Nevada, for an evening's fun. His guests numbered thirteen, but he was not superstitious. The party toured several gambling casinos. Lear won and then lost several hundred dollars.

Shortly before three o'clock in the morning, the party returned to the Learstar for the flight home, with pilot Herman at the controls. The weather was clear at Las Vegas, but fog set in before the plane reached Los Angeles. Lear could not have arranged a better demonstration for his automatic pilot and approach coupler. The equipment brought the plane in over the shrouded airport, and guided it down to within less than 100 feet of the runway. When Herman could see the ground, he disengaged the autopilot and made a manual landing. Michael, flying as copilot, was enthralled by his first experience in helping land a plane in such weather. It was well past four A.M. and the end of a long day when Lear bade his guests good night.

All his life Lear has regarded himself as a rebel who despises the classical approach. To the dismay of his business-minded directors, he will affirm his belief that the earth is under observation by flying saucers from other planets, or predict that it may be possible someday to transport humans by breaking them up into atomic particles, transmitting the atoms over electronic waves, and reassembling them at the end of the circuit.

Visionaries such as Lear feel that automatic flight control still is in its infancy, and that future flight—supersonic, intercontinental and possibly interplanetary—will be completely automatic from takeoff to landing. When rocket expresses are blueprinted, it's a good bet that somewhere in the vanguard of planners there will be a place for Bill Lear, the brash ex-grease monkey who refuses to recognize the impossible. THE END

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I Fought All the Way (Continued from Page 36)

"Well," he says, "I'll let you know later."

Two days after that—I remember we were there exactly a week—Al phoned again. This time he says, "I want you to come back tomorrow. You got to be in New York tomorrow night. Lee Oma is fighting Ezzard Charles in the Garden, and I want you to take a bow."

"What about the rest of my honeymoon?" I says.

"You got to forget about that," he says.

So Barbara and me flew to New York the next day, and I took that bow at the fights. The morning after that I went up to Al's office.

"I got you booked with Keene Simmons in Providence in two weeks," he says.

It was one of the first times I squawked. "Why don't you make it three weeks and I'll go home to Brockton with Barbara?" I said. "I'll come back in two or three days and start training."

"No," says Weill, "we haven't got the time. The show is already made. You got to be there. You stay here, get your sparring and be ready for the fight."

"What about Barbara?"

"I'll talk to Barbara," he says. "Bring her up here."

So I went back and got Barbara, and the two of us went to Weill's office. "Barbara," he says, "this fight is necessary. It's already been booked. We can't cancel this show for an extra week. You have to go along with me. Rocky can get ready in two weeks if he stays here. You go back home and wait until after the fight."

Then he says, "Did you have a nice time in Florida? Didn't I tell you you could get married? Didn't I keep my word? Now remember, Barbara, you promised me you wouldn't interfere with me and Rocky."

What could she say? I stayed in New York, and she went home from her honeymoon all by herself. And I didn't see her again until after the Keene Simmons fight. The fight was on a Monday night. I came into Providence on Saturday night and stayed in a hotel waiting for the fight. I was in Providence and she was in Brockton, thirty-five miles away, and all that time we could only talk on the telephone. And after the fight Weill only let me go home for a couple days. Then I went back to New York to train for the next fight.

Weill was everything, nobody else was anything. When I first came to him in 1948, looking for a manager, he wanted me to get rid of my pal, Allie Colombo, who had made the trip with me from Brockton. Allie grew up next door to me and encouraged me and worked with me, and I couldn't get along without him, but Weill didn't want him around.

Back in Weill's office that day after he'd seen me work out with Wade Chancey in the C.Y.O. gym, Al says, "You'll stay in New York and Charley Goldman will teach you. You'll do everything Charley tells you, and then we'll get you a couple four-rounders, and in the meantime you can live with Charley on Ninety-second Street."

"I want Allie with me," I says, and Weill says, "We'll talk about that later."

"I want him to get ten per cent of me," I says.

"What?" Weill yells. "Ten per cent? Who do you think you're talking to? Nobody has ten per cent of my fighters. If you want Colombo, all right, but we'll throw him something after every fight."

Allie and me were both mad when we left, even after Weill called me back to give me a twenty-dollar bill. While we were eating dinner in the Garden Café, in walks a guy from Boston who we knew from the amateurs, a guy named Jackie Martin. He was a fight manager and trainer, and his claim to fame at the time was Pete Fuller, son of a millionaire ex-governor of Massachusetts. Pete Fuller was a good amateur fighter, and this guy Martin trained and managed him.

Martin asked me what we were doing in town, and we told him, and he asked us if we signed anything. We said no, and he says, "Look, how much do you guys want to sign with me?"

"Give us a thousand bucks," Allie says.

"All right," Martin says, "only I got to make a phone call first. I got to talk to Pete Fuller."

He came back half an hour later and said, "I couldn't get the guy on the phone. Where can I reach you guys tomorrow?"

"In Brockton," says Allie. "We're leaving here right away."

"O.K.," Martin says. "I'll call you as soon as I talk to Fuller."

We never heard from the guy. If he'd called, he could have got us for a thousand bucks, we were that mad at Weill.

I went a long time without a contract with Weill. We just had an understanding. He got me fights in Providence and let me keep most of the purses. He just took out expenses. We didn't hardly see Weill for about two years.

The first time he ever worked in my corner was when I fought Gilley Ferron in Philadelphia in December, 1948. That was the night Joe Louis boxed Arturo Godoy in an exhibition, and everyone was down from New York—all the big-shot managers and all. Weill gave me a pep talk in the dressing room. He told me

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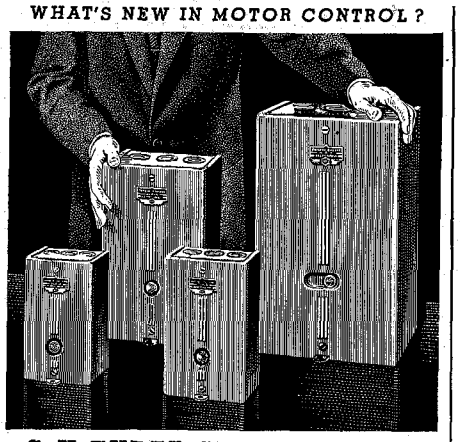

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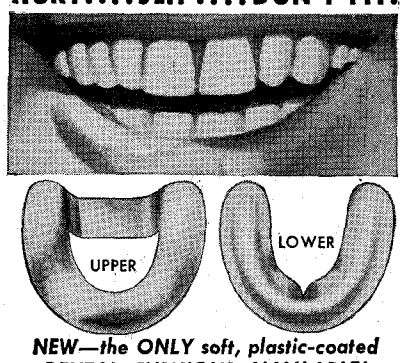

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about how Jim Norris, the International Boxing Club boss, was out there, and how important it was for me to look good, so I could get a fight in the Garden. And he told me when I fought Ferron I should go to the body, where I could look good.

I hadn't been too much of a body puncher, but I tried. I got excited because Al was hollering at me from the corner, "To the body, to the body, to the body!" and I didn't know what to do. I was just trying to knock the guy out. I wished Weill would let me fight my customary fight because right up to that time I had twelve knockouts, nine of them in the first round.

Ferron was one of those long-armed fellows that could jab pretty good, and my best bet was to throw those looping right-hand punches. But I was thinking of the body, and trying to hit to the body and then to the head, and I kind of got confused. I knocked the guy out all right in the second round, but I hurt my right hand real bad that night—broke a couple knuckles—and I had to lay off for three months.

Weill was in my corner again when I fought Johnny Pretzie in Providence in March, 1949, and it was terrible. He got all excited, yelling and screaming. Once when I had Pretzie in my corner, trying to knock the guy out, I could hear Weill screaming, "Look at him! He's a sucker!" Allie told me later Weill was giggling and laughing, and sort of hysterical. He made everybody in the corner nervous, and he got me all confused.

Allie and me talked a lot about how it was when Weill was in the corner. He wanted to give all the orders, and he didn't know what to say. He got all upset and excited, and, for some reason or other, never really watched a fight. He was always asking Allie or Charley what happened.

I was a little worried about it while I was training at Grossinger's to fight Walcott for the title in 1952. One day I said to Allie, "Remember the first couple of fights I had when Al Weill was in the corner? I didn't seem to do too good. Now this is the most important fight of my life. I think I'll ask Al if he'll stay out of my corner."

Allie agreed, so I asked Weill to take a walk with me around the airport at Grossinger's that night. When nobody could hear us, I said, "Would it be all right if you don't work my corner, Al?"

He stopped and almost took a shock right there. He couldn't believe it. Then he says, "Are you serious?"

"Yah," I says. "You won't mind, will you, Al? I'd like Goldman and Colombo to be there. They seem to do a little better."

And Al blows his stack. "Are you kidding?" he says. "This is what I have worked for. You think the most important fight of my life I'm not going to be in your corner? Why, I'll be valuable to you in that corner. I can think faster than them two guys. What does Colombo know? Nothing! Goldman, he's getting old. I'll be the key in that corner. I'm the man. You must be joking. Don't you ever say that again, Rocky. That's not funny."

I says, "Well, Al, I guess there's nothing else I can say, is there?"

"Absolutely not," he says. "Even if you never wanted me in that corner, you couldn't keep me out for this fight."

I never mentioned it again, and he was in my corner for all my fights after that.

Back in 1949, when I was training in New York, in the C.Y.O. gym on 17th Street for a Providence fight with Artie Donato, I got a phone call. It was Weill, and he said, "Come on right up to the office. Stop everything you're doing there and get up here. It's very important."

When I walked into Al's office, there were three other fighters there, the only ones he had outside of me at the time. Weill sent them out as soon as I got there.

"I'm the new I.B.C. matchmaker," he said. "I just released those guys. I'm not managing them any more."

He opened a drawer and pulled out a paper and passed it to me. "Sign it," he said.

I didn't even read it. I don't know to this day what it said. I signed it and Al put it away. Then he says, "That's a private agreement between you and me. But if anyone asks you who your manager is, tell them Marty."

Marty Weill is Al's stepson. He's a nice guy, and he had a few fighters. After Al and me signed this agreement, Marty was around for all my fights, but he was never my manager. We weren't fooling anybody. Everybody knew my real manager was Al, and he didn't try to hide it. He used to give me orders in front of everybody, but he couldn't be a manager and the I.B.C. matchmaker, too, so he never admitted anything publicly. Finally the New York boxing commission made him give up the I.B.C. job before my title fight with Walcott. After that Marty stopped coming around and Al openly was my manager.

I signed another contract with Weill later, but I didn't read that one either. I never knew the exact terms of any contract I had with him. But I know he never cheated me. He gave me an honest count every time.

People used to ask me if Frankie Carbo had a piece of me. As far as I know, he didn't. [Editors' note: Carbo is an underworld figure, who, according to the gossip of the fight game, secretly controls many prominent fighters, with various "front men" serving as the managers of record.]

I met Carbo only twice in my life. One day I was coming out of Stillman's Gym on Eighth Avenue with Allie Colombo and Chick Wergeles, who worked for Weill. It was only about the second time I was ever in Stillman's. A couple of guys were on the sidewalk, and one yelled to Wergeles. They talked for a minute, and then Chick turned around and says, "Rocky, come over here. I want you to meet somebody."

I went over, and Chick says, "This is Frankie." I shook hands, and the guy asked me my name, and I said, "Rocky Marciano." And he says, "You're another Italian boy, aren't you? Kid, make us proud of you." I told him I wanted to go out and win the championship, and he wished me luck. Later Allie asked who he was, and Wergeles told us it was Carbo.

The only other time I met this guy was in a restaurant after I won the title. I was with Al Weill and Allie and a few other guys. Weill pointed out Carbo, and said to me, "Go ahead over there and say hello to Frankie and all his friends. Make him feel good." So I did.

Al was always anxious to get credit for things I did. I remember once I got a letter from the Speaker of the House of Representatives, Mr. Joseph W. Martin, who comes from Attleboro, Massachusetts, right near Brockton. He said he would like to come to a fight. I told Weill to take care of it. So Al wrote a note back asking Speaker Martin to write him personally for tickets, and when the letter came, Al sent the tickets. He did the same thing for Gov. Christian A. Herter, of Massachusetts.

When we visited different cities on tours, I would often be presented with a key to the city, and Weill was always insulted if he didn't get one too. Once we were in Dayton, Ohio, and they gave me a key, and Al says, "Where's mine?" The guy

(*Continued on Page 162*)

Look at the State They're In!

If certain irate persons in Mississippi had had their way nearly a century ago, there would be no keeping up with the Joneses today. For their family name would have the distinction of being borne by a state, the "Free State of Jones."

When Mississippi became the twentieth state of the Union in 1817, one of its subdivisions was a county named after Admiral John Paul Jones. The state seceded from the Union in 1861. The county, disagreeing, turned around and seceded from the state. Its citizens, few of them slaveholders, proclaimed the "Free State of Jones," declared slavery abolished and formed a military company of ninety-three men headed by Newton Knight, who was also designated as governor, to stand off the Confederacy in its own back yard. Under a home-grown variety of lend-lease, the State of Jones obtained 400 muskets, ammunition and supplies a year later from United States forces at New Orleans.

Sure enough, Confederate cavalry waged a resolute campaign to capture and subdue the State of Jones. Sharp engagements between the Confederacy and the State of Jones at Ellisville, Tallahala Creek and Leaf River failed to resolve the matter.

Upon the collapse of the Confederacy, the Federal Government appointed "Governor" Knight as provost marshal of the district. He served through the Reconstruction period.

Homecoming Confederates sought in vain to change the name of the county to Jefferson Davis, in honor of the erstwhile President of the Confederacy. To this day, the name is Jones.

Richard L. McGregor

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Winged Star of Love Now fiery Pegasus sets forth upon his magic mission 'cross autumn skies, a steed to carry the winging dreams of lovers. Before men's eyes first traced his heavenly journey, one star was already born of earth for you. Your engagement diamond has held the spark of your own life's fulfillment since love and time itself were young. Nothing else is so old—and so new and personal to you and those who follow you.

FACTS ABOUT DIAMONDS

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N. W. AYER & SON

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(*Continued from Page 160*) in charge says, "We never thought you expected a key."

"Well," Al says, "I'm responsible for getting him here, and I think I'm entitled to a key." And I remember he turned to Jack Werst, our Dayton friend, and said, "What the hell, Jack, they forgot me. You make sure I get a key or we'll never come back here again."

Al Weill was the only manager I ever had. But Gene Caggiano, who used to put on amateur fights in Brockton, claimed he was my manager and sued me after I turned pro. The only time I ever fought for Caggiano was when I was an amateur. I was in several shows for him, and he was in my corner during the New England Olympic tryouts in 1948. He was the guy I told you about earlier who promised me 100 bucks for fighting for him, and then tried to make me settle for forty. When I wouldn't take it, he gave it to my mother in a sealed envelope.

He was over to my house the night the family got together and we all decided I should be a pro. He walked out that night. He said I was crazy to turn pro, and I'd get murdered. And later, in front of some Ward Two Club guys, he said he didn't want any part of me if I turned pro.

When he sued me, he brought a lot of guys into court who I never saw before, and they got up, one after another, and said they heard me tell Caggiano he was my manager. But we had witnesses too. I guess the best one was Charley Goldman—at least he was the funniest.

Caggiano had claimed he taught me all I knew about boxing. Charley got up and said Caggiano couldn't have taught me anything, because I didn't know nothing when he first saw me. Charley says, "Can I demonstrate, judge?," and the judge says, "Go ahead."

So Charley stuck out his arm and says, "This guy tried to teach this kid to jab with his fist upwards, judge. Can you imagine that?"

The judge didn't know what the hell Charley was talking about, but it broke the tension a little. Everybody got a good laugh out of it.

The case went to the State Supreme Court before we finally won it. I was training for the Rex Layne fight in June, 1951, then, and it gave me a big lift when I got the news. It cost us a lot of money to fight that case—about $15,000, including court charges and lawyers' fees.

All the time I was boxing I did only one thing I regretted. That was when I went on an exhibition tour in Maine, with my brother sparring with me under another name. It was a stupid thing to do, and I had no excuses for it.

This was after I beat Joe Louis in the fall of 1951. Weill got a letter from Maine saying that we could make some money if we went there on an exhibition tour. They said Jersey Joe Walcott had been to Maine, and they'd like to have me up there too. They didn't care who my sparring partner was. They just wanted to see me.

Al told me to pick up a sparring partner and go on up. He had another trip to make and he wasn't going along. I telephoned Allie Colombo and told him to get somebody from our area. I mentioned Pete Fuller, because Fuller always told me he'd like to spar with me sometime. We knew the money didn't mean anything to Fuller, and we figured he'd get a kick out of it.

Allie had trouble contacting Fuller, but he was so sure Fuller would do it that he called Al Weill and told him Fuller would be my sparring partner. So Weill notified the people in Maine it would be Fuller.

I had to go to South Bend, Indiana, and I went direct from there to Waterville, Maine. I was supposed to start there, and then go to Rockland, then Portland and finally Bangor. I thought I was going to meet Fuller in Waterville, but instead my brother, Louis, or Sonny, was waiting for me.

It turned out that Fuller didn't want to take a chance on losing his amateur standing, because he was going out for the 1952 Olympic boxing team. It was too late to get anyone else, so Allie called Sonny and told him to come up and meet me. Sonny was a good, tough kid. He was seventeen years old and built solid, and he knew how to take care of himself. He and I used to box in the back yard sometimes, and he wasn't afraid of me or anything.

So Sonny sparred with me as Fuller in Waterville, and if I remember right, that was the only place they advertised him as Fuller. It was common knowledge who Sonny was. I introduced him as my brother, Louis Marchegiano, wherever we went.

Well, the Maine Boxing Commission investigated the thing later, and the chairman felt he had to do something. They finally suspended me for thirty days, which didn't hurt me any, because I had no fights scheduled in that time. What did hurt was that Sonny lost his amateur standing when the story came out. He was at Brockton High School, and they wouldn't let him play football or baseball there any more. A couple of colleges—Holy Cross and Boston College—had offered him scholarships, and the offers were withdrawn on account of this trip. I felt pretty bad about it because it was my fault he got into this mess.

Meanwhile Al Weill was busy steering me to the championship. With all the hard times he gave me, I got to admit that I couldn't have won it without him. All the sacrifices he demanded from Barbara and me were intended to help me get to the top. Weill was strict and tough and sometimes unreasonable, but he knew what he was doing as a manager. He figured out every move, and he made sure I only met guys he thought I could beat. He knew exactly when I was ready for the next step up. Right from the beginning he handled me perfect.

When I was fighting in Providence, he wasn't around none, but he kept in touch with Manny Almeida, the Providence promoter. And between fights he always checked with Charley Goldman to see how I was doing. He even called guys around Brockton to check on my behavior.

Once Joe Louis was around New England on an exhibition tour, and I had a chance to go in with him for six rounds. I wanted to go ahead, because I'd have got $2000, and that was more money than I ever saw.

Weill put a quick stop to that one. "Rocky isn't ready for Louis," he said. "I don't want him to fight Louis yet." When I did finally go against Louis in October, 1951, it was for a big win before a $152,845 house.

I remember back around 1949 I sat with Weill watching a LaStarza fight, and when it was over, Al said, "What do you think of him?"

I said, "That LaStarza is a good boxer, but I'd just as soon step in with him."

"LaStarza's better than he looks," Al says. "Sometime you'll fight him, but you're not ready yet."

The only time Weill ever asked me if I wanted to fight someone was when I was offered a match with Ted Lowry, who fought out of New Bedford. I hadn't seen him, but I heard he was a great defensive fighter. I told that to Al, and Al says, "Well, do you want to fight him?"

"Sure," I says. "I don't want to duck anybody."

Al made the match, and I fought Lowry in Providence in October, 1949, and the guy went the whole ten rounds with me. I won the decision and fought him a year later, and he went ten rounds with me again. He had a funny style. I think if he fought me after I won the title, he still would have gone ten rounds with me.

I had so much faith in Weill's ability to make a match for me that half the time I didn't even know who I was fighting until I got to the arena. It never made any difference to me. I knew Weill would never overmatch me.

After I started piling up all those knockouts and I still kept fighting these local guys, people would say to me, "Why is Weill holding you back, Rock? Why is he taking it so slow? Why don't he put you in with more important guys?" And I always said, "He knows what he's doing. When he thinks I'm ready, he'll get me the important fights."

Once Charley Goldman suggested they take some weight off me and make me a light heavyweight. I thought Weill would blow his stack.

I was glad that Weill let me work at the C.Y.O. gym, instead of making me go over to Stillman's, where there was always a mob. I was very clumsy and always making mistakes, and those guys would have laughed at me if they'd seen the mistakes I made. There were just a few fighters around the C.Y.O. gym and Charley Goldman had plenty of time to work with me there.

But even Charley wanted me to go to Stillman's. That's where he hung out himself, and it was a nuisance for him to have to go downtown to meet me at the C.Y.O. gym. But Weill always said, "I want him down there. I want him to be kept away from all them other guys. When he makes a mistake, you can holler at him and tell him what he's doing wrong. You can't do that so well at Stillman's. There's too much confusion."

Weill made life miserable for you, but he looked out for his fighters. I remember once we had a big fight in New York, and Weill was running around raising hell. Someone says, "Hey, Al, what's the matter?"

"I'm worried about a kid in a four-rounder," he says. "I can't find a mouthpiece for him."

"What are you worried about some four-rounder for when Rocky's got a title fight?" a guy said.

"I'm worried about all my fighters," Weill says.

Weill wanted to take care of his fighters, no matter who they were. When Lou Ambers, the ex-lightweight champ, was all through and still wanted to fight some more, Weill tied him up to a long-term contract. That way no other manager could get hold of Ambers and make matches for him. Weill knew Ambers was done, and he didn't want the guy to keep on fighting and get hurt bad.

And he was all right with me when I decided to retire. He raised a fuss at first, and he didn't want me to announce it when I did. But as soon as he realized I meant it, he accepted it. He didn't hound me to change my mind or anything, and I represented a lot of money to him if I kept on fighting.

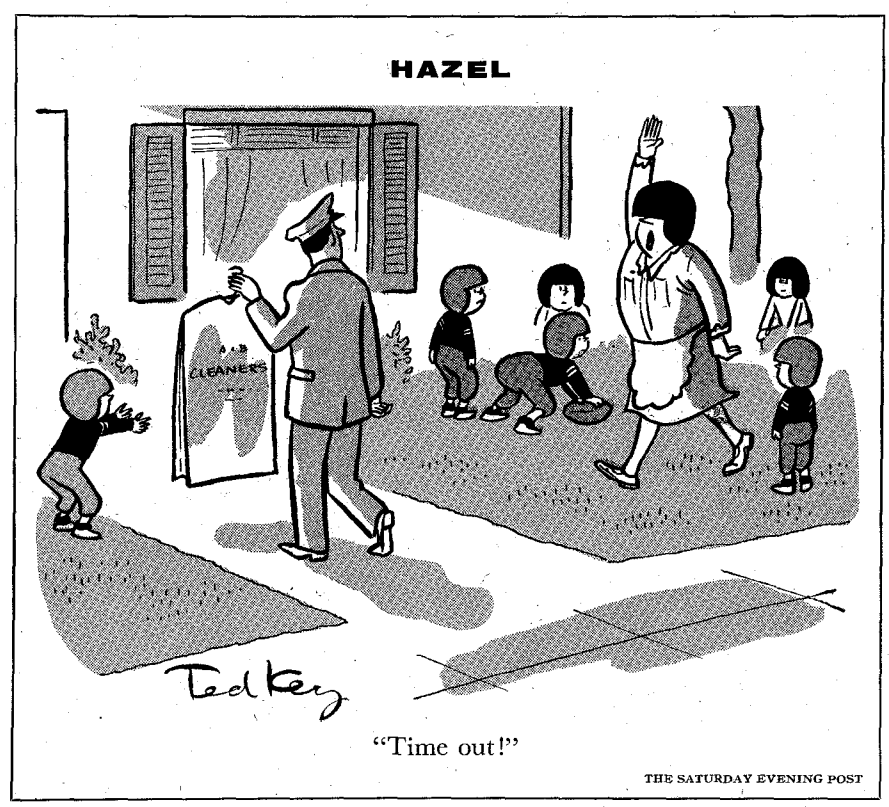
Weill didn't promise much, but when he did, his word was good. If he said, "We'll see," or "Let's talk about it later," that meant he didn't know whether he'd do something or not. But if he said, "O.K., we'll do it," he went through. There was a lot of things I didn't like about Al Weill, but he leveled with me all the way.

Sometimes people ask me if I had a son, would I want him to be a fighter? Well, that would depend on the kid. If he wanted to be a fighter and he had the determination and was willing to work and make all the sacrifices a champion has to make, I'd do everything I could to help him. I'd encourage him and show him how to work out and spar with him, and do all the little things a guy like me could do to help a son.

For a trainer I'd want him to have someone like Allie Colombo—someone he could trust and talk to and say whatever he wanted to, someone who was a real friend. For a teacher I'd want him to have someone like Charley Goldman, a smart, tough little guy who was never satisfied, a guy who would make him work and work and work, a guy who never gave away a compliment or anything, but a guy who knew all the moves. And for a manager I'd want him to have someone like Al Weill. I wouldn't have been champ without him.

That's about it, as far as the people who worked with me are concerned. But there are some more things I'd like to get off my chest about my fight career. I'll wrap it all up next week.

Editors' Note—The final article in this series will appear next week.



"Time out!"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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SNOW WHITES

. . . and the countless dwarfs

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View of miniature component assembly area, Allentown, Pa. Works

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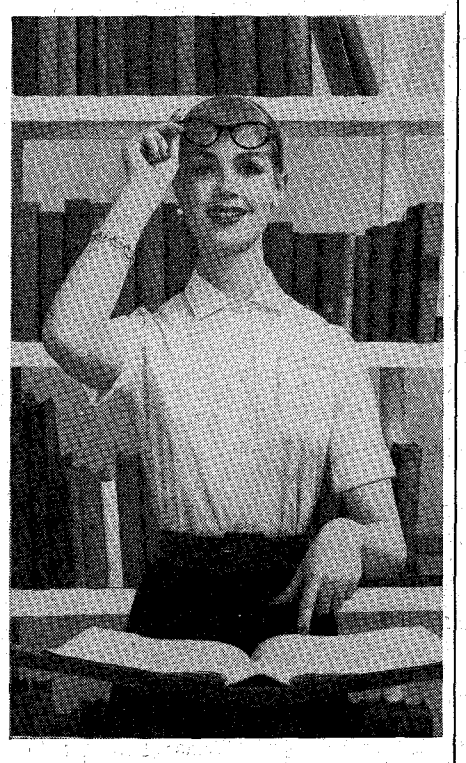

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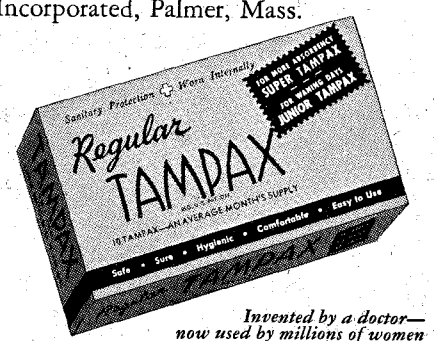
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Keeping Posted

The Painter and the President

"Hello, Norman!" exclaimed President Eisenhower. This meeting was in the White House about a week before the Republican convention. Norman Rockwell had had a previous date to color-sketch the President, set for the day after his ileitis operation. Now the painter, who had done the memorable Post cover portrait of candidate Eisenhower four years ago, and was preparing to do this week's new one, rather dreaded to study the face of the man who had been ill twice.

The President looked better than Rockwell expected; and when this painter interprets a face, especially one he has portrayed before, that is a piercing judgment. But it wasn't Ike's looks that impressed Rockwell; it was the old-time impact of the man's attractive vitality. That vitality really reaches out to you, reports the painter. Maybe Rockwell would wish to tone down this quote, but he said it: "When Mr. Eisenhower walks into the room, the pictures shake on the wall." Rockwell also said that this isn't a "put-on" quality—"he just naturally bewitches people." Still, this is always done with dignity. Rockwell doesn't see the President often, but he has dined at the White House and they are good friends. "As I sketched him, he chatted frankly about intimate things. Yet he always quietly emanated the dignity of the President of the United States." A very human sort of President, though—Ike remarked that he was mad about the go-easy restrictions at that time placed on his golf playing, said he recently had sneaked out and hit about fifty balls before they caught him.

And again, as four years ago, Rockwell found Ike wonderful to paint, because of the amusing little quirks of his features. Rockwell talked about details of the lips, the eyes, the ears; but as they can be studied in the portrait, why fumble around here with black words on white paper? "Come again!" exclaimed Ike as the painter left.

NEXT WEEK'S POST:

"From Starvation to Stardom"

Thirteen years ago Sophia Loren was a ragged Italian war waif, begging food from GI's. Today she is a fabulous movie star. However, she is still hungry.

When the World Made a Mistake

The unrehearsed nature of the Wide Wide World television show (page 46) results in frequent mistakes as the sequences unfold, and these are part of the program's charm. But author Stan Frank says that gimlet-eyed viewers are especially charmed when they can detect a bobble not relating to the program's spontaneity, and write in blisteringly about same. Example: after the first WWW show opened with a shot of a revolving globe, there was a vigorous gripe because the Philippine Islands didn't show on it—what's the matter with you fellows? Frank remarks, "How in the wide, wide world anybody caught that oversight while the small globe was spinning around, beats all." So some little dots for the Philippines were put on, and the complainants subsided. But the most emotional gripe after that first show came from folks who informed Dave Garroway and associates that the globe was rotating in the wrong direction, you dopes! Next show, the world was rotated the other way, and its inhabitants piped down.

John Lewellen

The man who wrote the fascinating piece on page 54 about why birds need compasses commented, when he first became a Post contributor last year, that he spent his early years in Gaston, Indiana, as an inept farm boy. If he really was inept, that was a fortunate incitement to get busy at other matters; anyway, John Lewellen soon became an able newspaperman, then joined the staff of Life Magazine as a combination writer *and* photographer; then, for fifteen years in Chicago, he produced and wrote nationally famed radio and television shows. Meanwhile, he wrote twenty or so books, most of them in the field of fact or fiction science for teen-agers. Finally, he fared forth into free-lancing, remarking at the time, "I hope to make a peasant's income sufficient to maintain my wife, Wilma, and our youngsters, Tommy and LuAnn; our home in Glen Ellyn, Illinois; and our four-place airplane in which we take rides." He added, "I hope the Post will stay with me." Recently, some time after the current story was written, he was taken suddenly ill, and died.

The Post surely would have stayed with John, for he was a promising man of whom much creative good was expected. He was, too—as the editors who worked with him know—a good friend.

Author, Illustrator and a Couple of Models

Constance Pultz, a Post first-timer on page 40 who dwells with her mother in Brooklyn, says she likes railroad stations, art galleries, harbor whistles, horse shows and walking in the rain. And she likes Brooklyn. "Don't think," she warns, "that all Brooklynites say 'wuyk' instead of 'work.'" One day when she was introduced to a Westerner and remarked that she was from Brooklyn, the new acquaintance blurted out, "But you speak such good English!"

In this scene we observe Joe DeMer making an experimental pose before painting the engaging illustration fo Miss Pultz's story. The lass seeking t bewitch him is Ginny Gaylor; he als had another model, Lori Rogers, an wound up by painting the two girls int one girl. Oh, to be an illustrator and hav wuyk like this to do!

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